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LAHIRI'S  
SELECT ENGLISH READINGS

*POETRY*

SELECTED, ADAPTED AND ARRANGED  
FOR THE USE OF  
HIGHER AND MIDDLE CLASSES

*FIFTH EDITION*

S. K. LAHIRI & CO.,  
COLLEGE STREET, CALCUTTA.





## PREFACE.

The Readings in the present volume consist of selections from the works of the best English poets. Each poem has been thoroughly annotated and is introduced by a short biographical notice of the author. The special feature of the notes lies in its attempt to develop a critical study of the English language which our students so generally lack.

The purpose of this publication is to supply students with a *Vade mecum* which will be equally useful and indispensable to them in all the higher classes of a Matriculation school. Now, in these days of "unseen passages," story-building and substance-writing, we believe, the present edition, annotated with copious notes and introductions, will remove a great want of the students, as it will enable them to go through an exhaustive selections of English poems at home without help. No pains have been spared to make the book comprehensive to the beginners and to the advanced students alike, and we hope that in the subsequent editions we will be able to improve it more and more to the pleasure and satisfaction of our esteemed patrons and well-wishers.

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LAHIRI'S SELECT  
ENGLISH READINGS  
IN FOUR PARTS

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*FIRST PART*

1.—IMPRESS OF THE CREATOR.

THERE's not a leaf within the bower,  
There's not a bird upon the tree,  
There's not a dewdrop on the flower,  
But bears the impress, Lord, of Thee.

Thy hand the varied leaf designed,  
And gave the bird its thrilling tone :  
Thy power the dewdrop's tints combined,  
Till like a diamond's blaze they shone.

Yes, dewdrops, leaves, and buds, and all,  
The smallest, like the greatest things,—  
The sea's vast space, the earth's wide ball,  
Alike proclaim Thee King of Kings.

But man alone to bounteous Heaven  
Thanksgiving's conscious strains can  
To favoured man alone 'tis given raise ;  
To join the angelic choir in praise.

—*Amelia Opie.*

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## 2.—THE ASPIRATIONS OF YOUTH.

HIGHER, higher, will we climb,  
Up to the mount of glory,  
That our names may live through time  
In our country's story ;  
Happy when her welfare calls,  
He who conquers, he who falls.

Deeper, deeper, let us toil  
In the mines of knowledge ;  
Nature's wealth and learning's spoil,  
Win from school and college ;  
Delve we there for richer gems,  
Than the stars of diadems.

Onward, onward, may we press  
Through the path of duty ;  
Virtue is true happiness,  
Excellence true beauty.  
Minds are of celestial birth,  
Make we then a heaven of earth.

Closer, closer, let us knit  
Hearts and hands together,  
Where our fireside comforts sit  
In the wildest weather ;  
Of they wander wide, who roam  
For the joys of life from home.

—J. Montgomery.

## ✓ 3.—THE ECHOING GREEN.

THE sun does arise  
And make happy the skies ;  
The merry bells ring  
To welcome the Spring ;  
The skylark and thrush  
The birds of the bush,  
Sing louder around  
To the bells' cheerful sound ;  
While our sports shall be seen  
On the echoing green.

Old John with white hair  
Does laugh away care,  
Sitting under the oak  
Among the old folk.  
They laugh at our play,  
And soon they all say,  
"Such, such were the joys  
When we all, girls and boys,  
In our youth-time were seen  
On the echoing green."

Till the little ones, weary,  
No more can be merry :  
The sun does descend  
And our sports have an end.  
Round the laps of their mothers,  
Many sisters and brothers,



#### 4 LAHIRI'S SELECT ENGLISH READINGS.

Like birds in their nest,  
And ready for rest,  
And sport no more seen  
On the echoing green.

—*Blake.*

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#### 4.—THE HOUR OF PRAYER.

CHILD, amidst the flowers at play,  
While the red light fades away ;  
Mother, with thine earnest eye,  
Ever following silently ;  
Father, by the breeze of eve  
Called thy harvest work to leave—  
Pray : ere yet the dark hours be,  
Lift the heart, and bend the knee !

Traveller in the stranger's land  
Far from thine own household band,  
Mourner, haunted by the tone  
Of a voice from this world gone ;  
Captive, in whose narrow cell  
Sunshine hath not leave to dwell ;  
Sailor, on the darkening sea,  
Lift the heart, and bend the knee !

Warrior, that from battle won  
Breathest now at set of sun ;  
Woman, o'er the lowly slain  
Weeping on his burial-plain ;

Ye that triumph, ye that sigh,  
 Kindred by one holy tie,  
 Heaven's first star alike ye see—  
 Lift the heart, and bend the knee !

—*Mrs. Hemans.*

### 5.—TO DAFFODILS.

FAIR Daffodils, we weep to see

You haste away so soon :  
 As yet the early-rising Sun  
 Has not attain'd his noon.

Stay, stay,  
 Until the hasting day  
 Has run

But to the even-song ;  
 And, having pray'd together, we  
 Will go with you along.

We have short time to stay, as you,  
 We have short a Spring ;  
 As quick as growth to meet decay  
 As you, or anything.

We die,  
 As your hours do, and dry  
 Away

Like to the Summer's rain ;  
 Or as the pearls of morning's dew  
 Ne'er to be found again.

—*Herrick.*

## 6.—THE POPLAR FIELD.

THE poplars are fell'd ; farewell to the shade  
And the whispering sound of the cool colonnade ;  
The winds play no longer and sing in the leaves,  
Nor Ouse on his bosom their image receives.

Twelve years have elapsed since I last took a view  
Of my favourite field, and the bank where they grew :  
And now in the grass behold they are laid,  
And the tree is my seat that once lent me a shade !

The blackbird has fled to another retreat  
Where the hazels afford him a screen from the heat ;  
And the scene where his melody charm'd me before  
Resounds with his sweet-flowing ditty no more.

My fugitive years are all hasting away,  
And I must ere long lie as lowly as they,  
With a turf on my breast and a stone at my head,  
Ere another such grove shall arise in its stead.

The change both my heart and my fancy employs ;  
I reflect on the frailty of man and his joys :  
Short-lived as we are, yet our pleasures, we see,  
Have a still shorter date, and die sooner than we.

—Cowper.

---

7.—THE CHILD'S FIRST GRIEF.

"OH ! call my brother back to me !  
 I cannot play alone ;  
 The summer comes with flower and bee—  
 Where is my brother gone ?  
 The flowers run wild, the flowers we sowed  
 Around our garden tree ;  
 Our vine is drooping with its load—  
 Oh ! call him back to me !"

"He would not hear thy voice, fair child !  
 He may not come to thee :  
 The face that once like spring-time smiled,  
 On Earth no more thou'lt see,  
 A rose's brief bright life of joy,  
 Such unto him was given ;  
 Go—thou must play alone, my boy !  
 Thy brother is in Heaven !"

"And has he left his birds and flowers ?  
 And must I call in vain ?  
 And through the long, long summer hours,  
 Will he not come again ?  
 And by the brook and in the glade  
 Are all our wanderings o'er ?  
 Oh ! while my brother with me played,  
 Would I have loved him more !"

—*Mrs. Hemans.*

## 8.—WE ARE SEVEN.

—————A SIMPLE child,  
That lightly draws its breath,  
And feels its life in every limb,  
What should it know of death ?

I met a little cottage girl :  
She was eight years old, she said ;  
Her hair was thick with many a curl  
That clustered round her head.

She had a rustic, woodland air,  
And she was wildly clad ;  
Her eyes were fair, and very fair ;  
—Her beauty made me glad.

“Sisters and brothers, little Maid,  
How many may you be ?”  
“How many ? seven in all,” she said  
And wondering looked at me.

“And where are they ? I pray you tell.”  
She answered, “seven are we ;  
And two of us at Conway dwell,  
And two are gone to sea.”

“Two of us in the church-yard lie,  
My sister and my brother ;  
And in the church-yard cottage, I  
Dwell near them, with my mother.”

## **LAHIRI'S SELECT ENGLISH READINGS.**

" You say that two at Conway dwell,  
And two are gone to sea ;  
Yet ye are seven !—I pray you tell,  
Sweet Maid, how this may be."

Then did the little Maid reply,  
" Seven boys and girls are we ;  
Two of us in the church-yard lie,  
Beneath the church-yard tree."

" You run about, my little Maid,  
Your limbs they are alive ;  
If two are in the church-yard laid,  
Then you are only five "

" Their graves are green, they may be seen,"  
The little Maid replied,  
" Twelve steps or more from my mother's door  
And they are side by side."

" My stockings there I often knit,  
My 'kerchief there I hem ;  
And there upon the ground I sit,  
I sit and sing to them.

" And often after sunset, Sir,  
When it is light and fair,  
I take my little porringer ;  
And eat my supper there.

" The first that died was little Jane  
In bed she moaning lay,

Till God released her of her pain ;  
And then she went away.

"So in the church-yard she was laid ;  
And, when the grass was dry,  
Together round her grave we played,  
My brother John and I."

"And when the ground was white with snow,  
And I could run and slide,  
My brother John was forced to go,  
And he lies by her side."

"How many are you, then," said I  
"If they two are in Heaven ?"  
Quick was the little maid's reply,  
"O Master ! we are seven."

"But they are dead ; those two are dead !  
Their spirits are in Heaven !"  
'Twas throwing words away ; for still  
The little Maid would have her will,  
And said, "Nay, we are seven."

—*Wordsworth.*

### 9.—LUCY GRAY.

Ort I had heard of Lucy Gray :  
And, when I cross'd the wild  
I chanced to see at break of day  
The solitary child.

No mate, no comrade, Lucy knew ;  
She dwelt on a wide moor—  
The sweetest thing that ever grew  
Beside a human door !

You yet may spy the fawn at play,  
The hare upon the green ;  
But the sweet face of Lucy Gray  
Will never more be seen.

“To-night will be a stormy night—  
You to the town must go,  
And take a lantern, child, to light  
Your mother through the snow.”

“That, father ! will I gladly do :  
'Tis scarcely afternoon—  
The minster-clock has just struck two,  
And yonder is the moon !”

At this the father raised his hook  
And snapp'd a faggot band ;  
He plied his work ;—and Lucy took  
The lantern in her hand.

Not blither is the mountain roe ;  
With many a wanton stroke  
Her feet disperse the powdery snow  
That rises up like smoke.

The storm came on before its time :  
She wander'd up and down ;



**12 LAHIRI'S SELECT ENGLISH READINGS.**

And many a hill did Lucy climb :

But never reached the town.

The wretched parents all that night

Went shouting far and wide :

But there was neither sound nor sight

To serve them for a guide.

At day-break on a hill they stood

That overlooked the moor ;

And thence they saw the bridge of wood

A furlong from their door.

They wept—and, turning homeward, cried

“In heaven we all shall meet !”

—When in the snow the mother spied

The print of Lucy's feet.

Then downward from the steep hill's edge

They track'd the foot-marks small ;

And through the broken hawthorn hedge,

And by the long stone wall ;

And then an open field they crossed :

The marks were still the same ;

They track'd them on, nor ever lost ;

And to the bridge they came.

They follow'd from the snowy bank

Those foot-marks, one by one,

Into the middle of the plank ,

And further there were none !

—Yet some maintain that to this day  
She is a living child ;  
That you may see sweet Lucy Gray  
Upon the lonesome wild.

O'er rough and smooth she trips along  
And never looks behind ;  
And sings a solitary song  
That whistles in the wind.

—*Wordsworth.*

---

#### 10.—LULLABY OF AN INFANT CHIEF.

Oh, hush thee, my baby ! thy sire was a knight,  
Thy mother a lady, both lovely and bright ;  
The woods and the glens, from the towers which we see,  
They all are belonging, dear baby, to thee.

Oh ! fear not the bugle, though loudly it blows !  
It calls but the warders that guard thy repose ;  
Their bows would be bended, their blades would be red,  
Ere the step of a foeman draws near to thy bed.

Oh, hush thee, my baby ! the time will soon come  
When thy sleep shall be broken by trumpet and drum !  
Then hush thee, my darling ! take rest while you may  
For strife comes with manhood, and waking with day.

—*Scott.*

---

11.—THE DAYS THAT ARE NO MORE.

TEARS, idle tears, I know not what they mean,  
Tears from the depth of some divine despair  
Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes,  
In looking on the happy Autumn fields,  
And thinking of the days that are no more.

Fresh as the first beam glittering on a sail,  
That brings our friends up from the underworld,  
Sad as the last which reddens over one  
That sinks with all we love below the verge ;  
So sad, so fresh, the days that are no more.

Ah, sad and strange as in dark summer dawns  
The earliest pipe of half-awakened birds  
To dying ears, when unto dying eyes  
The casement slowly grows a glimmering square ;  
So sad, so strange, the days that are no more.

—*Tennyson.*

12.—NEVER GIVE UP.

NEVER give up ! It is wiser and better  
Always to hope, than once to despair ;  
Fling off the load of doubt's cankering fetter,  
And break the dark spell of tyrannical care.

Never give up ! or the burden may sink you ;  
Providence kindly has mingled the cup ;

And in all trials or troubles, bethink you,  
The watchword of life must be "Never give up !"

Never give up ! There are chances and changes  
 Helping the hopeful a hundred to one ;  
 And, through the chaos, high wisdom arranges  
 Ever success, if you'll only hope on.

Never give up ! for the wisest is boldest,  
 Knowing that Providence mingles the cup ;  
 And of all maxims, the best, as the oldest,  
 Is the true watchword of "Never give up !"

Never give up ! though the grapeshot may rattle  
 Or the full thunder-cloud over you burst ;  
 Stand like a rock, and the storm and the battle  
 Little shall harm you, though doing their worst.

Never give up ! If adversity presses,  
 Providence wisely has mingled the cup ;  
 And the best counsel in all your distresses,  
 Is the stout watchword of "Never give up !"  
—Tupper.

---

### 13.—THE COMPLAINTS OF THE POOR.

AND wherefore do the poor complain ?  
 THE rich man asked of me,—  
 Come, walk abroad with me, I cried,  
 And I will answer thee.

'Twas evening, and the frozen streets  
 Were cheerless to behold,

And we were wrapt and coated well,  
And yet we were a-cold.

We met an old bare-headed man,  
His locks were few and white ;  
I asked him what he did abroad  
In that cold winter's night ;

'Twas bitter keen indeed, he said,  
But at home no fire had he,  
And therefore he had come abroad  
To ask for charity.

We met a young bare-footed child,  
And she begg'd loud and bold ;  
I ask'd her what she did abroad.  
When the wind it blew so cold ;

She said her father was at home,  
And he lay sick a-bed,  
And therefore was it she was sent  
Abroad to beg for bread.

I turn'd me to the rich man then,  
For silently stood he,—  
You ask'd me why the poor complain,  
And these have answer'd thee !

—*Southey.*

---

## 14.—POVERTY'S TIE.

THEY could not claim a single friend  
Beneath the widespread sky ;  
But to each other they were bound,  
By poverty's strong tie.

Though poor, they were too proud to beg :  
Too upright far to steal ;  
And gladly would they sweep and clean,  
To gain an honest meal.

But, sad to say, the only food  
They often had to eat,  
Was scraps of bread and broken food  
They picked up from the street.

It was a bleak and bitter morn  
Just at the close of March,  
And they had slept the night before  
Within a market arch.

As very hungry, very cold,  
They wandered down the street,  
Joe picked an apple from the ground  
And thought, "Why, here's a treat !

It has been rather kicked about,  
But it's a good one still :"  
And turning to his mate, he said  
"What have you picked up, Bill ?"

"I have not found a single scrap,"  
 Bill mournfully did say —  
 "Then, as you are the younger, Bill.  
 Here, take and bite away."

The poor boy bit a small piece off,  
 "Ha ! that won't do !" cried Joe  
 "Bite bigger, Bitty—bigger, yet !  
 You're welcome,—that you know !"

A noble lesson this should teach,  
 Dear children, unto you,—  
 Do unto others as you would  
 That they should do to you.

---

#### 15.—THE SPIDER AND THE FLY.

"WILL you walk into my parlour ?"  
 Said the spider to the fly ;  
 "Tis the prettiest little parlour  
 That ever you did spy ;  
 The way into the parlour  
 Is up a winding stair ;  
 And I've many a curious thing  
 To show when you are there !"  
 "Oh, no, no," said the little fly,  
 "To ask me is in vain,  
 For who goes up your winding stair  
 Can ne'er come down again."

"I'm sure you must be weary, dear,  
With soaring up so high ;  
Will you rest upon my little bed ?"  
Said the spider to the fly.  
"There are pretty curtains drawn around ;  
The sheets are fine and thin ;  
And if you like to rest a while,  
I'll snugly tuck you in !"  
"Oh, no, no," said the little fly ;  
"For I've often heard is said,  
They never, never wake again,  
Who sleep upon your bed !"  
Said the cunning spider to the fly  
"Dear friend, what can I do  
To prove the warm affection  
I've always felt for you ?  
I have within my pantry  
Good store of all that's nice ;  
I'm sure you're very welcome—  
Will you please to take a slice ?"  
"Oh, no, no," said the little fly,  
"Kind sir, that cannot be ;  
I've heard what's in your pantry  
And I do not wish to see."  
"Sweet creature," said the spider,  
"You're witty and you're wise ;  
How handsome are your gaudy wings  
How brilliant are your eyes !  
I have a little looking-glass  
Upon my parlour shelf ;



If you'll step in one moment, dear,  
You shall behold yourself."  
"I thank you, gentle sir," she said,  
"For what you're pleased to say ;  
.And bidding you good-morrow now,  
I'll call another day."  
The spider turn'd him round about,  
And went into his den,  
For well he knew the silly fly  
Would soon come back again ;  
So he wove a subtle web  
In a little corner sly,  
And set his table ready  
To dine upon the fly,  
Then he came out to his door again,  
And merrily did sing .  
"Come hither, hither, pretty fly,  
With the pearl and silver wing ;  
Your robes are green and purple—  
There's a crest upon your head !  
Your eyes are like the diamond bright,  
But mine are dull as lead !"   
Alas ! alas ! how very soon  
This silly little fly,  
Hearing his wily, flattering words,  
Came slowly flitting by.  
With buzzing wings she hung aloft,  
Then near and nearer drew,  
Thinking only of her brilliant eyes,  
And green and purple hue—

Thinking only of her crested head—  
 Poor foolish thing ! at last,  
 Up jumped the cunning spider,  
 And fiercely held her fast !  
 He dragged her up his winding stair,  
 Into his dismal den,  
 Within his little parlour—  
 But she ne'er came out again !

—Howitt.

#### 16.—THE NIGHTINGALE AND THE GLOWWORM.

A NIGHTINGALE, that all day long  
 Had cheered the village with his song,  
 Not yet at eve his note suspended ;  
 Not yet, when eventide was ended,  
 Begun to feel, as well he might,  
 The keen demands of appetite ;  
 When looking eagerly around,  
 He spied far off upon the ground  
 A something shining in the dark,  
 And knew the glowworm by his spark.  
 So, stooping down from hawthorn top,  
 He thought to put him in his crop.  
 The worm, aware of his intent,  
 Harangued him thus, right eloquent—  
 “Did you admire my lamp,” quoth he,  
 “As much as I your minstrelsy,  
 You would abhor to do me wrong,  
 As much as I to spoil your song ;

For 'twas the self-same Power Divine  
 Taught you to sing and me to shine :  
 That you with music, I with light,  
 Might beautify, and cheer the night."  
 The songster heard his short oration,  
 And warbling out his approbation,  
 Released him, as my story tells,  
 And found a supper somewhere else.

Hence jarring Sectaries may learn  
 Their real interest to discern ;  
 That brother should not war with brother  
 And worry and devour each other ;  
 But sing and shine by sweet consent,  
 Till life's poor transient night is spent,  
 Respecting, in each other's case,  
 The gifts of nature and of grace."

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### 17.—THE CUCKOO.

HAIL, beauteous stranger of the grove !  
 Thou messenger of spring !  
 Now Heaven repairs thy rural seat,  
 And woods thy welcome sing.

What time the daisy decks the green,  
 Thy certain voice we hear ;—  
 Hast thou a star to guide thy path,  
 Or mark the rolling year ?

Delightful visitant ! with thee  
I hail the time of flowers,  
And hear the sound of music sweet  
From birds among the bowers.

The school-boy wandering through the wood  
To pluck the primrose gay,  
Starts the new voice of spring to hear,  
And imitates thy lay.

What time the pea puts on the bloom,  
Thou fliest the vocal vale,  
An annual guest, in other lands  
Another spring to hail.

Sweet bird ! thy bower is ever green,  
Thy sky is ever clear ;  
Thou hast no sorrow in thy song  
No winter in thy year.

Oh ! could I fly, I'd fly with thee ;  
We'd make, with joyful wing,  
Our annual visit o'er the globe,  
Companions of the spring.

—*M. Bruce.*

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18.—A NIGHT WITH A WOLF.

LITTLE one, come to my knee !  
 Hark how the rain is pouring,  
 Over the roof, in the pitch-black night,  
 And the wind in the woods a-roaring !

Hush, my darling, and listen,  
 Then pay for the story with kisses :  
 Father was lost in the pitch-black night,  
 In just such a storm as this is !

High upon the lonely mountains,  
 Where the wild men watched and waited ;  
 Wolves in the forest, and bears in the bush,  
 And I on my path belated.

The rain and the night together  
 Came down, and the wind came after,  
 Bending the props of the pine-tree roof,  
 And snapping many a rafter.

I crept along in the darkness,  
 Stunned, and bruised, and blinded—  
 Crept to a fir with thick-set boughs,  
 And a sheltering rock behind it.

There, from the blowing and raining,  
 Crouching, I sought to hide me :  
 Something rustled, two green eyes shone, .  
 And a wolf lay down beside me.

Little one, be not frightened ;  
 I and the wolf together,  
 Side by side, through the long, long night  
 Hid from the awful weather.

His wet fur pressed against me ;  
 Each of us warmed the other ;  
 Each of us felt, in the stormy dark,  
 That beast and man was brother.

And when the falling forest  
 No longer crashed in warning,  
 Each of us went from our hiding-place  
 Forth, in the wild, wet morning.

Darling, kiss me in payment ,  
 Hark, how the wind is roaring ;  
 Father's house is a better place  
 When the stormy rain is pouring !  
—*Bayard Taylor.*

#### 19.—CASABIANCA.

THE boy stood on the burning deck,  
 Whence all but he had fled ;  
 The flame that lit the battle's wreck  
 Shone round him o'er the dead.  
 Yet beautiful and bright he stood,  
 As born to rule the storm ;  
 A creature of heroic blood,  
 A proud, though childlike form.

The flames rolled on—he would not go  
Without his father's word ;  
That father, faint in death below,  
His voice no longer heard.  
He called aloud : "Say father, say  
If yet my task is done !"  
He knew not that the chieftain lay  
Unconscious of his son.

"Speak, father," once again he cried,  
"If I may yet be gone!"  
And but the booming shots replied,  
And fast the flames rolled on.  
Upon his brow he felt their breath,  
And in his waving hair ;  
And looked from that lone post of death  
In still, yet brave despair.

And shouted but once more aloud,  
"My father, must I stay ?"  
While o'er him fast, through sail and shroud  
The wreathing fire made way.  
They wrapt the ship in splendour wild,  
They caught the flag on high ;  
And streamed above the gallant child,  
Like banners in the sky.

There came a burst of thunder sound—  
The boy—Oh ! where was he ?  
Ask of the winds that far around  
With fragments strewed the sea ;

With mast, and helm, and pennon fair,  
 That well had borne their part—  
 But the noblest thing which perished there  
 Was that young faithful heart !

—*Mrs. Hemans.*

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## 20.—THE LOSS OF THE ROYAL GEORGE.

TOLL for the brave !  
 The brave that are no more !  
 All sunk beneath the wave,  
 Fast by their native shore !

Eight hundred of the brave,  
 Whose courage well was tried,  
 Had made the vessel heel,  
 And laid her on her side.

A land-breeze shook the shrouds  
 And she was overset ,  
 Down went the Royal George,  
 With all her crew complete.

Toll for the brave !  
 Brave Kempenfelt is gone :  
 His last sea-fight is fought,  
 His work of glory done.

It was not in the battle ;  
 No tempest gave the shock ;



28 LAHIRI'S SELECT ENGLISH READINGS.

She sprang no fatal leak ;  
She ran upon no rock.

His sword was in its sheath ,  
His fingers held the pen,  
When Kempenfelt went down  
With twice four hundred men.

Weigh the vessel up,  
Once dreaded by our foes !  
And mingle with our cup  
The tear that England owes.

Her timbers yet are sound  
And she may float again,  
Full charged with England's thunder  
And plough the distant main.

But Kempenfelt is gone,  
His victories are o'er ;  
And he and his eight hundred  
Shall plough the wave no more.

—*Cowper.*

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21.—THE DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIB.

**THE** Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,  
**And** his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold ;  
**And** the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,  
**When** the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

Like the leaves of the forest when Summer is green,  
 That host with their banners at sunset were seen :  
 Like the leaves of the forest when Autumn hath blown  
 That host on the morrow lay withered and strown.

For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,  
 And breathed in the face of the foe as he passed ;  
 And the eyes of the sleepers waxed deadly and chill,  
 And their hearts but once heaved, and for ever grew still !

And there lay the steed with the nostril all wide,  
 But through it there rolled not the breath of his pride.  
 And the form of his gasping lay white on the turf,  
 And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.

And there lay the rider distorted and pale,  
 With the dew on his brow and the rust on his mail ;  
 And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,  
 The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown.

And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,  
 And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal  
 And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword,  
 Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord !

—Byron.

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## 22.—NAPOLEON AND THE YOUNG ENGLISH SAILOR.

I LOVE contemplating—apart  
 From all his homicidal glory—  
 The traits that soften to our heart  
 Napoleon's story.

'Twas when his banners at Boulogne  
 Armed in our island every freeman,  
 His navy chanced to capture one  
 Poor British seaman.

They suffered him, I know not how,  
 Unprisoned on the shore to roam ;  
 And eye was bent his youthful brow  
 On England's home.

His eye methinks, pursued the flight  
 Of birds to Britain, half way over,  
 With envy—*they* could reach the white  
 Dear cliffs of Dover.

A stormy midnight watch, he thought,  
 Than this sojourn would have been dearer,  
 If but the storm his vessel brought  
 To England nearer.

At last, when care had banished sleep,  
 He saw one morning, dreaming, doating,  
 An empty hogshead from the deep  
 Come shoreward floating.

He hid it in a cave, and wrought,  
 The live-long day, laborious, lurking,  
 Until he launched a tiny boat,  
 By mighty working.

Oh, dear me ! 'twas a thing beyond  
Description !—such a wretched wherry  
Perhaps ne'er ventured on a pond,  
Or crossed a ferry.

Far ploughing in the salt sea field,  
It would have made the boldest shudder ;  
Untarred, uncompassed, and unkeeled,—  
No sail—no rudder !

From neighbouring woods he interlaced  
His sorry skiff with wattled willows :  
And thus equipped, he would have passed  
The foaming billows.

A French guard caught him on the beach,  
His little Argo sorely jeering,  
Till tidings of him chanced to reach  
Napoleon's hearing.

With folded arms Napoleon stood,  
Serene alike in peace and danger,  
And, in his wonted attitude,  
Addressed the stranger.

“Rash youth, that wouldst yon channel pass  
On twigs and staves so rudely fashioned,  
Thy heart with some sweet English lass  
Must be impassioned.”

"I have no sweetheart," said the lad ;  
 "But absent years from one another,  
 Great was the longing that I had  
 To see my mother."

"And so thou shalt," Napoleon said ;  
 "You've both my favour justly won ;  
 A noble mother must have bred  
 So brave a son."

He gave the tar a piece of gold,  
 And, with a flag of truce, commanded  
 He should be shipped to England Old,  
 And safely landed.

Our sailor oft could scantily shift  
 To find a dinner, plain and hearty,  
 But never changed the coin and gift  
 Of Bonaparte.

—*Campbell.*

### 23.—AN INCIDENT OF THE FRENCH CAMP.

You know, we French stormed Ratisbon :  
 A mile or so away  
 On a little mound, Napoleon  
 Stood on our storming-day ;  
 With neck out-thrust, you fancy how  
 Legs wide, arms locked behind,  
 As if to balance the prone brow  
 Oppressive with its mind.

Just as perhaps he mused, "My plans  
 "That soar, the earth may fall,  
 "Let once my army-leader Lannes,  
 "Waver at yonder wall,"—  
 Out 'twixt the battery-smokes there flew  
 A rider, bound on bound  
 Full-galloping; nor bridle drew  
 Until he reached the mound.

Then off there flung in smiling joy,  
 And held himself erect  
 By just his horse' mane, a boy:  
 You hardly could suspect—  
 (So tight he kept his lips compressed,  
 Scarce any blood came thro')  
 You looked twice ere you saw his breast  
 Was all but shot in two.

"Well," cried he, "Emperor, by God's grace  
 "We've got you Ratisbon!  
 "The Marshal's in the market-place,  
 "And you'll be there anon  
 "To see your flag-bird flap his vans  
 Where I, to heart's desire,  
 "Perched him!" The Chief's eye flashed; his plans  
 Soared up again like fire.

The Chief's eye flashed; but presently  
 Softened itself, as sheathes  
 A film the mother eagle's eye  
 When her bruised eaglet breathes:

"You're wounded!" "Nay," his soldier's pride  
 "Touched to the quick, he said:  
 "I'm killed, Sire!" And, his Chief beside,  
 Smiling the boy fell dead.

—*Browning.*

#### 24.—KING BRUCE AND THE SPIDER.

KING Bruce of Scotland flung himself down  
 In a lonely mood to think;  
 'Tis true he was monarch and wore a crown,  
 But his heart was beginning to sink.  
 For he had been trying to do a great deed,  
 To make his people glad;  
 He had tried and tried, but couldn't succeed,  
 And so he became quite sad.  
 He flung himself down in low despair,  
 As grieved as man could be.  
 And after a while he pondered there,  
 "I'll give it all up," said he.  
 Now just at the moment a spider dropped,  
 With its silken filmy clew;  
 And the king in the midst of his thinking stopped,  
 To see what the spider would do.  
 'Twas a long way up to the ceiling dome,  
 And it hung by a rope so fine,  
 That how it would get to its cobweb home  
 King Bruce could not divine.

It soon began to cling and crawl  
 Straight up with strong endeavour ;  
 But down it came with a slipping sprawl,  
 As near to the ground as ever.

Up, up it ran, nor a second did stay.  
 To utter the least complaint,  
 Till it fell still lower ; and there it lay  
 A little dizzy and faint.

Its head grew steady—again it went,  
 And travelled a half yard higher ;  
 'Twas a delicate thread it had to tread,  
 And a road where its feet would tire.

Again it fell, and swung below ;  
 But up it quickly mounted,  
 Till up and down, now fast, now slow,  
 Nine brave attempts were counted.

“Sure,” said the king, “That foolish thing  
 Will strive no more to climb,  
 When it toils so hard to reach and cling,  
 And tumbles every time.”

But up the insect went once more ;  
 Ah me ! 'tis an anxious minute :  
 He's only a foot from his cobweb door ;  
 Oh, say, will he lose or win it ?



Steadily, steadily, inch by inch,  
 Higher and higher he got,  
 And a bold little run at the very last pinch  
 Put him into his native cot.

"Bravo ! bravo !" the king cried out ;  
 "All honour to those who try ,  
 The spider up there defied despair ;  
 He conquered, and why should not I ?"

And Bruce of Scotland braced his mind,  
 And gossips tell the tale,  
 That he tried once more as he tried before,  
 And that time he did not fail.

Pay goodly heed, all ye who read,  
 And beware of saying, "I can't" ;  
 'Tis a cowardly word and apt to lead  
 To idleness, folly and want

Whenever you find your heart despair  
 Of doing some goodly thing,  
 Con over this train, try bravely again,  
 And remember the spider and King.

—*Eliza Cook.*

## 25.—THE MISER AND PLUTUS.

THE wind was high, the window shakes  
 With sudden start the Miser wakes.  
 Along the silent room he stalks,  
 Looks back and trembles as he walks.

Each lock and every bolt he tries,  
 In every creek and corner pries ;  
 Then open the chest with treasure stored  
 And stands in rapture o'er his hoard.  
 But now with sudden qualms possess'd,  
 He wrings his hands he beats his breast,  
 By conscience stung, he wildly stares,  
 And thus his guilty soul declares,—

“Had the deep earth her store confined,  
 This heart had known sweet peace of mind,  
 But virtue's sold. Good Gods ! what price  
 Can recompense the pangs of vice ?  
 O bane of good ! seducing cheat !  
 Can man, weak man, thy power defeat ?  
 Gold banished honour from the mind,  
 And only left the name behind .  
 Gold sowed the world with every ill ;  
 Gold taught the murderer's sword to kill :  
 'Twas gold instructed coward hearts  
 In treachery's more pernicious arts ;  
 Who can recount the mischief o'er ?  
 Virtue resides on earth no more.”  
 He spoke and sighed. In angry mood  
 Plutus, his god, before him stood ;  
 The Miser, trembling, looked his chest ;  
 The vision frowned, and thus address :—  
 “Whence is this vile ungrateful rant,  
 Each sordid rascal's daily can't ?

Did I, base wretch, corrupt mankind ?  
 The fault's in thy rapacious mind.  
 Because my blessings are abused,  
 Must I be censured, cursed, accused ?  
 Even virtue's self by knaves is made  
 A cloak to carry on the trade ;  
 And power (when lodged in their possession)  
 Grows tyranny and rank oppression.  
 Thus, when the villain crams his chest,  
 Gold is the canker of the breast ;  
 'Tis avarice, insolence and pride,  
 And every shocking vice beside.  
 But when the virtuous hands 'tis given,  
 It blesses, like the dews of heaven ;  
 Like Heaven, it hears the orphan's cries,  
 And wipes the tears from widow's eyes.  
 Their crimes on gold shall misers lay,  
 Who pawned their sordid souls for pay.  
 Let bravadoes then (when blood is split)  
 Upbraid the passive sword with guilt."

—*John Gay.*

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## 26.—ABOU BEN ADHEM AND THE ANGEL.

ABOU Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase)  
 Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,  
 And saw, within the moonlight in his room,  
 Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,

An angel writing in a book of gold :—  
 Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold ;  
 And to the presence in the room he said,  
 "What writest thou ?"—The Vision raised its head,  
 And with a look made of all sweet accord,  
 Answered, "The names of those who love the Lord."  
 "And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay, not so,"  
 Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,  
 But cheerly still, and said, "I pray thee then,  
 Write me as one that loves his fellow men."  
 The angel wrote, and vanish'd. The next night  
 It came again with a great wakening light,  
 And show'd the names whom love of God had blessed,  
 And lo ! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

—*Leigh Hunt.*

## 27.—AN ODE.

THE spacious firmament on high,  
 With all the blue ethereal sky,  
 And spangled heavens, a shining frame,  
 Their great original proclaim.  
 Th' unweary'd sun, from day to day,  
 Does his Creator's power display ;  
 And publishes, to every land,  
 The work of an Almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,  
 The moon takes up the wondrous tale  
 And nightly, to the listening earth,  
 Repeats the story of her birth :

Whilst all the stars that round her burn,  
 And all the planets, in their turn,  
 Confirm the tidings as they roll,  
 And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though, in solemn silence, all  
 Move round the dark terrestrial ball,  
 What though, no real voice, nor sound,  
 Amidst their radiant orbs be found  
 In reason's ear they all rejoice,  
 And utter forth a glorious voice  
 For ever singing as they shine,  
 The hand that made us is divine

—Addison

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## 28.—THE ANT AND THE CRICKET.

A SILLY young cricket, accustomed to sing  
 Through the warm, sunny months of gay summer and  
 spring,  
 Began to complain, when he found that at home  
 His cupboard was empty and winter was come  
     Not a crumb to be found,  
     On the snow-covered ground ;  
     Not a flower could he see,  
     Not a leaf on a tree :  
 'Oh, what will become,' says the cricket, 'of me ?'  
 At last by starvation and famine made bold,  
 All dipping with wet and all trembling with cold,

Away he set off to miserly ant,  
 To see if, to keep him alive, he would grant  
     Him shelter from rain .  
     A mouthful of grain  
     He wished only to borrow,  
     He'd repay it to-morrow :  
 If not, he must die of starvation and sorrow.  
 Says the ant to the cricket, 'I'm your servant and friend,  
     But we ants never borrow, we ants never lend ;  
 But tell me, dear sir, did you lay nothing by  
 When the weather was warm ?' Said the cricket, 'Not I,  
     My heart was so light,  
     That I sang day and night,  
     For all nature looked gay.'  
     'You *sang*, sir, you say ?  
 Go then,' said the ant, 'and *dance* winter away.'  
 Thus ending, he hastily lifted the wicket  
 And out of the door turned the poor little cricket.  
 Though this is a fable, the moral is good ;  
 If you live without work, you must live without food.

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## 29.—ANDROCLES AND THE LION.

ANDROCLES from his injur'd lord, in dread  
 Of instant death, to Lybia's desert fled.  
 Tir'd with his toilsome flight, and parch'd with heat,  
 He spied, at length, a cavern's cool retreat.  
 But scarce had giv'n to rest his weary frame,  
 When, hugest of his kind, a lion came :

He roar'd approaching ; but the savage din  
 To plaintive murmurs chang'd,—arriv'd within,  
 And with expressive looks, his lifted paw  
 Presenting aid implor'd from whom he saw ;  
 The fugitive, through terror at a stand,  
 Dar'd not awhile afford his trembling hand,  
 But bolder grown at length, inherent found  
 A pointed thorn, and drew it from the wound.  
 The cure was wrought ; he wiped the sanious blood,  
 And firm and free from pain the lion stood.  
 Again he seeks the wilds, and day by day  
 Regales his inmate with the parted prey :  
 Nor he disdains the dole, though unprepar'd  
 Spread on the ground, and with a lion shar'd.  
 But thus to live—still lost, sequester'd still—  
 Scarce seem'd his lords revenge an heavier ill.  
 Home, native home !—Oh might he but repair !  
 He must, he will, though death attends him there.  
 He goes, and doom'd to perish on the sands  
 Of the full theatre unpitied stands !  
 When lo ! the self-same lion from his cage  
 Fires to devour him, famish'd into rage.  
 He flies, but viewing in his purpos'd prey  
 The man, his healer, pauses on his way,  
 And soften'd by remembrance into sweet  
 And kind composure, crouches at his feet.  
 Mute with astonishment th' assembly gaze ;  
 But why, ye Romans ? Whence your mute amaze ?  
 All this is nat'ral :—nature bade him rend  
 An enemy ; she bids him spare a friend.

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## 30.—THE WRECK OF THE HESPERUS.

It was the schooner *Hesperus*  
That sailed the wintry sea ;  
And the skipper had taken his little daughter  
To bear him company.

Blue were her eyes, as the fairy flax,  
Her cheeks like the dawn of day.  
And her bosom white as the hawthorn buds  
That ope in the month of May.

The skipper he stood beside the helm,  
With his pipe in his mouth,  
And watched how the veering flaw did blow  
The smoke now west, now south.

Then up and spake an old sailor,  
Had sailed the Spanish Main,  
"I pray thee, put into yonder port.  
For I fear a hurricane.

"Last night the moon had a golden ring,  
And to-night no moon we see !"  
The skipper he blew a whiff from his pipe  
And a scornful laugh laughed he.

Colder and louder blew the wind,  
A gale from the north-east,  
The snow fell hissing in the brine,  
And the billows frothed like yeast.



Down came the storm, and smote amain  
 The vessel in its strength,  
 She shuddered and paused, like a frightened steed,  
 Then leaped her cable's length.

"Come hither! come hither! my little daughter,  
 And do not tremble so;  
 For I can weather the roughest gale  
 That ever wind did blow."

He wrapped her warm in his seaman's coat,  
 Against the stinging blast,  
 He cut a rope from a broken spar,  
 And bound her to the mast.

"Oh father! I hear the church-bells ring,  
 O say, what may it be?"  
 "'Tis a fog-bell on a rock-bound coast!"  
 And he steered for the open sea.

"O father! I hear the sound of guns,  
 O say, what it may be?"  
 "Some ship in distress that cannot live  
 In such an angry sea!"

"O father! I see a gleaming light,  
 O say, what may it be?"  
 But the father answered never a word.  
 A frozen corpse was he.

Lashed to the helm, all stiff and stark,  
 With his face the skies,

The lantern gleamed through the gleaming snow  
On his fixed and glassy eyes.

Then the maiden clasped her hands, and prayed  
That saved she might be ;  
And she thought of Christ, who stilled the waves  
On the Lake of Galilee.

And fast through the midnight dark and drear,  
Through the whistling sleet and snow,  
Like a sheeted ghost, the vessel swept  
Towards the reef of Norman's Woe.

And ever the fitful gusts between  
A sound came from the land ;  
It was the sound of the trampling surf  
On the rocks and the hard sea-sand.

The breakers were right beneath her bows,  
She drifted a dreary wreck,  
And a whooping billow swept the crew,  
Like icicles from her deck.

She struck where the white and fleecy waves  
Looked soft as carded wool,  
But the cruel rocks, they gored her side,  
Like the horns of an angry bull.

Her rattling shrouds, all sheathed in ice,  
With the masts, went by the board ;  
Like a vessel of glass, she stove and sank,  
Ho ! ho ! the breakers roared !

At day break, on the bleak sea-beach,  
 A fisherman stood aghast,  
 To see the form of a maiden fair  
 Lashed closed to a drifting mast.

The salt sea was frozen on her breast,  
 The salt tears in her eyes ,  
 And he saw her hair, like the brown sea-weed,  
 On the billows fall and rise

Such was the wreck of the *Hesperus*,  
 In the midnight and the snow !  
 Christ save us all from a death like this  
 On the reef of Norman's Woe !

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### 31 —BISHOP HATTO.

THE summer and autumn had been so wet  
 That in winter the corn was growing yet ;  
 'Twas a piteous sight to see all around  
 The grain lie rotting on the ground.

Every day the starving poor  
 Crowded around Bishop Hatto's door ;  
 For he had a plentiful last year's store,  
 And all the neighbourhood could tell  
 His granaries were furnished well

At last Bishop Hatto appointed a day  
 To quiet the poor without delay ;

He bade them to his great barn repair,  
And they should have food for the winter there.

Rejoiced, such tidings good to hear,  
The poor folk flocked from far and near ;  
The great barn was full as it could hold,  
Of women, and children. and young, and old.

Then, when he saw it could hold no more  
Bishop Hatto he made fast the door ;  
And while for mercy on Christ they call,  
He set fire to the barn and burned them all.

'I'faith 'tis an excellent bonfire !' quoth he,  
'And the country is greatly obliged to me,  
For ridding it, in these times forlorn,  
Of rats, that only consume the corn.

So then to his palace returned he,  
And he sat down to supper merrily ;  
And he slept that night like an innocent man ;  
But Bishop Hatto never slept again

In the morning, as he entered the hall,  
Where his picture hung against the wall,  
A sweat, like death, all over him came,  
For the rats had eaten it out of the frame

As he looked, there came a man from the farm,  
He had a countenance white with alarm  
'My Lord, I opened your granaries this morn.  
And the rats had eaten all your corn.'

Another came running presently,  
And he was pale as pale could be :  
'Fly ! my Lord, Bishop, fly !' quoth he,  
'Ten thousand rats are coming this way,  
The Lord forgive you for yesterday !'

'I'll go to my tower on the Rhine,' replied he,  
'Tis the safest place in Germany ;  
The walls are high, and the shores are steep,  
And the stream is strong, and the water deep.

Bishop Hatto fearfully hastened away,  
And he crossed the Rhine without delay,  
And reached his tower, and barred with care  
All the windows, door, and loopholes there.

He laid him down, and closed his eyes,  
But soon a scream made him arise ;  
He started, and saw two eyes of flame  
On his pillow, from whence the screaming came.

He listened and looked , it was only the cat ;  
But the Bishop he grew more fearful for that,  
For she sat screaming mad with fear,  
At the army of rats that was drawing near.

For they have swum over the river so deep,  
And they have climbed the stores so steep ;  
And up the tower their way is bent  
To do the work for which they were sent.

They are not to be told by the dozen or score,  
By thousands they come, and by myriads and more ;

Such numbers had never been heard of before,  
Such a judgment had never been witnessed of yore.

Down on his knees the Bishop fell,  
And faster and faster his beads did he tell,  
As louder and louder drawing near,  
The gnawing of their teeth he could hear.

And in at the window, and in at the door,  
And through the walls helter-skelter they pour,  
And down from the ceiling, and up through the floor,  
From the right and the left, from behind and before,  
From within and without, from above and below,  
And all at once to the Bishop they go.

They have whetted their teeth against the stones ;  
And now they pick the Bishop's bones ;  
They gnaw the flesh from every limb,  
For they were sent to do judgment on him.

—*Southey.*

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### 32.—THE INCHCAPE ROCK.

No stir in the air, no stir in the sea,  
The ship was as till as she could be ;  
Her sails from heaven received no motion,  
Her keel was steady in the ocean.

Without either sign or sound of their shock  
The waves flowed over the Inchcape Rock ;  
So little they rose, so little they fall,  
They did not move the Inchcape Bell.

The Abbot of Aberbrothok  
Had placed that bell on the Inchcape Rock ;  
On a buoy in the storm it floated and swung,  
And o'er the waves its warning rung.

When the rock was hid by the surge's swell,  
The mariners heard the warning bell ;  
And then they knew the perilous rock,  
And blest the Abbot of Aberbrothok.

The sun in heaven was shining gay,  
All things were joyful on that day ;  
The sea-birds screamed as they wheeled round,  
And there was joyance in their sound.

The buoy of the Inchcape Bell was seen,  
A darker speck on the ocean green :  
Sir Ralph the Rover walked his deck,  
And he fixed his eye on the darker speck.

He felt the cheering power of Spring ;  
It made him whistle, it made him sing ;  
His heart was mirthful to excess,  
But the Rover's mirth was wickedness.

His eye was on the Inchcape float ;  
Quoth he, "My men, put out the boat,  
And row me to the Inchcape Rock,  
And I'll plague the Abbot of Aberbrothock."

The boat is lowered, the boatmen row,  
And to the Inchcape Rock they go ;

Sir Ralph bent over from the boat,  
And he cut the bell from the Inchcape float.

Down sunk the bell with a gurgling sound.  
The bubbles rose and burst around ;  
Quoth Sir Ralph, "The next who comes to the Rock  
Won't bless the Abbot of Aberbrothok."

Sir Ralph the Rover sailed a way,  
He scoured the seas for many a day ;  
And now, grown rich with plundered store,  
He steers his course for Scotland's shore.

So thick a haze o'erspreads the sky  
They cannot see the sun on high ;  
The wind hath blown a gale all day ;  
At evening it hath died away.

On the deck the rover takes his stand,  
So dark it is they see no land.  
Quoth Sir Ralph, "It will be lighter soon.  
For there is the dawn of the rising moon."

"Canst here," said one, "the breakers' roar ?  
For methinks we should be near the shore."  
"Now where we are I cannot tell,  
But I wish I could hear the Inchcape Bell."

They hear no sound, the swell is strong ;  
Though the wind hath fallen they drift along,  
Till the vessel strikes with a shivering shock—  
"O horror ! it is the Inchcape Rock !"



Sir Ralph the Rover tore his hair,  
 He cursed himself in his despair ;  
 The waves rush in on every side,  
 The ship is sinking beneath the tide.

But even in his dying fear  
 One dreadful sound could the Rover hear,  
 A sound as if with the Inchcape Bell  
 The fiends below were ringing his knell.

—*Southey.*

### 33.—ALEXANDER SELKIRK.

I AM monarch of all I survey,  
 My right there is none to dispute :  
 From the centre all round to the sea,  
 I am lord of the fowl and the brute.  
 O Solitude ! where are the charms  
 That sages have seen in thy face ?  
 Better dwell in the midst of alarms,  
 Than reign in this horrible place.

I am out of humanity's reach  
 I must finish my journey alone,  
 Never hear the sweet music of speech,  
 I start at the sound of my own.  
 The beasts that roam over the plain,  
 My form with indifference see ;  
 They are so unacquainted with man.  
 Their tameness is shocking to me.

Society, friendship, and love,  
 Divinely bestowed upon man,  
 Oh, had I the wings of a dove,  
 How soon would I taste you again !  
 My sorrows I then might assuage  
 In the ways of religion and truth :  
 Might learn from the wisdom of age,  
 And be cheered by the sallies of youth.

Religion ? what treasure untold  
 Resides in that heavenly word !  
 More precious than silver or gold,  
 Or all that this earth can afford.  
 But the sound of the church-going bell  
 These valleys and rocks never heard.  
 Ne'er sighed at the sound of a knell,  
 Or smiled when a Sabbath appeared.

Ye winds, that have made me your sport,  
 Convey to this desolate shore  
 Some cordial endearing report  
 Of a land I shall visit no more.  
 My friends, do they now and then send  
 A wish or a thought after me ?  
 O tell me I yet have a friend,  
 Though a friend I am never to see.

How fleet is a glance of the mind !  
 Compared with the speed of its flight,  
 The tempest itself lags behind,  
 And the swift-winged arrows of light.

When I think of my own native land,  
 In a moment I seem to be there ;  
 But alas ! recollection at hand  
 Soon hurries me back to despair.

But the sea-fowl is gone to her nest,  
 The beast is laid down in his lair ;  
 Even here is a season of rest,  
 And I to my cabin repair.  
 There's mercy in every place ;  
 And mercy—encouraging thought !  
 Gives even affliction a grace,  
 And reconciles man to his lot.

—Cowper.

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### 34.—AN ODE.

How are thy servants blest, O Lord !  
 How sure is their defence !  
 Eternal wisdom is their guide,  
 Their help Omnipotence.

In foreign realms, and lands remote,  
 Supported by thy care,  
 Through burning climes I pass'd unhurt,  
 And breath'd in tainted air.

Thy mercy sweeten'd every soil,  
 Made every region please ;  
 The hoary Alpine hills it warm'd,  
 And smooth'd the Tyrrhene seas.

Think, O my soul, devoutly think,  
How, with affrighted eyes,  
Thou saw'st the wide-extended deep,  
In all its horrors rise.

Confusion dwelt on every face,  
And fear in every heart ;  
When waves on waves, and gulfs on gulfs,  
Overcame the pilot's art.

Yet then from all my griefs, O Lord !  
Thy mercy set me free ;  
Whilst in the confidence of prayer,  
My soul took hold on thee.

For though in dreadful whirls we hung  
High on the broken wave,  
I knew thou wert not slow to hear,  
Nor impotent to save.

The storm was laid, the winds retir'd  
Obedient to thy will ;  
The sea, that roar'd at thy command,  
At thy command was still.

In midst of dangers, fears, and death,  
Thy goodness I'll adore ;  
And praise thee for thy mercies past,  
And humbly hope for more.

My life, if thou preserv'st my life,  
 Thy sacrifice shall be ;  
 And death, if death must be my doom,  
 Shall join my soul to thee.

—Addison.

### 35.—RULE, BRITANNIA.

WHEN Britain first, at Heaven's command,  
 Arose from out the azure main,  
 This was the charter of her land,  
 And guardian angels sang the strain :  
 Rule, Britannia ! Britannia rules the waves !  
 Britons never shall be slaves.

The nations not so blest as thee  
 Must in their turn to tyrants fall ;  
 Whilst thou shalt flourish, great and free,  
 The dread and envy of them all.

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,  
 More dreadful from each foreign stroke ;  
 As the loud blast that tears the skies  
 Serves but to root thy native oak.

The haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame ;  
 All their attempts to bend thee down  
 Will but arouse the generous flame,  
 And work their woe and thy renown.

To thee belongs the rural reign ;  
Thy cities shall with commerce shine ;  
All thine shall be the subject main,  
And every shore it circles thine !

The Muses, still with Freedom found,  
Shall to thy happy coast repair ;  
Blest isle, with matchless beauty crowned,  
And manly hearts to guard the fair :  
Rule, Britannia ! Britannia rules the waves !  
Britons never shall be slaves.

—*Thomson.*

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## SECOND PART

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### 36.—A HYMN OF THANKSGIVING.

WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,  
My rising soul surveys,  
Transported with the view, I'm lost  
In wonder, love, and praise.

O how shall words with equal warmth  
The gratitude declare,  
That glows within my ravished heart !  
But Thou canst read it there.

To all my weak complaints and cries  
Thy mercy lent an ear,  
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learnt  
To form themselves in prayer.

Unnumbered comforts to my soul  
Thy tender care bestowed,  
Before my infant heart conceived  
From whence these comforts flowed.

When in the slippery paths of youth  
With heedless steps I ran,  
Thine arm, unseen, conveyed me safe,  
And led me up to man.

Through hidden dangers, toils, and death,  
It gently cleared my way ;  
And through the pleasing snares of vice,  
More to be fear'd than they.

When worn with sickness, oft hast Thou  
With health renewed my face ,  
And when in sins and sorrows sunk,  
Revived my soul with grace.

Thy bounteous hand with worldly bliss  
Has made my cup run o'er ;  
And in a kind and faithful friend  
Has doubled all my store.

Ten thousand thousand precious gifts  
My daily thanks employ ,  
Nor is the least a cheerful heart  
That tastes those gifts with joy.

Through every period of my life  
Thy goodness I'll pursue ;  
And after death in distant worlds,  
The glorious theme renew.

When nature fails, and day and night  
Divide Thy works no more,



My ever-grateful heart, O Lord,  
Thy mercy shall adore.

Through all eternity to Thee  
A joyful song I'll raise :  
But O ! eternity's too short  
To utter all Thy praise !

—*Addison.*

### 37.—ADAM AND EVE.

Two of far nobler shape erect and tall,  
Godlike erect, with native honour clad  
In native majesty, seemed lords of all,  
And worthy seemed ; for in their looks divine  
The image of their glorious Maker shone,  
Truth, wisdom, sanctitude severe and pure,  
Severe, but in true filial freedom placed,  
Whence, true authority in men : though both  
Not equal, as their sex not equal, seemed.  
For contemplation he and valour formed,  
For softness she and sweet attractive grace.  
He for God only, she for God in him.  
About them frisking played  
All beasts of th' earth, since wild, and of all chase  
In wood or wilderness, forest or den ;  
Sporting the lion ramped, and in his paw  
Dandled the kid , bears, tigers, ounces, pards,  
Gambolled before them ; th' unwieldy elephant  
To make them mirth used all his might, and wreathed

His little proboscis ; close the serpent sly  
 Insinuating wove with Gordian twine  
 His braided train, and of his fatal guile  
 Gave proof unheeded ; others on the grass  
 Couched, and now filled with pasture gazing sat.  
 Or bedward ruminating for the sun  
 Declined was hasting now with prone career  
 To th' ocean isles, and in the ascending scale  
 Of heav'n the stars that usher evening rose

—*Milton.*

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### 38 —A PSALM OF LIFE.

TELL me not in mournful numbers,  
 "Life is but an empty dream !"  
 For the soul is dead that slumbers,  
 And things are not what they seem.

Life is real, life is earnest,  
 And the grave is not its goal ;  
 "Dust thou art, to dust returnest,"  
 Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment and not sorrow  
 Is our destined end or way ;  
 But to act, that each to-morrow  
 Finds us further than to-day.

Art is long, and time is fleeting,  
 And our hearts, though stout and brave,

Still, like muffled drums, are beating,  
 Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,  
 In the bivouac of life,  
 Be not like dumb, driven cattle !  
 Be a hero in the strife.

Trust no future howe'er pleasant ;  
 Let the dead past bury its dead ;  
 Act, act in the living present,  
 Heart within and God o'er head.

Lives of great men all remind us  
 We can make our lives sublime,  
 And departing leave behind us  
 Foot-prints on the sands of time :—

Foot-prints that perhaps another,  
 Sailing o'er life's solemn main,  
 A forlorn and ship-wrecked brother,  
 Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,  
 With a heart for any fate ;  
 Still achieving, still pursuing,  
 Learn to labour and to wait.

—*H. W. Longfellow.*

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39.—THE QUIET LIFE.

HAPPY the man whose wish and care  
A few paternal acres bound  
Content to breathe his native air  
In his own ground.

Whose herds with milk, whose fields with bread,  
Whose flocks supply him with attire ;  
Whose trees in summer yield him shade,  
In winter fire.

Blest, who can unconcern'dly find  
Hours, days, and years slide soft away  
In health of body, peace of mind,  
Quiet by day.

Sound sleep by night ; study and ease  
Together mix'd ; sweet recreation,  
And innocence. which most does please  
With meditation.

Thus let me live, unseen, unknown ;  
Thus unlamented let me die ;  
Steal from the world, and not a stone  
Tell where I lie.

—Pope.

—

## 40.—CONTENTMENT.

My mind to me a kingdom is,  
Such perfect joy therein I find,  
As far exceeds all earthly bliss  
That world affords, or grows by kind:  
Though much I want what most men have,  
Yet doth my mind forbid me crave.

Content I live—this is my stay:  
I seek no more than may suffice;  
I press to bear no haughty sway;  
Look—what I lack, my mind supplies.  
Lo! thus I triumph like a king,  
Content with that my mind doth bring.

I see how plenty surfeits oft,  
And hasty climbers soonest fall;  
I see how those that sit aloft  
Mishap doth threaten most of all;  
These get with toil, and keep with fear:  
Such cares my mind could never bear.

I laugh not at another's loss;  
I grudge not at another's gain;  
No worldly wave my mind can toss;  
I brook that is another's pain.  
I fear no foe: I scorn no friend:  
I dread no death: I fear no end.

Some have too much, yet still they crave ;  
 I little have, yet seek no more :  
 They are but poor, though much they have,  
 And I am rich, with little store.  
 They poor, I rich : they beg, I give :  
 They lack, I lend : they pine, I live.

I wish but what I have at will .  
 I wander not to seek for more .  
 I like the plain ; I climb no hill :  
 In greatest storm I sit on shore,  
 And laugh at those that toil in vain.  
 To get what must be lost again  
 —This is my choice , for why ?—I find  
 No wealth is like a quiet mind.

—*Dyer.*

#### 41.—THE DEATH OF THE RIGHTEOUS.

SURE the last  
 Of the good man is peace. How calm his exit !  
 Night dews fall not more gently to the ground,  
 Nor weary worn-out winds expire so soft.  
 Behold him in the eventide of life—  
 A life well spent, whose early care it was  
 His riper years should not upbraid his green ;  
 By unperceived degrees he wears away,  
 Yet, like the sun, seems larger at his setting.  
 High in his faith and hope, see how he reaches  
 After the prize in view, and like a bird

That's hampered, struggles hard to get away !  
While the glad gates of sight are wide expanded  
To let new glories in,—the first fair fruits  
Of the last coming, harvest.

—*Robert Blair.*

42.—THE HAPPY HEART.

ART thou poor, yet hast thou golden slumbers ?

O sweet content !

Art thou rich, yet is thy mind perplexed ?

O punishment !

Dost thou laugh to see how fools are vexed

To add to golden numbers, golden numbers ?

Oh sweet content ! O sweet, O sweet content !

Work apace, apace, apace apace ,

Honest labour bears a lovely face ,

Then they nonny, nonny, hey nonny nonny !

Canst drink the waters of the crisped spring ?

O sweet content !

Swimm'st thou in wealth, yet sink'st in thine own  
tears ?

O punishment !

Then he that patiently want's burden bears

No burden bears, but is a king, a king !

O sweet content ! O sweet, sweet content ;

Work apace, apace, apace apace ;

Honest labour bears a lovely face ;

Then they nonny nonny, hey nonny nonny !

—*Dekker.*

## 43.—BELSHAZZAR'S FEAST. .

THE King was on his throne,  
 The Satraps throng'd the hall ;  
 A thousand bright lamps shone ;  
 O'er that high festival.  
 A thousand cups of gold,  
 In Judah deem'd divine  
 Jehovah's vessels, hold  
 The godless Heathen's wine !

In that same hour and hall,  
 The fingers of a hand  
 Came forth against the wall,  
 And wrote as if on sand :  
 The fingers of a man :—  
 A solitary hand  
 Along the letters ran,  
 And traced them like a wand.

The monarch saw, and shook,  
 And bade no more rejoice ;  
 All bloodless wax'd his look,  
 And tremulous his voice,  
 "Let the men of lore appear,  
 The wisest of the earth,  
 And expound the words of fear,  
 Which mar our royal mirth."



Chaldea's seers are good,  
 But here they have no skill ;  
 And the unknown letters stood  
 Untold and awful still.  
 And Babel's men of age  
 Are wise and deep in lore .  
 But now they were not stage,  
 They saw, but knew no more.

A captive in the land,  
 A stranger and a youth,  
 He heard the king's command,  
 He saw that writing's truth.  
 The lamps around were bright,  
 The prophecy in view  
 He read it on that night,  
 The morrow proved it true.

"Belshazzar's grave is made,  
 His kingdom pass'd away ,  
 He, in the balance weigh'd  
 Is light and worthless clay.  
 The shroud his robe of state,  
 His canopy the stone ,  
 The Mede is at his gate !  
 The Persian on his throne !"

—Byron.

## 44.—TO A SKYLARK.

ETHEREAL minstrel ! pilgrim of the sky !  
 Dost thou despise the earth where cares abound ?  
 Or, while the wings aspire, are heart and eye  
 Both thy nest upon the dewy ground ?  
 Thy nest which thou canst drop into at will,  
 Those quivering wings composed, that music still !

To the last point of vision, and beyond,  
 Mound, daring warbler !—that love-prompted strain  
 —'Twixt thee and thine a never-failing bond—  
 Thrills not the less the bosom of the plain :  
 Yet might'st thou seem, proud privilege ! to sing  
 All independent of the leafy Spring.

Leave to the nightingale her shady wood ;  
 A privacy of glorious light is thine,  
 Whence thou dost pour upon the world a flood  
 Of harmony, with instinct more divine ;  
 Type of the wise, who soar, but never roam—  
 True to the kindred points of heaven and home.

—*Wordsworth.*

## 45.—THE SKY LARK.

HAIL to thee, blithe Spirit !  
 Bird thou never wert,  
 That from Heaven, or near it,  
 Pourest thy full heart  
 In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

**70 LAHIRI'S SELECT ENGLISH READINGS.**

Higher still and higher,  
From the earth thou springest  
Like a cloud of fire ;  
The blue deep thou wingest,  
And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest.

In the golden lightening  
Of the sunken sun,  
O'er which clouds are bright'ning,  
Thou dost float and run ;  
Like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun

The pale purple even  
Melts around thy flight  
Like a star of Heaven,  
In the broad daylight  
Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight.

\* \* \* \*

All the earth and air  
With thy voice is loud,  
As when night is bare.  
From one lonely cloud  
The moon rains out her beams, and Heaven is over-flowed.

What thou art we know not ;  
What is most like thee ?  
From rainbow clouds there flow not  
Drops so bright to see  
As from thy presence showers a rain of melody.

Like a Poet hidden  
 In the light of thought,  
 Singing hymns unbidden,  
 Till the world is wrought  
 To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not :

\* \* \* \*

Like a glowworm golden  
 In a dell of dew  
 Scattering unbeholden  
 Its aerial hue  
 Among the flowers and grass, which screen it from the view !

Like a rose embowered  
 In its own green leaves,  
 By warm winds deflowered,  
 Till the scent it gives  
 Makes faint with too much sweet those heavy-winged thieves :

Sound of vernal showers  
 On the twinkling grass,  
 Rain-awakened flowers,  
 All that ever was  
 Joyous, and clear, and fresh, thy music doth surpass :

Teach us, sprite or Bird,  
 What sweet thoughts are thine :  
 I have never heard  
 Praise of love or wine  
 That panted forth a flood or rapture so divine !

Chorus Hymeneal,  
 Or triumphal chant,  
 Matched with thine would be all  
 But an empty vaunt—  
**A thing** wherein we feel there is some hidden want.

With thy clear keen joyance  
 Languor can not be,  
 Shadow of annoyance  
 Never came near thee  
**Thou** lovest—but ne'er knew love's sad satiety.

We look before and after,  
 And pine for what is not,  
 Our sincerest laughter  
 With some pain is fraught,  
**Our sweetest songs** are those that tell of saddest thought

\* \* \* \* \*

Teach me half the gladness  
 That thy brain must know,  
 Such harmonious madness  
 From my lips would flow,  
**The world** should listen them, as I am listening now.

—*Shelley.*

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## 46.—THE DAFFODILS.

I WANDER'D lonely as a cloud  
That floats on high o'er vales hills,  
When all at once I saw a crowd.  
A host of golden daffodils,  
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,  
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine  
And twinkle on the Milky-way,  
They stretch'd in never-ending line  
Along the marg'n of a bay  
Ten thousand saw I at a glance  
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced, but they  
Out-did the sparkling waves in glee —  
A poet could not but be gay  
In such a jocund company !  
I gazed—and gazed—but little thought  
What wealth the show to me had brought.

For oft, when on my couch I lie  
In vacant or in pensive mood,  
They flash upon that inward eye  
Which is the bliss of solitude ,  
And then my heart with pleasure fills,  
And dances with the daffodils.

—*Wordsworth.*

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## 47.—THE CLOUD.

I BRING fresh showers for the thirsting flowers  
 From the seas and the streams ;  
 I bear light shade for the leaves when laid  
 In their moon-day dreams.  
 From my wings are shaken the dews that waken  
 The sweet buds, every one,  
 When rocked to rest on their mother's breast,  
 As she dances about the sun.  
 I wield the flail of the lashing hail  
 And whiten the green plains under .  
 And then again I dissolve it in rain,  
 And laugh as I pass in thunder.  
 I am the daughter of Earth and Water  
 And the nursling of the sky ,  
 I pass through the pores of the ocean and shores ,  
 I change, but I can not die

- -Shelley.

## 48.—THE POET SONG

THE rain had fallen, the poet arose,  
 He pass'd by the town and out of the street,  
 A light wind blew from the gates of the sun,  
 And waves of shadow went over the wheat,  
 And he sat him down in a lonely place,  
 And chanted a melody loud and sweet,  
 That made the wild-swan pause in her cloud,  
 And the lark drop down at his feet.

The swallow stopt as he hunted the fly,  
 The snake slipt under a spray,  
 The wild hawk stood with the down on his beak.  
 And stared, with his foot on the prey,  
 And the nightingale thought, 'I have sung many songs  
 But never a one so gay,  
 For he sings of what the world will be  
 When the years have died away.'

—Tennyson.

#### 49.—YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND

YE Mariners of England  
 That guard our native seas !  
 Whose flag has braved, a thousand years,  
 The battle and the breeze !  
 Your glorious standard launch again  
 To match another foe :  
 And sweep through the deep,  
 While the stormy winds do blow ;  
 While the battle rages loud and long  
 And the stormy winds do blow.

The spirits of your fathers  
 Shall start from every wave—  
 For the deck it was their field of fame.  
 And Ocean was their grave,  
 When Blake and mighty Nelson fell,  
 Your manly hearts shall glow,



As ye sweep through the deep,  
While the stormy winds do blow ;  
While the battle rages loud and long  
And the stormy winds do blow.

Britannia needs no bulwarks,  
No towers along the steep ;  
Her march is o'er the mountain-waves,  
Her home is on the deep.  
With thunders from her native oak  
She quells the floods below—  
As they roar on the shore,  
When the stormy winds do blow ,  
When the battle rages loud and long,  
And the stormy winds do blow.

The meteor flag of England  
Shall yet terrific burn ;  
Till danger's troubled night depart,  
And the star of peace return.  
Then, then ye ocean-warriors !  
Our song and feast shall flow  
To the fame of your name,  
When the storm has ceased to blow :  
When the fiery fight is heard no more,  
And the storm has ceased to blow.

—*Campbell.*

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## 50.—HOHENLINDEN.

ON Linden when the sun was low,  
All bloodless lay th' untrodden snow,  
And dark as winter was the flow  
Of Iser, rolling rapidly :

But Linden saw another sight,  
When the drum beat, at dead of night,  
Commanding fires of death to light  
The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast array'd,  
Each horseman drew his battle-blade,  
And furious every charger neigh'd,  
To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills with thunder riven,  
Then rush'd the steed to battle driven,  
And louder than the bolts of heaven,  
Far flash'd the red artillery.

But redder yet that light shall glow  
On Linden's hills of stained snow,  
And bloodier yet the torrent flow  
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

'Tis morn, but scarce yon level sun  
Can pierce the war-clouds, rolling dun  
Where furious Frank, and fiery Hun,  
Shout in their sulph'rous canopy.

The combat deepens. On, ye brave,  
 Who rush to glory, or the garve ;  
 Wave, Munich ! all thy banners wave,  
 And charge with all thy chivalry ! .

Few, few, shall part where many meet !  
 The snow shall be their winding-sheet,  
 And every turf beneath their feet  
 Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.

—*Campbell.*

#### 51.—ENGLAND'S DEAD

SON of the ocean isle !  
 Where sleep your mighty dead ?  
 Show me what high and stately pile  
 Is reared o'er Glory's bed.

Go, stranger ! track the deep,  
 Free, free the white sail spread !  
 Wave may not foam, nor wild wind sweep,  
 Where rest not England's dead.

On Egypt's burning plains,  
 By the pyramid o'erswayed,  
 With fearful power the noon-day reigns,  
 And the palm-trees yield no shade.

But let the angry sun  
 From heaven look fiercely red,

Unfelt by those whose task is done !  
*There* slumber England's dead.

The hurricane hath might  
Along the Indian shore,  
And far, by Gange's banks at night,  
Is heard the tiger's roar.

But let the sound roll on !  
It hath no tone of dread,  
For those that from their toils are gone ;—  
*There* slumber England's dead !

Loud rush the torrent-floods  
The western wilds among,  
And free, in green Columbia's woods,  
The hunter's bow is strung.

But let the floods rush on !  
Let the arrow's flight be sped !  
Why should *they* reckon whose task is done ?  
*There* slumber England's dead.

The mountain-storms rise high  
In the snowy Pyrenees,  
And toss the pine-bough through the sky  
Like rose-leaves on the breeze.

But let the storm rage on !  
Let the forest wreath be shed ;  
For the Roncesvalles' field is won,—  
*There* slumber England's dead.

On the frozen deep's repose  
 'Tis a dark and dreadful hour,  
 When round the ship the ice-fields close,  
 To chain her with their power.

But let the ice drift on !  
 Let the cold-blue desert spread !  
*There* course with mast and flag is done,  
*There* slumber England's dead.

The warlike of the isles,  
 The men of field and wave !  
 Are not the rocks their funeral piles,  
 The seas and shores their grave ?

Go, stranger ! track the deep,  
 Free, free, the white sail spread !  
 Wave may not foam, nor wild wind sweep,  
 Where rest not England's dead.

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## 52.—GREECE.

'Tis Greece, but living Greece no more !  
 So coldly sweet, so deadly fair,  
 We start—for soul is wanting there.  
 Here is the loveliness in death,  
 That parts not quite with parting breath ;  
 But beauty with that fearful bloom,  
 That hue which haunts it to the tomb—

Expression's last receding ray,  
 A gilded halo hovering round decay,  
 The farewell beam of Feeling passed away !  
 Spark of that flame—perchance of heavenly birth—  
 Which gleams, but warms no more its cherished earth.

Clime of unforgotten brave !  
 Whose land from plain to mountain cave  
 Was Freedom's home or Glory's grave—  
 Shrine of the mighty ! can it be  
 That this is all remains of thee ?  
 Approach, thou craven crouching slave.

Say, is not this Thermopylæ ?  
 These waters blue that round you lave,  
 O servile offspring of the free—  
 Pronounce what sea, what shore is this ?  
 The gulf, the rock of Salamis !  
 These scenes, their story not unknown,  
 Arise, and make again your own ;  
 Snatch from the ashes of your sires  
 The embers of their former fires ;  
 And he who in the strife expires  
 Will add to theirs a name of fear,  
 That Tyranny shall quake to hear,  
 And leave his sons a hope, a fame,  
 They too will rather die than shame :  
 For Freedom's battle once begun,  
 Bequeathed by bleeding sire to son,  
 Though baffled oft is ever won.  
 Bear witness, Greece, thy living page  
 Attest it many a deathless age !

While kings in dusky darkness hid,  
 Have left a nameless pyramid,  
 Thy heroes—though the general doom  
 Hath swept the column from their tomb—  
 A mightier monument command,  
 The mountains of their native land !  
 There points thy Muse to stranger's eve  
 The graves of those that cannot die !  
 'Twere long to tell, and sad to trace.  
 Each step from splendour to disgrace.  
 Enough—no foreign foe could quell  
 Thy soul, till from itself it fell.  
 Yes ! self-abasement paved the way  
 To villain-bonds and despot sway.  
 What can he tell who treads thy shore ?

No legend of thine olden time,  
 No theme on which the Muse might soar  
 High as thine own in days of yore.

When man was worthy of thy clime.  
 The hearts within thy valleys bred,  
 The fiery souls that might have led

Thy sons to deeds sublime,  
 Now crawl from cradle to the grave,  
 Slaves—nay, the bondsmen of a slave,

And callous, save to crime,  
 Stained with each evil that pollutes  
 Mankind where least above the brutes ;  
 Without even savage virtue blest,  
 Without one free or valiant breast,  
 Still to the neighbouring ports they waft  
 Proverbial wiles and ancient craft :

In this the subtle Greek is found,  
For this, and this alone, renowned.  
In vain might Liberty invoke  
The spirit to its bondage broke,  
Or raise the neck that courts the yoke.

—*Byron.*

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53 - THE DIVERTING HISTORY OF JOHN  
GILPIN.

JOHN GILPIN was a citizen  
Of credit and renown,  
A train-band Captain eke was he  
Of famous London town.

John Gilpin's spouse said to her dear,  
"Though wedded we have been  
These twice ten tedious years, yet we  
No holiday have seen.

"To-morrow is our wedding-day  
And we will then repair  
Unto the Bell at Edmonton,  
All in a chaise and pair.

"My sister and my sister's child,  
Myself and children three  
Will fill the chaise, so you must ride  
On horseback after we."



He soon replied, "I do admire  
Of womankind but one,  
And you are she, my dearest dear,  
Therefore it shall be done.

I am a linen-draper bold,  
As all the world doth know,  
And my good friend, the Calender,  
Will lend his horse to go."

Quoth Mrs. Gilpin, "That's well said;  
And for that wine is dear,  
We will be furnish'd with our own,  
Which is both bright and clear."

John Gilpin kiss'd his loving wife;  
O'erjoy'd was he to find  
That, though on pleasure she was bent,  
She had a frugal mind

The morning came, the chaise was brought  
But yet was not allow'd  
To drive up to the door, lest all  
Should say that she was proud.

So three doors off the chaise was stay'd,  
Where they did all get in,  
Six precious souls, and all agog  
To dash through thick and thin.

Smack went the whip, round went the wheels,  
Were never folk so glad,

The stones did rattle underneath  
As if Cheapside were mad.

John Gilpin at his horse's side  
Seized fast the flowing mane,  
And up he got in haste to ride,  
But soon came down again.

For saddle-tree scarce reach'd had he,  
His journey begin,  
When, turning round his head, he saw  
Three customers come in

So down he came ; for loss of time  
Although it grieved him sore,  
Yet loss of pence, full well he knew,  
Would trouble him much more.

'Twas long before the customers  
Were suited to their mind,  
When Betty screaming came down stairs,  
"The wine is left behind."

"Good lack !" quoth he "yet bring it me,  
My leathern belt likewise,  
In which I bear my trusty sword  
When I do exercise."

Now Mistress Gilpin, careful soul !  
Had two stone-bottles found,  
To hold the liquor that she loved,  
And keep it safe and sound.

Each bottle had a curling ear,  
Through which the belt he drew,  
And hung a bottle on each side,  
To make his balance true.

Then over all, that he might be  
Equipped from top to toe,  
His long red cloak, well brush'd and neat,  
He manfully did throw

Now see him mounted once again  
Upon his nimble steed,  
Full slowly pacing o'er the stones,  
With caution and good heed

But finding soon a smoother road  
Beneath his well-shod feet,  
The snorting beast began to trot,  
Which gall'd him in his seat.

So, 'Fair and softly,' John he cried,  
But John he cried in vain ;  
That trot became a gallop soon,  
In spite of curb and rein

So stooping down, as needs he must  
Who cannot sit upright,  
He grasp'd the mane with both his hands  
And eke with all his might.

His horse, who never in that sort  
Had handled been before,

What thing upon his back had got  
Did wonder more and more.

Away went Gilpin, neck or nought,  
Away went hat and wig;  
He little dreamt, when he set out,  
Of running such a rig.

The wine did blow, the cloak did fly,  
Like streamer long and gay,  
Till, loop and button failing both,  
At last it flew away.

Then might all people well discern  
The bottles he had slung,  
A bottle swinging at each side,  
As hath been said or sung.

The dogs did bark, the children scream'd,  
Up flew the windows all,  
And ev'ry soul cried out, "Well done!"  
As loud as he could bawl.

Away went Gilpin—who but he?  
His fame soon spread around;  
"He carries weight, he rides a race!  
'Tis for a thousand pound!"

And still as fast as he drew near,  
'Twas wonderful to view,  
How in a trice the turnpike-men  
Their gates wide open threw.

And now, as he went bowing down  
 His reeking head full low,  
 The bottles twain behind his back  
 Were shatter'd at a blow.

Down ran the wine into the road  
 Most piteous to be seen,  
 Which made his horse's flanks to smoke  
 As they had basted been.

But still he seemed to carry weight,  
 With leathern girdle braced ;  
 For all might see the bottle-necks  
 Still dangling at his waist.

Thus all through merry Islington  
 These gambols he did play,  
 Until he came unto the Wash  
 Of Edmonton so gay.

And there he threw the Wash about  
 Of both sides of the way,  
 Just like unto a trundling mop,  
 Or a wild goose at play.

At Edmonton, his loving wife  
 From the balcony spied  
 Her tender husband, wond'ring much  
 To see how he did ride.

"Stop, stop, John Gilpin!—Here's the house!"  
 They all at once did cry;

"The dinner waits, and we are tired."

Said Gilpin—"So am I!"

But yet his horse was not a whit

Inclined to tarry there,

For why? his owner had a house

Full ten miles off, at Ware.

So like an arrow swift he flew

Shot by an archer strong,

So did he fly—which brings me to

The middle of my song.

Away went Gilpin out of breath,

And sore against his will,

Till at his friend's the Calender's

His horse at last stood still.

The Calender, amazed to see

His neighbour in such trim,

Laid down his pipe, flew to the gate.

And thus accosted him :—

"What news? what news? your tidings tell,

Tell me you must and shall.—

Say why bareheaded you are come,

Or why you come at all?"

Now Gilpin has a pleasant wit,

And loved a timely joke;

And thus unto the Calender

In merry guise he spoke :—

"I came because your horse would come ;  
 And, if I well forebode,  
 My hat and wig will soon be here,  
 They are upon the road."

The Calender, right glad to find  
 His friend in merry pin,  
 Return'd not a single word,  
 But to the house went in.

Whence straight he came with hat and wig,  
 A wig that flow'd behind.  
 A hat not much the' worse for wear  
 Each comely in its kind.

He held them up and in his turn  
 Thus show'd his ready wit,  
 "My head is twice as big as yours,  
 They therefore needs must fit.

"But let me scrape the dirt away  
 That hangs upon your face ;  
 And stop and eat, for well you may  
 Be in a hungry case "

Said John "It is my wedding-day  
 And all the world would stare,  
 If wife should dine at Edmonton,  
 And I should dine at Ware."

So, turning to his horse, he said  
 "I am in haste to dine ;

"Twas for your pleasure you came here,  
You shall go back for mine."

Ah, luckless speech, and bootless boast,  
For which he paid full dear ;  
For, while he spake, a braying ass  
Did sing most loud and clear

Whereat his horse did snort, as he  
Had heard a lion roar,  
And gallop'd off with all his might  
As he had done before.

Away went Gilpin, and away  
Went Gilpin's hat and wig ,  
He lost them sooner than at first,  
For why ?—they were too big.

Now mistress Gilpin, when she saw  
Her husband posting down  
Into the country far away,  
She pull'd out half a crown .

And thus unto the youth she said,  
That drove them to the Bell,  
"This shall be yours, when you bring back  
My husband safe and well."

The youth did ride, and soon did meet  
John coming back amain,  
Whom in a trice he tried to stop  
By catching at his rein ;



But not performing what he meant  
And gladly would have done,  
The frightened steed he frightened more,  
And made him faster run

Away went Gilpin, and away  
Went post-boy at his heels,  
The post-boy's horse right glad to miss  
The lumbering of the wheels.

Six gentlemen upon the road,  
Thus seeing Gilpin fly  
With post-boy scampering in the rear,  
They raised the hue and cry :—

“Stop thief ! stop thief !—a highwayman !  
Not one of them was mute,  
And all and each that pass'd that way  
Did join in the pursuit.

And now the turnpike gates again  
Flew open in short space ;  
The toll-men thinking, as before,  
That Gilpin rode a race.

And so he did, and won it too,  
For he got first to town,  
Nor stopp'd till where he first got up  
He did again get down.

Now let us sing, "Long live the king,  
And Gilpin, long live he,  
And when he next doth ride abroad,  
May I be there to see!"

—*Cowper.*

54.—MY KATE.

SHE was not as pretty as women I know,  
And yet all your best made of sunshine and snow  
Drop to shade, melt to nought in the long-trodden ways,  
While she's still remembered on warm and cold days—  
My Kate.

Her air had a meaning, her movements a grace ;  
You turned from the fairest to gaze on her face :  
And when you had once seen her forehead and mouth,  
You saw as distinctly her soul and her truth—  
My Kate.

Such a blue inner light from her eyelids outbroke,  
You looked at her silence and fancied she spoke :  
When she did, so peculiar yet soft was the tone,  
Though the loudest spoke also, you heard her alone—  
My Kate.

I doubt if she said to you much that could act  
As a thought or suggestion : she did not attract

In the sense of the brilliant or wise · I infer  
 'Twas her thinking of others, made you think of her—  
 My Kate.

She never found fault with you, never implied  
 Your wrong by her right , and yet men at her side  
 Grew nobler girls purer, as through the whole town  
 The children were gladder that pulled at her gown—  
 My Kate.

None knelt at her feet confessed lovers in thrall ,  
 They knelt more to God than they used,—that was all ,  
 If you praised her as charming, some asked what you meant,  
 But the charm of her presence was felt when she went—  
 My Kate

The weak and the gentle, the ribald and rude,  
 She took as she found them, and did them all good ,  
 It always was so with her—see what you have !  
 She has made the grass greener even here....with her grave—  
 My Kate.

My dear one !—when thou wast alive with the rest,  
 I held thee the sweetest and loved thee the best ·  
 And now thou art dead, shall I not take thy part  
 As thy smiles used to do for thyself, my sweet Heart—  
 My Kate ?  
 —*Elizabeth Browning.*

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## 55 —THE VOICE OF SPRING.

I COME, I come ! ye have called me long.  
I come o'er the mountains with light and song !  
Ye may trace my step o'er the wakening earth,  
By the winds which tell of the violet's birth,  
By the primrose-stars in the shadowy grass,  
By the green leaves, opening as I pass.

I have breathed on the south, and the chestnut flowers  
By thousands have burst from the forest bowers,  
And the ancient graves, and the fallen fanes,  
Are veiled with wreaths on Italian plains ,  
But it is not for me, in my hour of bloom,  
To speak of the ruin or the tomb

I have looked o'er the hills of the stormy north,  
And the larch has hung all his tassels forth ;  
The fisher is out on the sunny sea,  
And the reindeer bounds o'er the pastures free,  
And the pine has a fringe of softer green,  
And the moss looks bright where my foot hath been.

I have sent through the wood-paths a glowing sigh,  
And called out each voice of the deep blue sky ;  
From the night bird's lay through the starry time  
In the groves of the soft Hesperian clime,  
To the swan's wild note by the Iceland lakes,  
When the dark fir-branch into verdure breaks.

From the streams and founts I have loosed the chain,  
 They are sweeping on to the silvery main,  
 They are flashing down from the mountain-brows,  
 They are flinging spray o'er the forest boughs,  
 They are bursting fresh from their sparry caves,  
 And earth resounds with the joy of waves !

Come forth, O ye children of gladness, come !  
 Where the violets life may be now your home,  
 Ye of the rose-lip and dew-bright eye,  
 And the bounding footstep, to meet me fly !  
 With the lyre and the wreath, and the joyous lay,  
 Come forth the sunshine, I may not stay.

Away from the dwellings of careworn men,  
 The waters are sparkling in grove and glen ;  
 Away from the chamber and sullen hearth,  
 The young leaves are dancing in breezy mirth ,  
 Their light stems thrill to the wild wood strains,  
 And youth is abroad in my green domains.

But ye ! are changed since ye met me last !  
 There is something bright from your features past ;  
 There is that come over your brow and eye  
 Which speaks of a world where the flowers must die.  
 Ye smile ! but your smile hath a dimness  
 Oh ! what have ye looked on since last we met ?

Ye are changed, ye are changed ! and I see not here  
 All whom I saw in vanished year.  
 There were graceful heads, with their ringlets bright,  
 Which tossed in the breeze with a play of light :

'There were eyes, in whose glistening laughter lay  
No faint remembrance of dull decay.

There were steps that flew o'er the cowslip's head,  
As if for a banquet all earth were spread ;  
There were voices that rung through the sapphire sky,  
And had not a sound of mortality.  
Are they gone ? is their mirth from the mountains past,  
Ye have looked on Death since ye met me last.

I know whence the shadow came o'er you now,—  
Ye have strewn the dust on the sunny brow,  
Ye have given the lovely to earth's embrace,  
She hath taken the fairest of beauty's race,  
With their laughing eyes and their festal crown,  
They are gone from amongst you in silence down.

They are gone from amongst you, the young and fair,  
Ye have lost the gleam of their shining hair ;  
But I know of a land where there falls no blight,  
I shall find them there, with their eyes of light,  
Where Death 'midst the blooms of the morn may dwell,  
I tarry no longer—farewell, farewell !

The summer is coming, on soft winds borne,  
Ye may press the grape, ye may bind the corn ,  
For me, I depart to a brighter shore ,  
Ye are marked by care, ye are mine no more.  
I go where the loved who have left you dwell,  
And the flowers are not Death's—fare ye well, farewell !  
—*Felicia Hemans.*

## 56.—THE OLD ARM-CHAIR.

I LOVE it, I love it, and who shall dare  
 To chide me for loving that old arm-chair ?  
 I have treasured it long as a sainted prize,  
 I've bedewed it with tears, and embalmed with sighs—  
 'Tis bound by a thousand bonds to my heart,  
 Not a tie will break, not a link will start.  
 Would you learn the spell ? A mother sat there,  
 And a sacred thing is that old arm-chair

In childhood's hour I lingered near  
 The hallowed seat with list'ning ear  
 And gentle words that mother would give,  
 To fit me to die, and teach me to live  
 She told me shame would never betide,  
 With truth for my creed, and God for my guide.  
 She taught me to hush my earliest prayer  
 As I knelt beside that old arm-chair.

I sat and watched her many a day,  
 When her eyes grew dim and her locks were gray,  
 And I almost worshipped her when she smiled,  
 And turned from her Bible to bless her child.  
 Years rolled on, but the last one sped—  
 My idol was shattered, my earth star fled  
 I learnt how much the heart can bear  
 When I saw her die in that old arm-chair.

'Tis past ! 'tis past ! but I gaze on it now  
 With quivering breath and throbbing brow.

'Twas there she nursed me,—'twas there she died,  
 And memory flows with lava tide  
 Say it is folly, and deem me weak,  
 While the scalding tears run down my cheek,  
 But I love it,—I love it! and cannot tear  
 My soul from my mother's old arm-chair.

—*Eliza Cook.*

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#### 57.—THE SOLDIER'S DREAM.

Our bugles sang truce, for the night-cloud had lowered,  
 And the sentinel stars set their watch in the sky;  
 And thousands had sunk on the ground overpowered,  
 The weary to sleep, and the wounded to die.

When reposing that night on my pallet of straw  
 By the wolf-scaring faggot that guarded the slain,  
 At the dead of the night a sweet Vision I saw;  
 And thrice ere the morning I dreamt it again.

Methought from the battle-field's dreadful array  
 Far, far, I had roamed on a desolate track.  
 'Twas Autumn,—and sunshine arose on the way  
 To the home of my fathers, that welcomed me back.

I flew to the pleasant fields traversed so oft  
 In life's morning march, when my bosom was young;  
 I heard my own mountain-goats bleating aloft,  
 And knew the sweet strain that the corn-reapers sung.



Then pledged we the wine cup, and fondly I swore  
 From my home and my weeping friends never to part  
 My little ones kissed me a thousand time o'er,  
 And my wife sobbed aloud in her fulness of heart.

Stay—stay with us!—rest!—thou art weary and worn!—  
 And fain was their war-broken soldier to stay;—  
 But sorrow returned with the dawning of morn,  
 And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away.

—Campbell.

#### 58.—PATRIOTISM!

ENGLAND, with all thy faults I love thee still,  
 My country! and while yet a nook is left  
 Where English minds and manners may be found,  
 Shall be constrained to love thee. Though thy clime  
 Be fickle, and thy year, most part deformed  
 With dripping rains, or withered by a frost,  
 I would not yet exchange thy sullen skies  
 And fields without a flower for warmer France  
 With all her vines, nor for Ausonia's groves  
 Of golden fruitage, and her myrtle bowers,  
 To shake thy senate, and from heights sublime  
 Of patriot eloquence to flash down fire  
 Upon thy foes, was never meant my task,  
 But I can feel thy fortunes, and partake  
 Thy joys and sorrows with as true a heart  
 As any thunderer there.

—Cowper.

59.—TO BLOSSOMS.

FAIR pledges of a fruitful tree,  
 Why do ye fall so fast ?  
 Your date is not so past,  
 But you may stay yet here awhile,  
 To blush and gently smile,  
 And go at last.

What ! were ye born to be  
 An hour or half's delight,  
 And so to bid good-night ?  
 'Twas pity Nature brought ye forth  
 Merely to show your worth,  
 And lose you quite.

But you are lovely, where we  
 May read how soon things have  
 Their end, though ne'er so brave :  
 And after they have shown their pride  
 Like you, awhile they glide  
 Into the grave.

—*Herrick.*

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60.—THE SLAVE'S DREAM.

BESIDE the ungathered rice he lay,  
 His sickle in his hand ;  
 His breast was bare, his matted hair  
 Was buried in the sand.  
 Again, in the mist and shadow of sleep,  
 He saw his Native Land.

Wide through the landscape of his dreams  
 The lordly Niger flowed ;  
 Beneath the palm-trees on the plain  
 Once more a king he strode ;  
 And heard the tinkling caravans  
 Descend the mountain-road.

He saw once more his dark-eyed queen  
 Among her children stand ;  
 They clasped his neck, they kissed his cheeks,  
 They held him by the hand :—  
 A tear burst from the sleeper's lids,  
 And fell into the sand.

And then at furious speed he rode  
 Along the Niger's bank ;  
 His bridle-reins were golden chains,  
 And, with a martial clank,  
 At each leap he could feel his scabbard of steel  
 Smiting his stallion's flank.

Before him, like a blood-red flag,  
 The bright flamingoes flew ,  
 From morn till night he followed their flight.  
 O'er plains where the tamarind grew,  
 Till he saw the roofs of Caffre huts,  
 And the ocean rose to view.

At night he heard the lion roar,  
 And the hyæna scream  
 And the river-horse, as he crushed the reeds  
 Beside some hidden stream ;

And it passed, like a glorious roll of drums,  
Through the triumph of his dream.

The forests, with their myriad tongues,  
Shouted of liberty ;  
And the Blast of the Desert cried aloud,  
With a voice so wild and free,  
That he started in his sleep and smiled  
At their tempestuous glee.

He did not feel the driver's whip,  
Nor the burning heat of day ,  
For death had illumined the Land of Sleep,  
And his lifeless body lay  
A worn-out fetter, that the soul  
Had broken and thrown away !  
————— *—Longfellow.*

#### 61.— THE REALM OF FANCY.

EVER let the Fancy roam,  
Pleasure never is at home .  
At a touch sweet Pleasures melteth,  
Like to bubbles when rain pelteth ;  
Then let winged Fancy wander  
Through the thought still spread beyond her :  
Open wide the mind's cage-door,  
She'll dart forth, and cloudward soar.  
O sweet Fancy ! let her loose ;  
Summer's joys are spoiled by use,  
And the enjoying of the Spring  
Fades as does its blossoming ;

Autumn's red-lipp'd fruitage too,  
 Blushing through the mist and dew,  
 Cloys with tasting What do them ?  
 Sit thee by the ingle, when  
 The sear faggot blazes bright.  
 Spirit of a winter's night ,  
 When the soundless earth is muffled,  
 And the caked snow is shuffled,  
 From the ploughboy's heavy shoon ;  
 When the Night doth meet the Noon  
 In a dark conspiracy  
 To banish Even from her sky.  
 ——Sit thee there, and send abroad,

With a mind self-overawed,  
 Fancy, high-commission'd —send her  
 She had vassals to attend her ,  
 She will bring, in spite of frost,  
 Beauties that the earth hath lost ,  
 She will bring thee, all together,  
 All delights of summer weather ;  
 All the buds and bells of May  
 From dewy sward or thorny spray ;  
 All the heaped Autumn's wealth,  
 With a still, mysterious stealth ;  
 She will mix these pleasures up  
 Like three fit wines in a cup,  
 And thou shalt quaff it:—thou shalt hear  
 Distant harvest-carols clear ;  
 Rustle of the reaped corn ;  
 Sweet birds antheming the morn.

And, in the same moment—hark !  
 'Tis the early April lark,  
 Or the rooks, with busy caw,  
 Foraging for sticks and straw.  
 Thou shalt, at one glance, behold  
 The daisy and the marigold ,  
 White-plumed lilies, and the first  
 Hedge-grown primrose that hath burst ;  
 Shaded hyacinth, alway  
 Sapphire queen of the mid-May ,  
 And every leaf, and every flower  
 Pearled with the self-same shower.  
 Thou shalt see the field-mouse peep  
 Meagre from its celled sleep ,  
 And the snake all winter-thin  
 Cast on sunny bank its skin ;  
 Freckled nest-eggs thou shalt see  
 Hatching in the hawthorn-tree,  
 When the hen-bird's wing doth rest  
 Quiet on her mossy nest ;  
 Then the hurry and alarm  
 When the bee-hive casts its swarm ;  
 Acorns ripe down-pattering,  
 While the autumn breezes sing.

\* \* \* \* \*

Let the winged Fancy roam !  
 Pleasure never is at home.

—*Keats.*

## 62.—THE SAILOR BOY.

HE rose at dawn and fired with hope,  
 Shot o'er the seething harbour bar,  
 And reached the ship and caught the rope,  
 And whistled to the morning star

And while he whistled long and loud  
 He heard a fierce mermaiden cry,  
 "O boy, tho' thou art young and proud,  
 I see the place where thou wilt lie."

"The sands and yeasty surges mix  
 In caves about the dreary bay,  
 And on thy ribs the limpet sticks, '  
 And in thy heart the scrawl shall play "

"Fool," he answer'd "death is sure  
 To those that stay and those that roam,  
 But I will never more endure  
 To sit with empty hands at home

"My mother clings about my neck,  
 My sisters crying, 'Stay, for shame, '  
 My father raves of death and wreck ;  
 They are all to blame, they are all to blame.

"God help me ! Save I take my part  
 Of danger on the roaring sea,  
 A devil rises in my heart,  
 Far worse than any death to me."

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—Tennyson.

63.—THE OLD YEAR'S BLESSING.

I AM fading from you,  
 But one draweth near,  
 Called the Angel Guardian  
 Of the coming year.

If my gifts and graces  
 Coldly you forget,  
 Let the New Year's Angel  
 Bless and crown them yet ,

For we work together,  
 He and I are one,—  
 Let him end and perfect  
 All I leave undone

I brought good desires,  
 Though as yet but seeds,—  
 Let the New Year make them  
 Blossom into deeds.

I brought joy to brighten  
 Many happy days,—  
 Let the New Year's Angel  
 Turn in into praise.

If I gave you sickness,  
 If I brought you care,  
 Let him make one Patience  
 And the other Prayer.



Where I brought you sorrow,  
 Through his care at length  
 It may rise triumphant  
 Into future strength

If I brought you plenty,  
 All wealth's boundless charms,  
 Shall not the New Angel  
 Turn them into alms ?

I gave health and leisure,  
 Skill to dream and plan,—  
 Let him make them nobler—  
 Work for God and man.

If I broke your idols,  
 Showed you they were dust,  
 Let him turn the knowledge  
 Into heavenly trust

If I brought temptation,  
 Let sin die away  
 Into boundless pity  
 For all hearts that stray.

If your list of errors  
 Dark and long appears,  
 Let this new-born monarch  
 Melt them into tears.

May you hold this angel  
 Dearer than the last,—  
 So I bless his future,  
 While he crowns my past !

—A. A. Procter.

64.—SLEEP.

By him lay heavy Sleep, the cousin of Death,  
 Flat on the ground, and still as any stone,  
 A very corpse, save yielding forth a breath ;  
 Small *keep* took he, whom fortune frowned on,  
 Or whom she lifted up into the throne  
 Of high renown, but, as living death,  
 So dead-alive, of life he drew the breath :  
 The body's rest, the quiet of the heart,  
 The travel's ease, the still night's *ferè* was he  
 And of our life in earth the better part ;  
 Reaver of sight, and yet in whom we see  
 Things oft that *tyde*, and oft that never be ;  
 Without respect, esteeming equally  
 King Cræsus' pomp and Irus' poverty.

—Thomas Sackville.

65.—SONG.

Who is Silvia ? what is she,  
 That all our swains commend her ?  
 Holy, fair and wise is she ;  
 The Heaven such grace did lend her  
 That she might admired be.

Is she kind, as she is fair ?

For beauty lives with kindness.

Loves doth to her eyes repair,

To help him of his blindness ,

And, being help'd, inhabits there

Then to Silvia let us sing,

That Silvia is excelling ;

She excels each mortal thing

Upon the dull earth dwelling .

To her let us garlands bring.

—*W. Shakespeare.*

#### 66.—ODE TO EVENING.

HAIL meek-eyed maiden, clad in sober gray,  
Whose soft approach the weary woodman loves ;  
As homeward bent to kiss his prattling babes,  
Jocund he whistles through the twilight groves.

When phœbus sinks behind the gilded hills,  
You lightly o'er the misty meadows walk ,  
The drooping daisies bathe in honey-dews,  
And nurse the nodding violet's tender stalk.

The panting Dryads, that in day's fierce heat  
To inmost bowers and cooling caverns ran,  
Return to trip in wanton evening dance ;  
Old Silvan too returns, and laughing Pan.

To the deep wood the clamorous rooks repair,  
 Light skims the swallow o'er the watery scene ;  
 And from the sheep-cote and fresh-furrowed field  
 Stout ploughmen meet, to wrestle on the green.

The swain, that artless sings on yonder rock,  
 His supping sheep and lengthening shadow spies  
 Pleased with the cool the calm, refreshful hour,  
 And with hoarse humming of unnumbered flies.

Now every passion sleeps . desponding Love,  
 And pining Envy, ever-restless Pride ;  
 A holy calm creeps o'er my peaceful soul,  
 Anger and mad Ambition's storms subside.

O modest Evening ! oft let me appear  
 A wandering votary in thy pensive train ,  
 Listening to every wildly warbling throat  
 That fills with farewell sweet thy darkening plain.

—*Warton.*

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### 67 —THE HAPPY LIFE.

How happy is he born and taught  
 That serveth not another's will ;  
 Whose armour is his honest thought,  
 And simple truth his utmost skill !

Whose passions not his masters are  
 Whose soul is still prepared for death,

112 LAHIRI'S SELECT ENGLISH READINGS.

Not tied unto the world with care,  
Of public fame or private breath ,

Who envies none that chance doth raise,  
Or vice , who never understood  
How deepest wounds are given by praise,  
Nor rules of state, but rules of good :

Who hath his life from rumours freed ;  
Whose conscience is his strong retreat ;  
Whose state can neither flatterers feed,  
Nor ruin make accusers great ,

Who God doth late and early pray,  
More of his grace than gifts to lend .  
And entertains the harmless day  
With a well-chosen book or friend ;

— This man is freed from servile bands  
Of hope to rise, or fear to fall ,  
Lord of himself, though not of lands,  
And, having nothing yet hath all

— *Wotton.*

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68.—THIS WORLD IS ALL A FLEETING SHOW.

THIS world is all a fleeting show,  
For man's illusion given ,  
The smiles of Joy, the tears of Woe,  
Deceitful shine, deceitful flow—  
There's nothing true but Heaven !

And false the light on Glory's plume,  
 As fading hues of Even ;  
 And Love, and Hope, and Beauty's bloom,  
 Are blossoms gather'd for the tomb,—  
 There's nothing bright but Heaven !  
 Poor wanderers of a stormy day,  
 From wave to wave we're driven,  
 And Fancy's flash, and Reason's ray,  
 Serve but to light the troubled way—  
 There's nothing calm Heaven !

—*Moore.*

69.—THE TREASURES OF THE DEEP.

WHAT hidest thou in thy treasure-caves and cells,  
 Thou hollow-sounding and mysterious main ?—  
 Pale glistening pearls, and rainbow-coloured shells  
 Bright things which gleam unrecked of, and in vain !—  
 Keep, keep thy riches, melancholy sea !  
 We ask not such from thee.

Yet more, the depths have more ! What wealth untold  
 Far down, and shining through their stillness lies !  
 Thou hast the starry gems, the burning gold,  
 Won from ten thousand royal Argosies !—  
 Sweep o'er thy spoils, thou wild and wrathful main !  
 Earth claims not *these* again.

Yet more, the depths have more ! Thy waves have rolled  
 Above the cities of a world gone by !  
 Sand hath filled up the places of old,

Sea-weed o'ergrown the halls of revelry.—  
 Dash o'er them, ocean! in thy scornful play!  
 Man yields them to decay.

Yet more! the billows and the depths have more!  
 High hearts and brave are gathered to thy breast!  
 They hear not now the booming waters roar,  
 The battle-thunders will not break their rest.  
 Keep thy red gold and gems, thou stormy grave!  
 Give back the true and brave!

Give back the lost and lovely!—those for whom  
 The place was kept at broad and hearth so long,  
 The prayer went up through midnight's breathless gloom,  
 And the vain yearning woke 'midst festal song!  
 Hold fast thy buried isles, thy towers o'erthrown—  
 But all is not thine own.

To thee the love woman hath gone down,  
 Dark flow thy tides o'er manhood's noble head,  
 O'er youth's bright locks, and beauty's flowery crown!  
 Yet must thou hear a voice—Restore the dead!  
 Earth shall reclaim her precious things from thee!—  
 Restore the dead, thou sea!

—*Mrs. Hemans.*

#### 70.—THE LADDER OF ST. AUGUSTINE.

SAINT Augustine! Well hast thou said,  
 That of our vice we can frame  
 A ladder, if we will but tread  
 Beneath our feet each deed of shame!

All common things, each day's events,  
 That with the hour begin and end,  
 Our pleasures and our discontents,  
 Are rounds by which we may ascend.

The low desire, the base design,  
 That makes another's virtue less ;  
 The revel of the treacherous wine,  
 And all occasions of excess ;

The longing for ignorable things,  
 The strife for triumph more than truth  
 The hardening of the heart, that brings  
 Irreverence for the dreams of youth ;

All thoughts of ill . all evil deeds,  
 That have their root in thoughts of ill ;  
 Whatever hinders or impedes  
 The action of the nobler will ;—

All these must first be trampled down  
 Beneath our feet, if we would gain  
 In the bright fields of fair renown,  
 The bright of eminent domain.

We have not wings, we cannot soar ;  
 But we have feet to scale and climb  
 By slow degrees, by more and more,  
 The cloudy summits of our time.

The mighty pyramids of stone  
 That wedge-like cleave the desert airs,



When never seen and better known,  
Are but gigantic flight of stairs.

The distant mountains, that uprear  
Their solid bastions to the skies,  
Are crossed by pathways, that appear  
As we to higher levels rise.

The heights by great men reached and kept  
Were not attained by sudden flight,  
But they, while their companions slept,  
Were toiling upward in the night.

Standing on what too long we bore  
With shoulders bent and downcast eyes,  
We may discern—unseen before—  
A path to higher destinies.

Nor deem the irrevocable past  
As wholly wasted, wholly vain,  
If, rising on its wrecks, at last  
To something nobler we attain.

—*Longfellow.*

# 71.—THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,  
As his corpse to the rampart we hurried ;  
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot  
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly, at dead of night,  
The sods with our bayonets turning ;  
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,  
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,  
Not in sheet nor in shroud we wound him ;  
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,  
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,  
And we spoke not a word of sorrow ;  
But we steadfastly gazed on the face that was dead,  
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought, as we hollowed his narrow bed,  
And smoothed down his lonely pillow,  
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head  
And we far away on the billow !

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,  
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him,—  
But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on  
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done,  
When the clock struck the hour for retiring  
And we heard the distant and random gun  
That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,  
 From the field of his fame fresh and gory;  
 We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone—  
 But we left him alone with his glory.

—Wolfe.

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## 72.—AFTER BLENHEIM.

It was a summer evening,  
 Old Kaspar's work was done,  
 And he before his cottage door  
 Was sitting in the sun;  
 And by him sported on the green  
 His little grandchild Wilhelmine.

She saw her brother Peterkin  
 Roll something large and round  
 Which he beside the rivulet  
 In playing there had found,  
 He came to ask what he had found  
 That was so large and smooth and round.

Old Kaspar took it from the boy  
 Who stood expectant by;  
 And then the old man shook his head,  
 And with a natural sigh  
 'Tis some poor fellow's skull,' said he,  
 'Who fell in the great victory.'

"I find them in the garden,  
 For there's many here about ;  
 And often when I go to plough  
 The ploughshare turns them out."  
 'For many thousand men,' said he,  
 'Were slain in that great victory.'  
 'Now tell us what 'twas about,'  
 Young Peterkin he cries ;  
 And little Wilhelmine looks up  
 With wonder-waiting eyes ;  
 'Now tell us all about the war,  
 And what they fought each other for ?'  
 'It was the English,' Kaspar cried,  
 'Who put the French to rout ;  
 But what they fought each other for  
 I could not well make out.  
 But every body said,' quoth he,  
 'That 'twas a famous victory.  
 'My father lived at Blenheim then,  
 Yon little stream hard by ,  
 They burnt his dwelling to the ground,  
 And he was forced to fly :  
 So with his wife and child he fled,  
 Nor had he where to rest his head.  
 'With fire and sword the country round  
 Was wasted far and wide,  
 And many a childing mother then,  
 And new-born baby died :

But things like that, you know, must be  
At every famous victory.

'They say it was a shocking sight,  
After the field was won,  
For many thousand bodies here  
Lay rotting in the sun :  
But things like that, you know, must be  
After a famous victory.

'Great praise the Duke of Marlbro' won,  
And our good Prince Eugene ;'  
'Why, 'twas a very wicked thing !'  
Said little Wilhelmine ;  
'Nay—nay—my little girl,' quoth he,  
'It was a famous victory.'

'And everybody praised the Duke  
Who such a fight did win.'  
'But what good came of at last ?'  
Quoth little Peterkin :—  
'Why that I cannot tell,' said he,  
'But 'twas a famous victory.'

—*Southey.*

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### THIRD PART

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#### 73.—THE GLORY OF GOD.

I PRAISED the earth, in beauty seen,  
With garlands gay of various green ;  
I praised the sea, whose ample field  
Shone glorious as a silver shield ;  
And earth and ocean seemed to say,  
“Our beauties are but for a day.”

I praised the sun, whose chariot rolled  
On wheels of amber and of gold ;  
I praised the moon, whose softer eye  
Gleamed sweetly through the summer sky ;  
And moon and sun in answer said,  
“Our days of light are numbered.”

O God, O good beyond compare !  
If thus thy meaner works are fair,—  
If thus thy bounties gild the span  
Of ruined earth and sinful man.—  
How glorious must the mansion be  
Where Thy redeemed shall dwell with Thee !

—*Unknown.*

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## 74.—A MORNING HYMNS.

AWAKE, my soul, and with the sun  
 Thy daily stage of duty run ;  
 Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise  
 To pay thy morning sacrifice.

Wake and lift up thyself, my heart,  
 And with the angels bear thy part,  
 Who all night long unwearied sing  
 High praise to the Eternal King.

All praise to Thee, who safe hast kept,  
 And hast refreshed me whilst slept !  
 Grand, Lord, when I from death shall wake,  
 I may of endless light partake.

Heaven is, dear Lord, where'er Thou art ;  
 O never then from me depart !  
 For, to my soul, 'tis hell to be  
 But for one moment void of Thee.

Lord, I my vows to Thee renew ;  
 Disperse my sin as morning dew ;  
 Guard my first springs of thought and will,  
 And with Thyself my spirit fill.

Direct, control, suggest, this day,  
 All I design, or do, or say ;  
 That all my powers, with all their might,  
 In thy sole glory may unite.

—Ken.

75.—WILLIAM TELL.

COME, list to me, and you shall hear  
 A tale of what befell  
 A famous man of Switzerland—  
 His name was William Tell.

Near Reuss's bank, from day to day,  
 His little flock he led,  
 By prudent thrift and hardy toil  
 Content to earn his bread.

Nor was the hunter's craft unknown ;  
 In Uri none was seen  
 To track the rock-frequenting herd  
 With eye so true and keen

A little son was in his home,  
 A laughing, fair-haired boy ;  
 So strong of limb so blithe of heart,  
 He made it ring with joy

His father's sheep were all his friends ;  
 The lambs he called by name ,  
 And when they frolicked in the fields,  
 The child would share the game.

So peacefully their hours were spent  
 That life had scarce a sorrow ;  
 They took the good of every day,  
 And hoped for more to-morrow.



But oft some shining April morn  
 Is darkened in an hour,  
 And blackest griefs o'er joyous homes;  
 Alas! unseen may lower.

Not yet on Switzerland had dawned  
 Her day of liberty;  
 The stranger's yoke was on her sons,  
 And pressed right heavily.

So one was sent in luckless hour,  
 To rule in Austria's name;  
 A haughty man of savage mood—  
 In pomp and pride he came.

One day, in wantonness of power  
 He set his cap on high:—  
 "Bow down, ye slaves," the order ran;  
 "Who disobey shall die!"

It chanced that William Tell that morn  
 Had left his cottage home,  
 And, with his little son in hand,  
 To Altorf town had come,

For oft the boy had eyed the spoil  
 His father homeward bore,  
 And prayed to join the hunting crew  
 When they should roam for more.

And often on some merry night,  
 When wondrous feats were told,

He longed his father's bow to take,  
And be a hunter bold.

Tell saw the crowd, the lifted cap,  
The tyrant's angry frown ;  
And heralds shouted in his ear,  
"Bow down, ye slaves, bow down!"

Stern Gessler marked the peasant's mien,  
And watched to see him fall ;  
But never palm-tree straighter stood  
Than Tell before them all !

"My knee shall bend," he calmly said,  
"To God, and God alone ;  
My life is in the Austrian's hand,  
My conscience is my own."

"Seize him, ye guards!" the ruler cried,  
While passion choked his breath ;  
"He mocks my power, he braves my lord,  
He dies the traitor's death" ;—

"Yet wait. The Swiss are marksmen true—  
So all the world doth say ;  
That fair-haired stripling hither bring—  
We'll try their skill to-day"

Hard by a spreading lime-tree stood,  
To this the youth was bound ;  
They placed an apple on his head—  
He looked in wonder round.

"The fault is mine, if fault there be,"

Cried Tell, in accents wild ;

"On manhood let your vengeance fall,

But spare, oh, spare my child !"

"I will not harm the pretty boys,"

Said Gessler tauntingly ;

"If blood of his shall stain the ground,

*Yours* will the murder be

"Draw tight your bow, my cunning man,

Your straightest arrow take ,

For know, yon apple is your mark

Your liberty the stake "

A mingled noise of wrath and grief

Was heard among the crowd :

The men, they muttered curses deep,

The women wept aloud

Full fifty paces from his child,

His strong bow in his hand,

With lips compressed, and flashing eye,

Tell firmly took his stand.

Sure, full enough of pain and woe

This crowded Earth has been ;

But never, since the curse began,

A sadder sight was seen.

Then spake aloud the gallant boy

Impatient of delay,

"Shoot straight and quick, thine aim is sure ;  
Thou canst not miss to-day."

"Heaven bless thee now !" the parent said,  
"Thy courage shames my fear :  
"Man tramples on his brother man.  
But God is ever near."

The bow was bent, the arrow went  
As by an angle guided ,  
In pieces two, beneath the tree,  
The apple fell divided !

" 'Twas bravely done," the ruler said,  
"My plighted word I keep ;  
" 'Twas bravely done by sire and son—  
Go home, and feed your sheep."

"No thanks I give thee for thy boon,"  
The peasant coldly said ,  
"To God alone my praise is due,  
And duly shall be paid."

"Yet know, proud man, thy fate was near,  
Had I but missed my aim ;  
Not unavenged my child had died—  
Thy parting hour the same."

"For see ! a *second* shaft was here,  
If harm My boy befell ;—  
Now go and bless the heavenly powers  
My *first* has sped so well."—

God helped the right, God spared the sin  
 He brings the proud to shame ;  
 He guards the weak against the strong—  
 Praise to His holy name !

—Rev. J. H. Gurney.

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76.—ON A SPANIEL CALLED 'BEAU' KILLING  
 A YOUNG BIRD.

"A SPANIEL, Beau, that fares like you,  
 Well fed, and at his ease,  
 Should wiser be than to pursue  
 Each trifle that he sees.

"But you have killed a tiny bird,  
 Which flew not till to-day,  
 Against my orders, whom you heard  
 Forbidding you the prey.

"Nor did you kill that you might eat,  
 And ease a doggish pain,  
 For him, though chased with furious heat,  
 You left where he was slain.

"Nor was he of the thievish sort,  
 Or one whom blood allures,  
 But innocent was all his sport  
 Whom you have torn for yours.

"My dog ! what remedy remains,  
 Since, teach you all I can,  
 I see you, after all my pains,  
 So much resemble man ?"

BEAU'S REPLY

"Sir, when I flew to seize the bird  
 In spite of your command,  
 A louder voice than yours I heard,  
 And harder to withstand.

"You cried—'Forbear !'—but in my breast  
 A mightier cried—'Proceed'—  
 'Twas Nature, sir, whose strong behest  
 Impell'd me to the deed.

"Yet much as Nature I respect,  
 I ventured once to break  
 (As you perhaps may recollect)  
 Her precept for your sake ;

"And when your linnet on a day,  
 Passing his prison door,  
 Had flutter'd all his strength away,  
 And panting pressed the floor ;

"Well knowing him a sacred thing,  
 Not destined to my tooth,  
 I only kiss'd his ruffled wing,  
 And lick'd the feathers smooth.

“Let my obedience then excuse  
 My disobedience now,  
 Nor some reproof yourself refuse  
 From your aggrieved Bow-wow.

“If killing birds be such a crime  
 (Which I can hardly see),  
 What think you, sir, of killing Time  
 With verse address'd to me ?”

—W Cowper.

#### 77.—I REMEMBER.

I REMEMBER, I remember  
 The house where I was born  
 The little window where the sun  
 Came peeping in at the morn ;  
 He never came a wink too soon  
 Nor brought too long a day ;  
 But now I often wish the night  
 Had borne my breath away !

I remember, I remember  
 The roses, red and white,  
 The vi'lets and the lily cups,  
 Those flowers made of light !  
 The lilacs where the robin built,  
 And where my brother set  
 The laburnum on his birth day,—  
 The tree is living yet !

I remember, I remember  
 Where I was used to swing,  
 And thought the air must rush as fresh  
 To swallows on the wing.  
 My spirit flew in feathers then,  
 That is so heavy now ;  
 And summer pools could hardly cool  
 The fever on my brow.

I remember, I remember  
 The fir-trees, dark and high ,  
 I used to think their slender tops  
 Were close against the sky,  
 It was a childish ignorance,  
 But now 'tis little joy  
 To know, I'm farther off from heav'n  
 Than when I was a boy.

—*Thomas Hood.*

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78.—VIRTUE.

SWEET day ! so cool, so calm, so bright  
 The bridal of the earth and sky ;  
 The dew shall weep thy fall to-night ;  
                     For thou must die.  
 Sweet rose ! whose hue, angry and brave,  
 Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye ;  
 Thy root is ever in its grave ;  
                     And thou must die.



Sweet spring ! full of sweet days and roses ;  
 A box where sweets compacted lie ;  
 Thy music shews ye have your closes ;  
                     And all must die.

Only a sweet and virtuous soul,  
 Like the seasoned timber never gives .  
 But, though the whole world turn to coal,  
                     Then chiefly lives.

—George Herbert.

#### 79.—MY FATHER'S AT THE HELM.

THE curling waves with awful roar  
 A gallant bark assailed,  
 And pallid fear's distracting power  
     O'er all on board prevailed ;  
 Save one—the captain's darling child,  
     Who steadfast viewed the storm ;  
 And, fearless, with composure, smiled  
     At danger's threatening form  
 "And fear'st thou not," a Sea-man cried,  
     "While terrors overwhelm ?"—  
 "Why should I fear ?" the boy replied,  
     "My father's at the helm."  
 Thus when our worldly hopes are left,  
     Our earthly comforts gone,  
 We still have one sure anchor left,—  
     God helps, and He alone.

He to our cries will lend an ear ;  
 He gives our pangs relief ;  
 He turns to smiles each trembling tear,  
 To joy each torturing grief.

Then turn to Him, 'mid terrors wild,  
 When sorrows overwhelm,  
 Rememb'ring, like the fearless child,  
 Our Father's at the helm.

—*Anonymous.*

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80.—THE BLIND BOY.

OH ! say, what is that thing called light,  
 Which I must nee'r enjoy ?  
 What are the benefits of sight  
 Oh ! tell a poor blind boy !

You talk of wondrous things you see  
 You say the sun shines bright ;  
 I feel him warm, but how can he  
 Or make it day or night ?

My day or night myself I make,  
 Whene'er I sleep or play ,  
 And could I always keep awake,  
 With me 'twere always day.

With heavy sighs, I often hear,  
 You mourn my helpless woe ;  
 But sure with patience I can bear  
 A loss, I ne'er can know.

Then let not what I cannot have  
 My peace of mind destroy ;  
 While thus I sing, I am a king,  
 Although a poor, blind boy.

—Cibber.

### 81.—THE FAIRIE'S GROTTTO.

HERE, in cool grot and mossy cell,  
 We rural fays and fairies dwell ,  
 Though rarely seen by mortal eye,  
 When the pale moon, ascending high,  
 Darts through yon limes her quivering beams  
 We frisk it near these crystal streams.

Her beams, reflected from the wave,  
 Afford the light our revels crave ,  
 This turf, with daisies broider'd o'er,  
 Exceeds, we wot, the Parian floor  
 Nor yet for artful strains we call,  
 But listen to the water's fall.

Would you then taste our tranquil scene,  
 Be sure your bosoms be serene ;  
 Devoid of hate, devoid of strife,  
 Devoid of all that poisons life ;  
 And much it 'vails you in their place  
 To graft the love of human race.

And tread with awe these favoured bowers,  
 Nor wound the shrubs, nor bruise the flowers ;  
 So may your path with sweets abound,  
 So may your couch with rest be crowned !  
 But harm betide the wayward swain  
 Who dares our hallowed haunts profane !  
—*Shenstone.*

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82.—THE ECHO.

Yes, it was the mountain echo,  
 Solitary, clear, profound,  
 Answering to the shouting cuckoo,  
 Giving to her sound for sound !

Unsolicited reply  
 To a babbling wanderer sent ,  
 Like her ordinary cry,  
 Like—but, oh, how different !

Hears not also mortal life ?  
 Hear not we, unthinking creatures !  
 Slaves of folly, love, and strife,  
 Voices of two different natures ?

Have not we too ?—yes, we have  
 Answers, and we know not whence ;  
 Echoes from beyond the grave,  
 Recognized intelligence !

Such rebounds o'ur inward ear  
 Often catches from afar :—  
 Giddy mortals ! holds them dear,  
 For of God,—of God they are.

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### 83.—LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER.

A CHIEFTAIN to the Highlands bound  
 Cries 'Boatman, do not tarry !  
 And I'll give thee silver pound  
 To row us o'er the ferry !'

'Now who be ye, would cross Lochgyle  
 This dark and stormy water ?'  
 'O' I'm the chief of Ulva's isle  
 And this, Lord Ullin's daughter.

'And fast before her father's men  
 Three days we've fled together ;  
 For should he find us in the glen,  
 My blood, would stain the heather.

'His horsemen hard behind us ride—  
 Should they our steps discover,  
 Then who will cheer my bonny bride,  
 When they have slain her lover ?'

Out spoke the hardy Highland weight,  
 'I'll go, my chief, I'm ready :  
 It is not for your silver bright,  
 But for your winsome lady :—

' And by my word ! the bonny bird  
 In danger shall not tarry ;  
 So though the waves are raging white,  
 I'll row you o'er the ferry.'

By this the storm grew loud apace,  
 The water-wraith was shrieking ;  
 And in the scowl of Heaven each face  
 Grew dark as they were speaking.

But still as wilder blew the wind,  
 And as the night grew drearer,  
 Adown the glen rode armed men,  
 Their trampling sounded nearer.

'O haste thee, haste !' the lady cries,  
 ' Though tempests round us gather ,  
 I'll meet the raging of the skies,  
 But not an angry father '

The boat has left a stormy land,  
 A stormy sea before her,—  
 When, O ! too strong for human hand,  
 The tempest gather'd o'er her.

And still they row'd amidst the roar  
 Of water fast prevailing .

Lord Ullin reach'd that fatal shore,  
 His wrath was changed to wailing.

For, sore dismay'd, through storm and shade  
 His child he did discover :—

One lovely hand she stretched for aid,  
 And one was round her lover.

'Come back ! come back !' he cried in grief,  
 'Across this stormy water ;  
 And I will forgive your Highland chief,  
 My daughter !—O my daughter !'

'Twas vain the loud waves lash'd the shore,  
 Returning or aid preventing  
 The waters wild went o'er his child,  
 And he was left lamenting

—Campbell.

#### 84.—THE LIGHT OF OTHER DAYS.

Off in the stilly night  
 Ere slumber's chain has bound me,  
 Fond Memory brings the light  
 Of other days around me  
 The smiles, the tears,  
 Of boyhood's years,  
 The words of love then spoken .  
 The eyes that shone,  
 Now dimm'd and gone,  
 The cheerful hearts now broken.  
 Thus in stilly night  
 Ere slumber's chain has bound me,  
 Sad Memory brings the light  
 Of other days around me.

When I remember all  
 The friends so link'd together,  
 I've seen around me fall  
 Like leaves in wintry weather,

I feel like one  
 Who treads alone  
 Some banquet hall deserted,  
 Whose lights are fled  
 Whose garlands dead,  
 And all but he departed !  
 Thus in stilly night  
 Ere slumber's chain has bound me,  
 Sad Memory brings the light  
 Of other days around me.

—*Moore.*

85.—FAREWELL TO ENGLAND.

“ADIEU, adieu ’ my native shore  
 Fades o’er the waters blue .  
 The night-winds sigh, the breakers roar,  
 And shrieks the wild sea-mew.  
 Yon Sun that sets upon the sea  
 We follow in his flight ,  
 Farewell awhile to him, and thee,  
 My native land Good night !  
 “A few short hours and he will rise  
 To give the morrow birth ,  
 And I shall hail the main and skies,  
 But not my mother earth.  
 Deserted is my own good hall,  
 Its hearth is desolate ;  
 Wild weeds are gathering on the wall ;  
 My dog howls at the gate.



"Come hither, hither, my little page,  
 Why dost thou weep and wail ?  
 Or dost thou dread the billow's rage,  
 Or tremble at the gale ?  
 But dash the tear-drop from thine eye ;  
 Our ship is swift and strong :  
 Our fleetest falcon scarce can fly  
 More merrily along."

"My father blessed me fervently  
 Yet did not much complain ,  
 But sorely will my mother sigh  
 Till I come back again."—  
 "Enough, enough, my little lad ,  
 Such tears become thine eye ,  
 If I thy guileless bosom had,  
 Mine own would not be dry.

"Come hither, my staunch yeomen,  
 Why dost thou look so pale ?  
 Or dost thou dread a French foeman ?  
 Or shiver at the gale ?"  
 "Deem'st thou I tremble for my life ?  
 Sir'Childe, I'm not so weak ,  
 But thinking on an absent wife  
 Will blanch a faithful cheek.

"My spouse and boys dwell near thy hall,  
 Along the bordering lake,  
 And when they on their father call,  
 What answer shall she make ?"—

"Enough, enough my yeoman good,  
 Thy grief let none gainsay ;  
 But I, who am of lighter mood,  
 Will laugh to flee away."

"And now I'm in the world alone,  
 Upon the wide, wide sea :  
 But why should I for others groan  
 When none will sigh for me ?  
 Perchance my dog will whine in vain,  
 Till fed by stranger hand ;  
 But long ere I come back again,  
 He'd tear me where he stands.

"With thee, my bark, I'll swiftly go  
 Athwart the foaming brine ,  
 Nor care what land thou bear'st me to,  
 So not again to mine  
 Welcome, welcome, ye dark-blue waves !  
 And when you fall my sight,  
 Welcome, ye deserts, and ye caves !  
 My native land—Good Night !"

—Byron.

#### 86.—THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

UNDER a spreading chestnut tree  
 The village smithy stands ;  
 The smith, a mighty man is he,  
 With large and sinewy hands ;  
 And the muscles of his brawny arms  
 Are strong as iron bands.

**142 LAHIRI'S SELECT ENGLISH READINGS.**

His hair crisp, and black, and long,  
His face is like the tan ;  
His brow is wet with honest sweat,  
He earns whate'er he can,  
And looks the whole world in the face,  
For he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night  
You can hear his bellows blow ;  
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,  
With measured beat and slow,  
Like a sexton ringing the village bell,  
When the evening sun is low.

And children coming home from school  
Look in at the open door ,  
They love to see the flaming forge,  
And hear the bellows roar,  
And catch the burning sparks that fly  
Like chaff from a threshing-floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church,  
And sits among the boys ;  
He hears the parson pray and preach,  
He hears his daughter's voice  
Singing in the village choir,  
And it makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like her mother's voice,  
Singing in Paradise !  
He needs must think of her once more  
How in the grave she lies ;

And with his hard, rough hand he wipes  
 A tear out of his eyes.  
 Toiling,—rejoicing,—sorrowing,  
 Onward through life he goes ;  
 Each morning sees some task begin  
 Each evening sees it close ,  
 Something attempted, something done,  
 Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,  
 For the lesson thou hast taught !  
 Thus at the flaming forge of life  
 Our fortunes must be wrought ;  
 Thus on its sounding anvil shaped  
 Each burning deed and thought.

—*Longfellow.*

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87.—EVENING, ON THE BANKS OF  
 THE GANGES.

I WANDERED thoughtfully by Gunga's shore,  
 While the broad sun upon the slumbering waves  
 Its last faint flush of golden radiance gave,  
 And twinged with tenderest hues some ruins hoar,  
 Methinks this earth had never known before  
 A calm so deep—'twas silent as the grave.  
 The smallest bird its light wing could not lave  
 In the smooth flood, nor from the green-wood soar  
 (If but the tiniest branch its pinions stirred,

## 144 LAHIRI'S SELECT ENGLISH READINGS.

Or shook the dew drops from the leaves,) unheard,  
Like pictured shadows 'gainst the western beam  
The dark boats slept, while each lone helmsman stood  
Still as a statue!—the strange quietude  
Enthralled my soul like some mysterious dream!

—*Richardson.*

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### 88 —THE BUILDERS.

ALL are architects of Fate  
Working in these walls of Time,  
Some with massive deeds and great  
Some with ornaments of rhyme

Nothing useless is, or low,  
Each thing in its place is best ;  
And what seems but idle show  
Strengthens and supports the rest

For the structure that we raise,  
Time is with materials filled ;  
Our to-days and yesterdays  
Are the blocks with which we build.

Truly shape and fashion these  
Leave no yawning gaps between ;  
Think not, because no man sees,  
Such things will remain unseen.

In the elder days of Art,  
Builders wrought with greatest care  
Each minute and unseen part ;  
For the gods see everywhere.

Let us do our work as well,  
Both the unseen and the seen,  
Make the house, where God may dwell,  
Beautiful, entire and clean.

Else our lives are incomplete,  
Standing in these walls of Time,  
Broken stairways where the feet  
Stumble as they seek to climb.

Built to-day, then strong and sure,  
With a firm and ample base,  
And ascending and secure  
Shall to-morrow find its place.

Thus alone can we attain  
To those turrets, where the eye  
See the world as one vast plain  
And one boundless reach of sky.

—Longfellow

## 89.—IVAN THE CZAR.

He sat in silence on the ground,  
 The old and haughty Czar,  
 Lonely, though princes girt him round,  
 And leaders of the war ,  
 He had cast his Jewelled sabre,  
 That many a field had won,  
 To the earth beside his youthful dead—  
 His fair and first-born son.

With a robe of ermine for its bed  
 Was laid that form of clay,  
 Where the light a stormy sunset shed  
 Through the rich tent made way.  
 And a sad and solemn beauty  
 On the pallid face came down,  
 Which the lord of nations mutely watched,  
 In the dust, with his renown.

Low tones at last, of woe and fear,  
 From his full bosom broke ;  
 A mournful thing it was to hear  
 How then the proud man spoke,  
 The voice that through the combat  
 Had shouted far and high,  
 Came forth in strange, dull, hollow tones,  
 Burdened with agony.

There is no crimson on thy cheek,  
 And on thy lip no breath ;

I call thee, and thou dost not speak :

They tell me this is death !

And fearful things are whispering

That I the deed have done !

For the honour of thy father's name,

Look up, look up, my son.

"Well might I know death's hue and mein ;

But on thine aspect, boy,

What till this moment, have I seen

Save pride and themselves joy ?

Swiftest thou wert to battle,

And bravest there of all ;

How could I think a warrior's frame

Thus like a flower should fall ?

"I will not bear that still cold look—

Rise up, thou fierce and free !

Wake as the storm wakes ! I will brook

All, save this calm, from thee.

Lift brightly up, and proudly,

Once more thy kindling eyes

Hath my words lost its power on earth?

I say to thee, arise !

"Didst thou not know I loved thee well ?

Thou didst not ! and art gone

In bitterness of soul, to dwell alone.

Where man must dwell alone.

Come back, young fiery spirit !

If but one hour, to learn



The secrets of the folded heart,  
That seemed to thee so stern.

"Thou wert the first, the first fair child  
That in mine arms I pressed ,  
Thou wert the brights one that hast smiled  
Like summer on my breast.

I reared thee as an eagle,  
To the chase thy steps I led,  
I bore thee on my battle-horse,—  
I look upon thee—dead !

"Lay down my war-like banners here,  
Never again to wave,  
And bury my red sword and spear,  
Chiefs, in my first-born's grave ,  
And leave me ! I have conquered,  
I have slain—my work is done !  
Whom have I slain? Ye answer not ,  
*Thou too art mute, my son !*"

And thus his wild lament, was poured  
Through the dark resounding night,  
And the battle knew no more his sword,  
Nor the foaming steed his might.  
He heard strange voices moaning  
In every wind that sighed ;  
From the searching stars of heaven he shrank—  
Humbly the conqueror died.

—*Mrs. Hemans.*

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## 90.—MAN'S LIFE.

LIKE as the damask rose you see,  
Or like the blossom on the tree,  
Or like the dainty flower in May,  
Or like the morning of the day,  
Or like the sun, or like the shade,  
Or like the gourd which Jonas had,  
E'en such is man, whose thread is spun  
Drawn out and cut, and so is done.  
The rose withers, the blossom blasteth,  
The flower fades, the morning hasteth,  
The sun sets, the shadow flies,  
The gourd consumes—and man he dies.

Like to the grass that's newly sprung,  
Or like a tale that's new begun,  
Or like the bird that's here to-day,  
Or like the pearled dew of May,  
Or like an hour, or like a span,  
Or like the singing of a swan :  
E'en such is man, who lives by breath,  
Is here, now there, in life and death.  
The grass withers, the tale is ended,  
The bird is flown, the dew's ascended ;  
The hour is short, the span is long,  
The swan's near death—man's life is done.

—*Simon Westell.*

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91.—GREEN OLD AGE.

My head is grey, my blood is young,  
 Red, leaping in my veins ;  
 The spring doth stir my spirit yet  
 So seek the cloistered violet,  
 The primrose in the lanes.  
 In heart I am a very boy,  
 Hunting the woods, the waterfalls,  
 The ivies on grey castle walls ;  
 Weeping in silent joy  
 When the broad sun goes down the west ;  
 Or trembling o'er a sparrow's nest.  
 The world might laugh were I to tell  
 What most my old age cheers,—  
 Mem'ries of stars and crescent moons,  
 Of nutting strolls through autumn noons,  
 Rainbow's, 'mong April's tears.  
 But chief, to live that hour again,  
 When first I stood on sea-beach old,  
 First heard the voice, first saw unrolled  
 The glory of the main.  
 Many rich draughts hath memory,  
 The soul's cupbearer, brought to me.

—Alexander Smith.

92.—THE CAPTAIN.

He that only rules by terror  
 Doeth grievous wrong ;  
 Deep as Hell I count his error ;  
 Let him hear my song.

Brave the Captain was : the Seamen  
Made a gallant crew,  
Gallant sons of English freemen,  
Sailors bold and true.

But they hated his oppression,  
Stern he was and rash ;  
So far every light transgression  
Doom'd them to the lash.

Day by day more harsh and cruel  
Seem'd the Captain's mood ;  
Secret wrath like smother'd fuel  
Burnt in each man's blood.

Yet he hoped to purchase glory,  
Hoped to make the name  
Of his vessel great in story,  
Wheresoe'er he came.

So they past by capes and islands,  
Many a harbour-mouth,  
Sailing under palmy highlands  
Far within the South.

On a day when they were going  
O'er the lone expanse,  
In the north her canvas flowing,  
Rose a ship of France.

Then the Captain's colour heightened,  
Joyful came his speech ;

But a cloudy gladness lighten'd  
In the eyes of each.

'Chase' he said : the ship flew forward,  
And the wind did blow ;  
Stately, lightly, went she Norward,  
Till she near'd the foe.

Then they looked at him they hated,  
Had what they desired :  
Mute with folded arms they waited—  
Not a gun was fired.

But they heard the foeman's thunder  
Roaring out their doom ;  
All the air was torn in sunder,  
Crashing went the boom :

Spare were splinter'd, decks were shattered,  
Bullets fell like rain ;  
Over mast and deck were scattered  
Blood and brains of men.

Spars were splintered ; decks were broken :  
Every mother's son—  
Down they dropt—no word was spoken—  
Each beside his gun.

On the decks as they lying,  
Were their faces grim ;  
In their blood, as they lay dying,  
Did they smile on him.

Those, in whom he had reliance,  
 For his noble name,  
 With one smile of still defiance  
 Sold him unto shame.

Shame and wrath his heart confounded,  
 Pale he turn'd and red,  
 Till himself was deadly wounded  
 Falling on the dead.

Dismal error ! fearful slaughter !  
 Years have wandered by,  
 Side by side beneath the water  
 Crew and Captain lie.

There the sunlit ocean tosses  
 O'er them mouldering,  
 And the lonely sea-bird crosses  
 With one waft on the wing.

—*Tennyson.*

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93.—ON THE DEATH OF HIS FAVOURITE CAT.

'T was on a lofty vase's side,  
 Where China's gayest art had dyed  
 The azure flowers that blow,  
 Demurest of the tabby kind  
 The pensive Selima reclined,  
 Gazed on the lake below.

Her conscious tail her joy declared :  
The fair round face, the snowy beard.

The velvet of her paws,  
Her coat that with the tortoise vies,  
Her ears of jet, and emerald eyes—  
She saw, and purred applause.

Still had she gazed, but 'midst the tide  
Two angel forms were seen to glide,

The Genii of the stream ·  
Their scaly armour's Tyrian hue  
Through richest purple to the view  
Betray'd a golden gleam.

The hapless Nymph with wonder saw ,  
A whisker first and then a claw,

With many an ardent wish,  
She stretch'd in vain, to reach the prize—  
What female heart can gold despise ?  
What cat's averse to fish ?

Presumptuous maid !  
Again she stretch'd, again she bent,  
Nor knew the gulf between.  
Malignant Fate sat by and smiled—  
The slippery verge her feet beguiled—  
She tumbled headlong in !

Eight times emerging from the flood,  
She mew'd to ev'ry watery god  
Some speedy aid to send ;  
No Dolphin came, no Nereid stirr'd,

Nor cruel Tom, nor Susan heard,—  
A favourite has no friend !

From hence, ye Beauties ! undeceived  
Know one false step is e'er retrieved,  
And be with caution bold ·  
Not all that tempts your wandering eyes  
Ahd heedless hearts is lawful prize,  
Nor all that glisters, gold !

—Gray.

94.—“IN MEMORIAM.”

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky.  
The flying cloud, the frosty light  
The year is dying in the night ,  
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old. ring in the new  
Ring happy bells, across the snow  
The year is going, let him go ;  
Ring out of the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,  
For those that here we see no more :  
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,  
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,  
And ancient forms of party strife :  
Ring in the nobler modes of life,  
With sweeter manners, purer laws.



Ring out the want, the care, the sin,  
 The faithless coldness of the times ;  
 Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,  
 But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,  
 The civic slander and the spite ,  
 Ring in the love of truth and right,  
 Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease  
 Ring out the narrowing lust of gold,  
 Ring out the thousand wars of old  
 Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,  
 The larger heart, the kindlier hand ;  
 Ring out the darkness of the land,  
 Ring in the Christ that is to be.

—*Tennyson.*

#### 95.—THE SANDS OF DEE.

“O MARY, go and call the cattle home,  
 And call the cattle home,  
 And call the cattle home,  
 Across the sands of Dee ;”  
 The western wind was wild and dank with foam  
 And all alone went she.

The creeping tide came up along the sand,  
And o'er and o'er the sand,  
And round and round the sand,  
As far as eye could see ;  
The blinding mist came down and hid the land—  
And never home came she.

“Oh, is it weed, or fish, or floating hair—  
A tress o' golden hair,  
O' drowned maiden's hair,  
Above the nets at sea ?  
Was never salmon yet that shone so fair,  
Among the stakes on Dee.”

They rowed her in, across the rolling foam,  
The cruel crawling foam,  
The cruel hungry foam,  
To her grave beside the sea ;  
But still the boatmen hear her call the cattle home  
Across the sands o' Dee

—*Kingsley.*

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96.—ON THE RECEIPT OF MY MOTHER'S  
PICTURE

OH that those lips had language ! Life has passed  
With me but roughly since I heard thee last  
Those lips are thine—thy own sweet smile, I see,  
The same that oft in childhood solaced me ;  
Voice only fails, else how distinct they say,  
“Grieve not my child, chase all thy fears away !”  
The meek intelligence of those dear eyes  
(Blest be the art that can immortalise,  
The art that baffles Time’s tyrannic claim  
To quench it !) here shines on me still the same.  
Faithful remembrancer of one so dear,  
O welcome guest, though unexpected here !  
Who bidst me honour with an artless song,  
Affectionate, a mother lost so long.  
I will obey, not willingly alone,  
But gladly, as the precept were her own ,  
And, while that face renews my filial grief,  
Fancy shall weave a charm for my relief,  
Shall steep me in Elysian reverie,  
A momentary dream, that thou art she.  
My mother ! when I learned that thou wast dead,  
Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I shed ?  
Hover’d thy spirit o’er thy sorrowing son,  
Wretch even then, life’s journey just begun ?

Perhaps thou gavest me, though unfelt, a bliss ;  
 Perhaps a tear, if souls can weep in bliss—  
 Ah, that maternal smile ! It answers—Yes.  
 I heard the bell toll'd on thy burial day,  
 I saw the hearse that bore thee slow away,  
 And, turning from my nursery window, drew  
 A long, long sigh, and wept a last adieu !  
 But was it such ?—It was    Where thou art gone  
 Adieus and farewells are a sound unknown.  
 May I but meet thee on that peaceful shore  
 The parting word shall pass my lips no more  
 Thy maidens, grieved themselves at my concern,  
 Oft gave me promise of thy quick return  
 What ardently I wish'd, I long believed,  
 And, disappointed still, was still deceived .  
 By expectation every day beguiled  
 Dupe of to-morrow even from a child.  
 Thus many a sad to-morrow came and went,  
 Till, all my stock of infant sorrow spent,  
 I learnt at last submission to my lot,  
 But though I less deplored thee, ne'er forgot.  
 Where once we dwelt our name is heard no more,  
 Children not thine have trod my nursery floor ,  
 And where the gardener Robin, day by day,  
 Drew me to school along the public way,  
 Delighted with my bauble coach, and wrapt  
 In scarlet mantle warm, and velvet capped,  
 'Tis now become a history little known,  
 That once we call'd the pastoral house our own.

Short-lived possession ! But the record fair,  
 That memory keeps of all thy kindness there,  
 Still outlives many a storm, that has effaced  
 A thousand other themes less deeply traced.  
 Thy nightly visits to my chamber made,  
 That thou mightst know me safe and warmly laid ;  
 Thy morning bounties ere I left my home,  
 The biscuit, or confectionary plum ;  
 The fragrant waters on my cheeks bestowed  
 By thine own hand, till fresh they shone and glowed :  
 All this, and more endearing still than all,  
 Thy constant flow of love, that knew no fall,  
 Ne'er roughened by those cataracts and brakes,  
 That humour interposed too often makes ;  
 All this still legible in memory's page,  
 And still to be so to my latest age,  
 Adds joy to duty, makes me glad to pay  
 Such honours to thee as my numbers may ,  
 Perhaps a frail memorial, but sincere,  
 Not scorned in heaven, though little noticed here.  
 Could Time, his flight reversed, restore the hours,  
 When, playing with thy vesture's tissue'd flowers,  
 The violet, the pink, and jessamine,  
 I pricked them into paper with a pin,  
 (And thou wast happier than myself the while,  
 Wouldst softly speak, and stroke my head, and smile,)  
 Could those few pleasant days again appear,  
 Might one wish bring them, would I wish them here ?  
 I would not trust my heart ;—the dear delight  
 Seems so to be desired, perhaps I might.

But no—what here we call our life is such,  
 So little to be loved, and thou so much,  
 That I should ill requite thee to constrain  
 Thy unbound spirit into bonds again.  
 Thou, as a gallant bark from Albion's coast  
 (The storms all weathered and the ocean crossed)  
 Shoots into port at some well-havened isle,  
 Where spices breathe, and brighter seasons smile,  
 There sits quiescent on the floods, that show  
 Her beauteous form reflected clear below,  
 While airs impregnated with incense play  
 Around her, fanning light her streamers gay :  
 So thou, with sails how swift ! hast reached the shore  
 "Where tempests never beat nor billows roar ;"  
 And thy loved consort on the dangerous tide  
 Of life long since has anchored by thy side.  
 But me, scarce hoping to attain that rest,  
 Always from port withheld, always distressed,—  
 Me howling blasts drive devious, tempest-tossed,—  
 Sails ripped, seams opening wide, and compass lost,  
 And day by day some current's thwarting force  
 Sets me more distant from a prosperous course.  
 Yet, oh, the thought, that thou art safe, and he !  
 That thought is joy, arrive what may to me.  
 My boast is not that I deduce my birth  
 From loins enthroned and rulers of the earth ;  
 But higher far my proud pretensions rise,—  
 The son of parents passed into the skies !  
 And now, farewell—Time unrevoked has run  
 His wonted course, yet what I wished is done.

By contemplation's help not sought in vain,  
 I seem to have lived my childhood o'er again ;  
 To have renewed the joys that once were mine  
 Without the sin of violating thine ;  
 And, while the wings of fancy still are free,  
 And I can view this mimic show of thee,  
 Time has but half succeeded in his theft,--  
 Thyself removed, thy power to soothe me left.

—Cowper.

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97.—THE OCEAN.

ROLL on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean--roll !  
 Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain ,  
 Man marks the earth with ruin—his control  
 Stops with the shore ;—upon the watery plain  
 The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain  
 A shadow of man's ravage save his own,  
 When for a moment, like a drop of rain,  
 He sinks into thy depths, with bubbling groan,  
 Without a grave, unknelled, uncoffin'd, and unknown.  
 His steps are not upon thy paths,—thy fields  
 Are not a spoil for him,—thou dost arise  
 And shake him from thee ; the vile strength he wields  
 For earth's destruction thou dost all despise,  
 Spurning him from thy bosom to the skies  
 And send'st him, shivering in thy playful spray  
 And hawling to his gods, where haply lies  
 His petty hope in some near port or bay,  
 And dashest him again to earth :—there let him lay.

Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee—  
Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they ?  
Thy waters washed them power while they were free  
And many a tyrant since ; their shores obey  
The stranger, slave, or savage , their decay  
Has dried up realms to deserts :—not so thou,  
Unchangeable, save to thy wild waves' play,  
Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow—  
Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.  
Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form  
Glasses itself in tempests ; in all time,—  
Calm or convulsed—in breeze, or gale, or storm  
Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime  
Dark-heaving—boundless, endless and sublime,  
The image of Eternity—the throne  
Of the invisible ; even from out thy slime  
The monsters of the deep are made ; each zone  
Obeys thee ; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone.  
And I have loved thee, Ocean ! and my joy  
Of youthfull sports was on thy breast to be  
Borne, like thy bubbles, onward ; from a boy  
I wantoned with thy breakers—they to me  
Were a delight , and if the freshening sea  
Made them a terror—'twas a pleasing fear, ,  
For I was as it were a child of thee,  
And trusted to thy billows far and near,  
And laid my hand upon thy mane, as I do here.

—Byron.

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## 98.—DORA.

WITH farmer Allan at the farm abode  
 William and Dora. Wilham was his son,  
 And she his niece. He often look'd at them,  
 And often thought, 'I'll make them man and wife,'  
 Now Dora felt her uncle's will in all,  
 And yearn'd toward William; but the youth, because  
 He had been always with her in the house,  
 Thought not of Dora.

Then there came a day  
 When Allan call'd his son and said 'My son,—  
 I married late, but, I would wish to see  
 My grandchild on my knees before I die,  
 And I have set my heart upon a match.  
 Now therefore look to Dora: she is well  
 To look to; thrifty too beyond her age.  
 She is my brother's daughter: he and I  
 Had once hard words, and parted, and he died  
 In foreign lands: but for his sake I bred  
 His daughter Dora: take her for your wife:  
 For I have wish'd this marriage, night and day,  
 'For many years.' But William answered short:  
 'I cannot marry Dora: by my life,  
 I will not marry Dora.' Then the old man  
 Was wroth, and doubled up his hands and said:  
 'You will not, boy! you dare to answer thus!  
 But in my time a father's word was law,  
 And so it shall be now for me. Look to it;

Consider, William : take a month to think,  
 And let me have an answer to my wish ;  
 Or, by the Lord that made me, you shall pack,  
 And never more darken my doors again.'  
 But William answer'd madly ; bit his lips,  
 And broke away. The more he looked at her  
 The less he liked her ; and his ways were harsh ;  
 But Dora bore them meekly. Then, before  
 The month was out, he left his father's house,  
 And hired himself to work within the fields ;  
 And half in love, half spite, he woo'd and wed  
 A labourer's daughter, Mary Morrison.  
 Then, when the bells were ringing, Allan call'd  
 His niece and said : 'My girl, I love you well ;  
 But if you speak with him that was my son,  
 Or change a word with her he calls his wife,  
 My home is none of yours. My will is law.'  
 And Dora promised, being meek. She thought,  
 "It cannot be : my uncle's mind will change!"

And days went on, and there was born a boy  
 To William then distresses came on him ;  
 And day by day he pass'd his father's gate  
 Heart-broken, and his father help'd him not.  
 But Dora stored what little she could save,  
 And sent it them by stealth, nor did they know  
 Who sent it, till at last a fever seized  
 On William, and in harvest time he died.

Then Dora went to Mary. Mary sat  
 And look'd with tears upon her boy, and thought

Hard things of Dora. Dora came and said,  
 "I have obey'd my uncle until now  
 And I have sinn'd, for it was all thro' me  
 This evil came on William at the first.  
 But, Mary for the sake of him that's gone,  
 And, for your sake the woman that he chose,  
 And for this orphan, I am come to you ;  
 You know there has not been for these five years  
 So full a harvest : let me take the boy,  
 And I will set him in my uncle's eye  
 Among the wheat , that when his heart is glad  
 Of the full harvest, he may see the boy,  
 And bless him for the sake of him that's gone."

And Dora took the child, and went her way  
 Across the wheat, and sat upon a mound  
 That was unsown, where many poppies grew.  
 Far off, the farmer came into the field  
 And spied her not , for none of all his men  
 Dare tell him, Dora waited with the child ;  
 And Dora would have risen and gone to him.  
 But her heart failed her , and the reapers reap'd  
 And the sun fell, and all the land was dark.  
 But when the morrow came, she rose and took  
 The child once more, and sat upon the mound ;  
 And made a little wreath of all the flowers  
 That grew about, and tied it round his hat  
 To make him pleasing in her uncle's eye.  
 Then, when the farmer passed into the field  
 He spied her, and he left his men at work,  
 And came and said : "Where were you yesterday ?

Whose child is that ? What are you doing here ?”  
 So Dora cast her eyes upon the ground,  
 And answer'd softly, “This is William's child !”  
 “And did I not,” said Allan, “did I not  
 Forbid you, Dora ?” Dora said again :  
 “Do with me as you will, but take the child,  
 And bless him for the sake of him that's gone !”  
 And Allan said, “I see it is a trick  
 Got up betwixt you and the woman there.  
 I must be taught my duty, and by you !  
 You knew my word was law, and you dared  
 To slight it. Well, for I will take the boy ,  
 But go you hence, and never see me more.”

So saying, he took the boy that cried aloud  
 And struggled hard. The wreath of flowers fell  
 At Dora's feet. She bow'd upon her hands,  
 And the boy's cry came to her from the field,  
 More and more distant. She bowed down her head,  
 Remembering the day when first she came,  
 And all the things that had been. She bow'd down  
 And wept in secret ; and the reaper reap'd  
 And the sun fell, and all the land was dark.

Then Dora went to Mary's house and stood  
 Upon the threshold. Mary saw the boy  
 Was not with Dora. She broke out in praise  
 To God, that help'd her in widowhood.  
 And Dora said, “My uncle took the boy ;  
 But, Mary, let me live and work with you ;  
 He says, he will never see me more.”

Then answer'd Mary, "This shall never be,  
That thou shouldst take my trouble on thyself :  
And, now I think, he shall not have the boy,  
For he will teach him hardness, and to slight  
His mother ; therefore thou and I will go,  
And I will have my boy, and bring him home ;  
And I will beg of him to take thee back :  
But if he will not take thee back again,  
Then thou and I will live within one house,  
And work for William's child, until he grows  
Of age to help us."

So the women kiss'd  
Each other, and set out, and reach'd the farm.  
The door was off the latch : they peep'd and saw  
The boy set up betwixt his grandsire's knees,  
Who thrust him in the hollows of his arm,  
And clapt him on the hands and on the cheeks,  
Like one that loved him : and the lad stretch'd out  
And babbled for the golden seal, that hung  
From Allan's watch, and sparkled by the fire.  
Then they came in : but when the boy beheld  
His mother, he cried out to come to her :  
And Allan set him down, and Mary said :  
"O Father !—if you let me call you so—  
I never came abegging for myself,  
Or William, or this child ; but now I come  
For Dora : take her back ; she loves you well.  
O, Sir, when William died, he died at peace  
With all men ; for I ask'd him and he said,

He could not ever rue his marrying me—  
 I had been a patient wife : but, Sir, he said,  
 That he was wrong to cross his father thus :  
 "God bless him !" he said, "and may he never know  
 The troubles I have gone thro' !" Then he turn'd  
 His face and pass'd—"unhappy that I am !  
 But now, Sir, let me have my boy, for you  
 Will make him hard, and he will learn to slight  
 His father's memory ; and take Dora back,  
 And let all this be as it was before."

So Mary said, and Dora hid her face  
 By Mary. There was silence in the room ;  
 And all at once the old man burst in sobs :—  
 "I have been to blame—to blame, I have kill'd my son  
 I have kill'd him—but I lov'd him—my dear son.  
 May God forgive me !—I have been to blame.  
 Kiss me, my children."

Then they clung about  
 The old man's neck, and kiss'd him many times,  
 And a'l the man was broken with remorse ;  
 And all his love came back a hundredfold ;  
 And for three hours he sobb'd o'er William's child  
 Thinking of William.

So those four abode  
 Within one house together ; and as years  
 Went forward, Mary took another mate ;  
 But Dora lived unmarried till her death.

—Tennyson.

99.—SANTA FILOMENA.

WHENE'ER a noble deed is wrought,  
 Whene'er is spoken a noble thought,  
 Our hearts, in glad surprise,  
 To higher levels rise

The tidal wave of deeper souls  
 Into our inmost being rolls,  
 And lifts us unawares  
 Out of all meaner cares.

Honour to those whose words or deeds  
 Thus help us in our daily needs,  
 And by their overflow  
 Raise us from what is low !

Thus thought I, as by night I read  
 Of the great army of the dead,  
 The trenches cold and damp,  
 The starved and frozen camp,—

The wounded from the battle-plain.  
 In dreary hospitals of pain,  
 The cheerless corridors,  
 The cold and stony floors.

Lo ! in that house of misery  
 A lady with a lamp\* I see

\*Florence Nightingale, so known, in the military hospital at Crimea.

Pass through the glimmering gloom,  
And flit from room to room.

And slow, as in a dream of bliss,  
The speechless sufferer turns to kiss  
Her shadow, as it falls  
Upon the darkening walls.

As if a door in heaven should be  
Opened and then closed suddenly,  
The vision came and went,  
The light shone and was spent.

On England's annals, through the long  
Hereafter of her speech and song,  
That light its rays shall cast  
From portals of the past.

A Lady with a Lamp shall stand  
In the great history of the land,  
A noble type of good,  
Heroic womanhood.

Nor even shall be wanting here  
The palm, the lily, and the spear,  
The symbols that of yore  
Saint Filomena bore.

--Longfellow.

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## 100.—A COMPARISON.

THE lapse of time and rivers is the same,  
 Both speed their journey with a restless stream ;  
 The silent pace, with which they steal away,  
 No wealth can bribe, no prayers persuade to stay ;  
 Alike irrevocable both when pass'd,  
 And a wide ocean swallows both at last.  
 Though each resemble each in every part,  
 A difference strives at length the musing heart ;  
 Streams never flow in vain , where streams abound  
 How laughs the land with various plenty crown'd !  
 But time, that should enrich the nobler mind,  
 Neglected leaves a dreary waste behind.

—*Cowper.*

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## 101.—THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE.

HALF a league, half a league,  
 Half a league onward,  
 All in the valley of Death  
 Rode the six hundred,  
 'Forward, the Light Brigade !  
 Charge for the guns !' he said :  
 Into the valley of Death  
 Rode the six hundred.

‘Forward, the Light Brigade  
Was there a man dismay’d ?  
Not tho’ the soldier knew  
Some one had blunder’d :  
Their’s not to make reply,  
Their’s not to reason why,  
Their’s but to do and die .  
Into the valley of Death  
Rode the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,  
Cannon to left of them,  
Cannon in front of them  
Volley’d and thunder’d ;  
Storm’d at with shot and shell,  
Boldly they rode and well,  
Into the jaws of Death,  
Into the mouth of Hell  
Rode the six hundred.

Flash’d all their sabres bare,  
Flash’d as they turn’d in air  
Sabring the gunners there,  
Charging an army, while  
All the world wonder’d :  
Plunged in the battery-smoke  
Right thro’ the line they broke ;

Cossack and Russian  
Reel'd from the sabres-stroke  
Shatter'd and sunder'd.  
Then they rode back, but not  
Not the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,  
Cannon to left of them,  
Cannon behind them  
Volley'd and thunder'd ,  
Storm'd at with shot and shell,  
While horse and hero fell,  
They that had fought so well  
Came thro' the jaws of Death,  
Back from the mouth of Hell,  
All that was left of them,  
Left of six hundred.

When can their glory fade ?  
O the wild charge they made  
All the world wonder'd.  
Honour the charge they made !  
Hanour the Light Brigade,  
Noble six hundred !

—Tennyson.

## 102.—PATRIOTISM.

BREATHES there the man, with soul so dead,  
 Who never to himself hath said,  
 "This is my own, my native land !"  
 Whose heart hath ne'er within him burn'd,  
 As home his footsteps he hath turned  
 From wandering on a foreign strand ?  
 If such there breathe, go mark him well ;  
 For him no minstrel raptures swell ;  
 High though his titles, proud his name,  
 Boundless his wealth as wish can claim ;  
 Despite those titles, power, and pelf,  
 The wretch concentr'd all in self,  
 Living, shall forfeit fair renown,  
 And, doubly dying, shall go down  
 To the vile dust, from whence he sprung,  
 Unwept, unhonoured, and unsung.

O Caledonia ! stern and wild,  
 Meet nurse for a poetic child !  
 Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,  
 Land of the mountain and the flood,  
 Land of my sires ! what mortal hand  
 Can e'er untie the filial band  
 That knits me to thy rugged strand !  
 Still, as I view each well-known scene,  
 Think what is now, and what hath been,  
 Seems as, to me, of all bereft,  
 Sole friends thy woods and streams were left ;

And thus I love them better still,  
 Even in extremity of ill.  
 By Yarrow's streams still let me stray,  
 Though none should guide my feeble way ;  
 Still feel the breeze down Ettrick break,  
 Although it chill my wither'd cheek ,  
 Still lay my head by Teviot Stone,  
 Though there, forgotten and alone,  
 The Bard may draw his parting groan

—*Scott.*

### 103.—THE FALL OF POLAND.

O SACRED Truth ! thy triumph ceased awhile,  
 And Hope, the sister, ceased with thee to smile,  
 When leagued Oppression poured to Northern wars  
 Her whiskered pandoors and her fierce hussars,  
 Waved her dread standard to the breeze of morn,  
 Pealed her loud drum, and twanged her trumpet horn ;  
 Tumultuous horror brooded o'er her van,  
 Presaging wrath to Poland—and to man !

Warsaw's last champion from her height surveyed,  
 Wide o'er the fields, a waste of ruin laid,—  
 "O Heaven !" he cried, "my bleeding country save !—  
 Is there no hand on high to shield the brave ?  
 Yet, though destruction sweep those lovely plains,  
 Rise, fellow-men ! our country yet remains !  
 By that dread name, we wave the sword on high,  
 And swear for her to live—with her to die !"

He said, and on the rampart-heights arrayed  
 His trusty warriors, few, but undismayed ;  
 Firm-paced and slow, a horrid front they form,  
 Still as the breeze, but dreadful as the storm ;  
 Low murmuring sounds along their banners fly,  
 Revenge, or death,—the watch-word and reply ;  
 Then pealed the notes, omnipotent to charm,  
 And the loud tocsin tolled their last alarm !—

In vain, alas ! in vain, ye gallant few !  
 From rank to rank your volleyed thunder flew ;—  
 Oh, bloodiest picture in the book of Time,  
 Sarmatia fell, unwept, without a crime ;  
 Found not a generous friend, a pitying foe,  
 Strength in her arms, not mercy in her woe !  
 Dropped from her nerveless grasp the shattered spear,  
 Closed her bright eye, and curbed her high career ;—  
 Hope, for a season, bade the world farewell,  
 And Freedom shrieked—as Kosciusko fell !

The sun went down, nor ceased the carnage there,  
 Tumultuous murder shook the midnight air :  
 On Prague's proud arch the fires of ruin glow,  
 His blood-dyed waters murmuring far below,  
 The storm prevails, the rampart yields a way,  
 Bursts the wide cry of horror and dismay !  
 Hark ! as the smouldering piles with thunder fall,  
 A thousand shrieks for hopeless mercy call !  
 Earth shook—red meteors flashed along the sky,  
 And conscious Nature shudder at the cry !

O righteous Heaven ! ere Freedom found a grave,  
 Why slept the sword omnipotent to save ?  
 Where was thine arm, O Vengeance ! where thy rod,  
 That smote the foes of Zion and of God ;  
 That crushed proud Ammon, where his iron car  
 Was yoked in wrath, and thundered from afar ?  
 Where was the storm that slumbered till the host  
 Of blood-stained Pharaoh left their trembling coast ;  
 Then bade the deep in wild commotion flow,  
 And heaved an ocean on their march below ?

Departed spirits of the mighty dead !  
 Ye that at Marathon and Leuctra bled !  
 Friends of the world ! restore your swords to man,  
 Fight in his sacred cause, and lead the van !  
 Yet for Sarmatia's tears of blood atone,  
 And make her arm puissant as your own !  
 Oh ! once again to Freedom's cause return  
 The patriot Tell—the Bruce of Bannockburn !

Yes ! thy proud lords, unpitied land ! shall see  
 That man hath yet a soul—and dare be free !  
 A little while, along thy saddening plains,  
 The starless night of Desolation reigns ;  
 Truth shall restore the light by nature given,  
 And, like Prometheus, bring the fire of heaven !  
 Prone to the dust Oppression shall be hurled,  
 Her name, her nature, withered from the world !

—Campbell.

104.—THE ISLES OF GREECE.

THE isles of Greece ! The isles of Greece !  
 Where burning Sappho loved and sung,  
 Where grew the arts of war and peace,  
 Where Delos rose and Phœbus sprung ;  
 Eternal summer gilds them yet,  
 But all, except their son, is set.

The Scian and the Teian Muse,  
 The hero's harp the lovers lute,  
 Have found the fame your shores refuse ;  
 Their place of birth alone is mute  
 To sounds which echo farther west  
 Then your sires' "Islands of the Blest."

The mountains look on Marathon,  
 And Marathon looks on the sea ;  
 And musing there an hour alone,  
 I dreamed that Greece might still be free,  
 For, standing on the Persian's grave,  
 I could not deem myself a slave.

A king sat on the rocky brow  
 Which looks o'er sea-born Salamis ;  
 And ships, thousands, lay below,  
 And men in nations ; all were his !  
 He counted them at break of day,  
 And when the sun set where were they ?



And where are they ? and where art thou,

My country ? on thy voiceless shore  
The heroic lay is tuneless now—

The heroic bosoms beat no more,  
And must thy lyre, so long divine,  
Degenerate into hands like mine ?

'Tis something, in the dearth of fame,  
Though linked among the fettered race,  
To feel at least a patriot's shame,  
Even as I sing, suffuse my face,  
For what is left the poet here ?  
For Greeks a blush—for Greece a tear.

Must *we* but weep o'er days more blest ?  
Must *we* but blush ?—Our fathers bled.  
Earth ? render back from out thy breast  
A remnant of our Spartan dead ;  
Of the Three Hundred grant but three,  
To make a new Thermopolæ !

What, silent still ? and silent all ?  
Ah, no : the voices of the dead  
Sound like a distant torrent's fall,  
And answer, "Let one living head,  
But one, arise—we come, we come !  
'Tis but the living who are dumb.

In vain, in vain . strike other chords ;  
Fill high the cup with Samian wine !  
Leave battles to the Turkish hordes,

And shed the blood of Scio's vine !  
 Hark! rising to the ignoble call,  
 How answers each bold Bacchanal !

You have the Pyrrhic dance as yet ;  
 Where is the Pyrrhic Phalanx gone ?  
 Of two such lessons, why forget  
 The nobler and the manlier one ?  
 You have the letters Cadmus gave—  
 Think ye he meant them for a slave ?

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine !  
 We will not think of themes like these ;  
 It made Anacreon's song divine .  
 He served, but served Polycrates—  
 A tyrant ; but our masters then  
 Were still, at least, our countrymen.

The tyrant of the Chersonese  
 Was freedom's best and bravest friend ;  
*That* tyrant was Miltiades.

Oh that present hour would lend  
 Another despot of the kind !  
 Such chains as his were sure to bind.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine  
 On Suli's rock and Parga's shore  
 Exists the remnant of a line,  
 Such as Doric mothers bore ;  
 And there, perhaps, some seed is sown,  
 The Heracleidan blood might own.

Trust not for freedom to the Franks—  
 They have a king who buys and sells :  
 In native swords and native ranks  
 The only hope of courage dwells ;  
 But Turkish force and Latin fraud  
 Would break your shield, however broad.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine !  
 Our virgins dance beneath the shade,  
 I see their glorious black eyes shine ;  
 But, gazing on each glowing maid,  
 My own the burning tear-drop laves,  
 To think such breasts must suckle slaves.

Place me on Sunium's marbled steep,  
 Where nothing, save the waves and I,  
 May hear our mutual murmurs sweep :  
 There, swan-like, let me sing and die ;  
 A land of slaves shall ne'er be mine—  
 Dash down yon cup of Samian wine !

—Byron.

# 105.—FROM THE ANCIENT MARINER.

## IN SEVEN PARTS

### I

It is an ancient Mariner,  
 And he stoppeth one of three.  
 'By thy long grey beard and glittering eye,  
 Now wherefore stopp'st thou me ?

The Bridegroom's doors are open'd wide,  
And I am next of kin ;  
The guests are met, the feast is set .  
May'st here the merry din,'

He holds him with his glittering eye—  
The Wedding-Guests stood still,  
And listens like a three year's child :  
The Mariner hath his will.

'The Wedding-Guest sat on a stone  
He cannot choose but hear ;  
And thus spoke on that ancient man,  
The bright-eyed Mariner :

'The ship was cheer'd, the harbour clear'd,  
Merrily did we drop  
Below the kirk, below the hill,  
Below the light-house top.

The Sun came up upon the left,  
Out of the sea came he !  
And he shone bright, and on the right  
Went down into the sea.

'And now the storm-blast came, and he  
Was tyrannous and strong :  
He struck with his o'ertaking wings  
And chased us south along.

'And then there came both mist and snow,  
And it grew wondrous cold :

And ice, mast high, came floating by,  
As green as emerald.

'The ice was here, the ice was there,  
The ice was was all around :  
It crack'd and growl'd and roar'd and howl'd,  
Like noises in a swound ;

'At length did cross an Albatross,  
Through the fog it came ,  
As if it had been a Christian soul  
We hail'd it in God's name.

'In mist or cloud, on mast or shroud,  
It perch'd for vespers nine ;  
Whiles all the night, through fog-smoke white  
Glimmer'd the white moon-shine.'

'God save thee, ancient Mariner  
From the fiends, that plague thee thus !—  
Why look'st thou so ?'—'With my cross-bow  
I shot the Albatross !

## II

'The Sun now rose upon the right :  
Out of the sea came he,  
Still hid in mist, and on the left  
Went down into the sea.

'And the good south wind still blew behind.  
But no sweet bird did follow,  
Nor any day for food or play  
Came to the mariners' hollo !

'And I had done a hellish thing,  
 And it would work 'em woe :  
 For all averr'd I had kill'd the bird  
 That made the breeze to blow.  
 Ah wretch ! said they, the bird to slay,  
 That made the breeze to blow !

'Down dropt the breeze, the sails dropt down  
 'Twas sad as could be ;  
 And we did speak only to break  
 The silence of the sea !

'Day after day, day after day,  
 We struck, nor breath nor motion ,  
 As idle as a painted ship  
 Upon a painted ocean.

'Water, water, everywhere,  
 And all the boards did shrink ,  
 Water, water, everywhere,  
 Nor any drop to drink.

'And every tongue, through utter drought,  
 Was wither'd at the root ;  
 We could not speak, no more than if  
 We had been choked with soot.

'Ah ! well-a-day ! what evil looks  
 Had I from old and young !  
 Instead of the Cross, the Albatross  
 About my neck was hung.'

## III

'There pass'd a weary time. Each throat  
 Was parch'd, and glazed each eye,  
 A weary time ! A weary time !  
 How glazed each weary eye !  
 When looking westward, I beheld  
 A something in the sky.

'At first it seem'd a little speck,  
 And then it seem'd a mist ;  
 It moved and moved, and took at last  
 A certain shape, I wist.

'With throats unslaked, with black lips baked,  
 We could not laugh nor wail ;  
 Through utter drought all dumb we stood ?  
 And cried, " A sail ! a sail ! "

'Almost upon the western wave  
 Rested the broad bright Sun :  
 When that strange shape drove suddenly  
 Betwixt us and the Sun.

'Alas ! (thought I, and my heart beat loud)  
 How fast she nears and nears !  
 Are those *her* sails that glance in the Sun,  
 Like restless gossameres ?

'Are those *her* ribs through which the Sun  
 Did peer, as through a grate ?  
 And is that Woman all her crew ?  
 Is that a Death ? and are there two ?  
 Is Death that woman's mate ?

'Her lips were red. her looks were free,  
Her looks were yellow as gold :  
Her skin was as white as leprosy.  
The Night-mare Life-in-Death was she,  
Who thickens man's blood with cold.

'One after one, by the star-dogg'd Moon,  
Too quick for groan or sigh,  
Each turn'd his face with a ghastly pang,  
And cursed me with his eye.

'Four times fifty living men,  
(And I heard nor sigh nor groan)  
With heavy thump, a lifeless lump,  
They dropped down one by one.

'The souls did from their bodies fly,—  
They fled to bliss or woe !  
And every soul, it pass'd me by,  
Like the whizz of my cross-bow !'

IV

'The many men, so beautiful !  
And they all dead did lie :  
And a thousand thousand slimy things  
Lived on ; and so did I.

'I look'd upon the rotting sea,  
And drew my eyes away ;  
I look'd upon the rotting deck,  
An . there the dead men lay,



'I look'd to Heaven, and tried to pray ;  
 But or ever a prayer had gusht,  
 A wicked whisper came, and made  
 My heart as dry as dust.

'An orphan's curse would drag to Hell  
 And spirit from on high ;  
 But oh ! more horrible than that  
 Is the curse in a dead man's eye !  
 Seven days, seven nights, I saw that curse,  
 And yet I could not die.

'Beyond the shadow of the the ship  
 I watched the water-snakes .  
 They moved in tracks of shining white,  
 And when they rear'd the elfish light  
 Fell off in hoary flakes.

'O happy living things ! no tongue  
 Their beauty might declare .  
 A spring of love gusht from my heart  
 A I blessed them unaware !  
 Sure my kind saint took pity on me,  
 And I bless'd them unaware !

'The self-same moment I could pray .  
 And from my neck so free,  
 The Albatross fell off, and sank  
 Like lead into the sea.'

v

"Oh sleep ! it is a gentle thing,  
Belov'd from pole to pole !  
To Mary Queen the praise be given ;  
She sent the gentle sleep from Heaven  
That slid into my soul.

The silly buckets on the deck,  
That had so long remain'd,  
I dreamt that they were fill'd with dew ;  
And when I awoke it rained.

My lips were wet, my throat was cold,  
My garments all were dank ,  
Sure I had drunken in my dreams  
And still my body drank.

And soon I heard a roaring wind .  
It did not come anear ;  
But with its sound it shook the sails,  
That were so thin and sere.

The loud wind never reached the ship  
Yet now the ship moved on !  
Beneath the lightning and the moon  
The dead men gave a groan.

They groan'd, they stirr'd, they all uprose,  
Nor spake, nor mov'd their eyes ;  
It had been strange, even in a dream,  
To have seen those dead men rise.

Till noon we silently sailed on,  
 Yet never a breeze did breathe :  
 Slowly and smoothly went the ship,  
 Moved onward from beneath.

Under the keel, nine fathom deep,  
 From the land of mist and snow  
 The spirit slid : and it was he  
 That made the ship to go.  
 The sails at noon left off their tune  
 And the ship stood still also.

"The Sun, right up above the mast,  
 Had fixed her to the ocean ;  
 But in a minute she 'gan stir,  
 With a short uneasy motion—  
 Backwards and forwards half her length  
 With a short uneasy motion.

"Then like a pawning horse let go,  
 She made a sudden bound :  
 It flung the blood into my head,  
 And I fell down in a swoond.

"How long in that same fit I lay,  
 I have not to declare ;  
 But ere my living life returned,  
 I heard, and in my soul discerned  
 Two voices in the air.

"Is it he?" quoth one, "Is this the man ?  
 By Him who died on cross,

With his cruel bow he laid full low  
The harmless Albatross.

"The spirit who bideth by himself  
In the land of mist and snow,  
He loved the bird that loved the man  
Who shot him with his bow."

"The other was a softer voice,  
As soft as honey-dew ;  
Quoth he, "The man hath penance done,  
And penance more will do."

VI

"I woke, and we were sailing on  
As in a gentle weather ;  
'Twas night, calm night, the Moon was high  
The dead men stood together.

Swiftly, swiftly flew the ship,  
Yet she sail'd softly too :  
Sweetly, sweetly blew the breeze—  
On me alone it blew.

O ! dream of joy ! is this indeed  
The light-house top I see ?  
Is this the Hill ? Is this the Kirk ?  
Is this mine own country ?

"The rock shone bright, the kirk no less,  
That stands above the rock :  
The moonlight steeped in silentness,  
The steady weathercock.

Each corse lay flat, lifeless and flat,  
 And by the holy rood !  
 A man all light, a seraph-man,  
 On every corse there stood  
 'But soon I heard the dash of oars, ,  
 I heard the Pilot's cheer ;  
 My head was turn'd perforce away,  
 And I saw a boat appear  
 'The Pilot, and the Pilot's boy,  
 I heard them coming fast ;  
 Dear Lord in Heaven ! it was a joy  
 The dead men could not blast.  
 'I saw a third—I heard his voice .  
 It is the Hermit good !  
 'He singeth loud his godly hymns  
 That he makes in the wood.  
 He'll shrieve my soul, he'll wash away  
 The Albatross's blood "

## VII

'This Hermit good lives that wood  
 Which slopes down to the sea.  
 How loudly his sweet voice he rears !  
 He loves to talk with mariners !  
 That come from a far country.  
 'The boat came closer to the ship,  
 But I nor spake nor stirred  
 The boat came close beneath the ship,  
 And straight a sound was heard.

Under the water it rumbled on,  
Still louder and more dread :  
It reach'd the ship, it split the bay :  
The ship went down like lead.

'Stunn'd by that loud and dreadful sound,  
Which sky and ocean smote,  
Like one that hath been seven days drowned  
My body lay afloat ;  
But swift as dreams, myself I found  
Within the Pilot's boat.

'I moved my lips—the Pilot shriek'd  
And fell down in a fit ,  
The holy Hermit raised his eyes,  
And prayed where he did sit.

'And now, all in my own country,  
I stood on the firm land !  
The Hermit stepped forth from the boat,  
And scarcely he could stand.

"O shrieve me, shrieve me, holy man !"  
The Hermit crossed his brow.  
"Say quick," quoth he, "I bid thee say—  
What manner of man art thou ?"

'Forthwith this frame of mine was wrenched  
With a woful agony,  
Which forced me to begin my tale ;  
And then it left me free.

'Since then, at an uncertain hour,  
That agony returns ;  
And till my ghastly tale is told,  
This heart within me burns,

'O Wedding-Guest ! this soul hath been  
Alone on a wide, wide sea :  
So lonely 'twas, that God himself  
Scarce seemed there to be.

'Farewell ! farewell ! but this I tell  
To thee, thou Wedding-Guest !  
He prayeth well who loveth well,  
Both man and bird and beast.

'He prayeth best, who loveth best,  
All things both great small ;  
For the dear God who loveth us,  
He made and loveth all'.

The Mariner, whose eye is bright,  
Whose beard with age is hoar,  
Is gone : and now the Wedding-Guest  
Turn'd from the Bridegroom's door.

He went like one that hath been stunn'd,  
And is of sense forlorn :  
A sadder and a wiser man  
He rose the morrow morn.

—Coleridge.

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106.—THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN.

I

HAMELIN Town's in Brunswick,  
 By famous Hanover city ;  
 The river Weser, deep and wide,  
 Washes its wall on the southern side ;  
 A pleasanter spot you never spied ;  
 But, when begins my ditty,  
 Almost five hundred years ago,  
 To see the townsfolk suffer so  
 From vermin, 'twas a pity.

II

Rats !  
 They fought the dogs, and killed the cats,  
 And bit the babies in the cradles,  
 And ate the cheeses out of the vats,  
 And licked the soup from the cooks' own ladles  
 Split open the kegs of salted sprats,  
 Made nests inside men's Sunday hats,  
 And even spoiled the women's chats,  
 By drowning their speaking  
 With shrieking and squeaking  
 In fifty different sharps and flats.

III

At last the people in a body  
 To the Town-Hall came flocking



"Tis clear," cried they, "our Mayor's a noddy ;  
 And as for our Corporation—shocking  
 To think we buy gowns lined with ermine  
 For dolts that can't or won't determine  
 What's best to rid us of our vermin !  
 You hope, because you're old and obese,  
 To find in the furry civic robe ease.  
 Rouse up, Sirs ! Give your brains a racking  
 To find the remedy we're lacking,  
 Or, sure as fate, we'll send you packing !"  
 At this the Mayor and Corporation  
 Quaked with a mighty consternation.

## IV

An hour they sate in council,  
 At length the Mayor broke silence  
 "For a guilder I'd my ermine gown sell .  
 I wish I were a mile hence !  
 It's easy to bid one rack one's brain—  
 I'm sure my poor head aches again  
 I've scratched it so, and all in vain.  
 Oh for a trap, a trap, a trap !"  
 Just as he said this, what should hap  
 At the chamber door but a gentle tap ?  
 "Bless us," cried the Mayor, "what's that ?  
 (With the Corporation as he sat,  
 Looking little, though wondrous fat)  
 Only a scraping of shoes on the mat ?  
 Anything like the sound of rat  
 Makes my heart go pit-a-pat !".

V

"Come in !"—the Mayor cried, looking bigger :  
 And in did come the strangest figure !  
 His queer long coat from heel to head  
 Was half of yellow and half of red ;  
 And he himself was tall and thin,  
 With sharp blue eyes, each like a pin,  
 And light loose hair, yet swarthy skin,  
 No tuft on cheek nor beard on chin,  
 But lips where smiles went out and in—  
 There was no guessing kith and kin !  
 And nobody could enough admire  
 The tall man and his quaint attire :  
 Quoth one . "It's as my grandsire,  
 Starting up at the Trump of Doom's tone,  
 Had walked this way from his painted tomb-stone !"

VI

He advanced to the council-table .  
 And, "Please your honours," said he, "I'm able,  
 By means of a secret charm, to draw  
 All creatures living beneath the sun  
 That creep, or swim, or fly or run,  
 After me so as you never saw !  
 And I chiefly use my charm  
 On creatures that do people harm,  
 The mole, and toads and newt, and viper ;  
 And people call me the Pied Piper."  
 (And here they noticed round his neck  
 A scarf of red and yellow stripe,  
 To match with his coat of the self-same cheque ;

And at the scarf's end hung a pipe ;  
 And his fingers, they noticed, were ever straying  
 As if impatient to be playing  
 Upon this pipe, as low it dangled  
 Over his vesture so old-fangled.)  
 "Yet," said he, "Poor piper as I am,  
 In Tartary I freed the Cham,  
 Last June, from his huge swarms of gnats ;  
 I eased in Asia the Nizam  
 Of a monstrous brood of vampire-bats :  
 And, as for what your brain bewilders  
 If I can rid your town of rats  
 Will you give me a thousand guilders ?"  
 "One ? fifty thousand !" — was the exclamation  
 Of the astonished Mayor and Corporation.

## VII

Into the street the Piper stopt,  
     Smiling first a little smile,  
 As if he knew what magic slept  
     In his quiet pipe the while ,  
 Then, like a musical adept,  
 To blow the pipe his lips he wrinkled,  
 And green and blue his sharp eyes twinkled  
 Like a candle flame where salt is sprinkled ;  
 And ere three shrill notes the pipe uttered,  
 You heard as if an army muttered ;  
 And the muttering grew to a grumbling ;  
 And the grumbling grew to a mighty rumbling  
 And out of the houses the rats came tumbling.  
 Great rats, small rats, lean rats, brawny rats,

Brown rats, black rats, grey rats, tawny rats,  
 Grave old plodders, gay young friakers,  
 Fathers, mothers, uncles, cousins,  
 Cocking tails and pricking whiskers,  
 Families by tens and dozens,  
 Brothers, sisters, husbands, wives—  
 Followed the Piper for their lives.  
 From street to street he piped advancing,  
 And step by step they followed dancing,  
 Until they came to the river Weser  
 Wherein all plunged and perished !  
 —Save one who, stout as Julius Caesar,  
 Swam across and lived to carry  
 (As he the manuscript he cherished)  
 To Rat-land home his commentary,  
 Which was, "At the first shrill notes of the pipe  
 I heard a sound as of scraping tripe,  
 And putting apples, wondrous ripe,  
 Into a cider-press's gripe .  
 And a moving away of pickle-tub-boards,  
 And a leaving ajar of conserve-cupboards,  
 And a drawing the corks of train-oil-flasks,  
 And abreaking the hoops of butter-casks ;  
 And it seemed as if a voice  
 (Sweeter far than by harp or by psaltery  
 Is breathed) called out, 'Oh rats, rejoice !  
 The world is grown one vast drysaltery !  
 So munch on, crunch on, take your puncheon,  
 Breakfast, supper, dinner, luncheon !'  
 And just as a bulky sugar puncheon,  
 All ready staved, like a great sun shone

Glorious scarce an inch before me,  
Just as methought it said, 'Come, bore me !'  
—I found the Weser rolling o'er me."

VIII

You should have heard the Hamelin people  
Ringing the bells till they rocked the steeple ;  
"Go," cried the Mayor, "and get long poles !  
Poke out the nests and block up the holes !  
Consult with carpenters and builders,  
And leave in our town not even a trace  
Of the rats !"—when suddenly, up the face  
Of the Piper perked in the market-place,  
With a 'First, if you please, my thousand guilders !'

IX

A thousand guilders ! The Mayor looked blue ;  
So did the Corporation too.  
For council dinners made rare havock  
With Claret, Moselle, Vin-de-Grave, Hock ;  
And half the money would replenish  
Their cellar's biggest butt with Rhenish ;  
To pay this sum to a wondering fellow  
With a gipsy coat of red and yellow !  
"Beside," quoth the Mayor with a knowing wink  
"Our business was done at the river's brink ;  
We saw with our eyes the vermin sink,  
And what's dead can't come to life, I think.  
So, friend, we're not the folks to shrink  
From the duty of giving you something for drink,  
And a matter of money to put in your poke ;

But, as for the guilders, what we spoke  
Of them, as you very well know, was in joke.  
Besides, our losses have made us thrifty ;  
A thousand guilders ! Come, take fifty ! ”

X

The Piper's face fell, and he cried,  
“No trifling ! I can't wait, beside !  
I've promised to visit by dinner time  
Bagdad and accept the prime  
Of the Head Cook's pottage, all he's rich in,  
For having left, in the Caliph's kitchen,  
Of a nest of scorpions no survivor--  
With him I proved no bargain-driver,  
With you don't think I'll bate a stiver !  
And folks who put me in a passion  
May find me pipe after another fashion.”

XI

“How !” cried the Mayor, “d'ye think I'll brook  
Being worse treated than a Cook ?  
Insulted by a lazy ribald  
With idle pipe and vesture piebald ?  
You threaten us, fellow ? Do your worst,  
Blow your pipe there till you burst !”

XII

Once more he stepped into the street ;  
And to his lips again  
Laid his long pipe of smooth straight cane ;  
And as he blew three notes (such sweet

Soft notes as yet musician's cunning  
 Never gave the enraptured air)  
 There was a rustling, that seem'd like a bustling  
 Of merry crowd justling at pitching a hustling,  
 Small feet were pattering, wooden shoes clattering,  
 Little hands clapping, and little tongues chattering,  
 And, like fowls in a farm-yard when barley is  
                   scattering,  
 Out came the children running.  
 All the little boys and girls,  
 With rosy cheeks and flaxen curls,  
 And sparkling eyes and teeth like pearls,  
 Tripping and skipping ran merrily after  
 The wonderful music with shouting and laughter.

## XIII

The Mayor was dumb, and the Council stood  
 As if they were changed into blocks of wood,  
 Unable to move a step or cry  
 To the children merrily skipping by—  
 Could only follow with the eye  
 That joyous crowd at the Piper's back.  
 But how the Mayor was on the rack,  
 And the wretched Council's bosoms beat,  
 As the Piper turned from the High Street  
 To where the Weser rolled its waters  
 Right in the way of their sons and daughters !  
 However he turned from South to West,  
 And to Koppelberg Hill his steps addressed.  
 And after him the children pressed ;  
 Great was the joy in every breast.

"He never can cross that mighty top !  
He's forced to let the piping drop,  
And we shall see our children stop !"  
When, lo, as they reached the mountain-side,  
A wondrous portal opened wide  
As if a cavern was suddenly hollowed ;  
And the Piper advanced and the children follow'd,  
And when all were in to the very last,  
The door in the mountain-side shut fast.  
Did I say, all ? No ! One was lame,  
And could not dance the whole of the way ;  
And in after years, if you would blame  
His sadness, he was used to say,—  
"It's dull in our town since my playmates left !  
I can't forget that I am bereft  
Of all the pleasant sights they see,  
Which the Piper also promised me .  
For he led us, he said, to a joyous land,  
Joining the town and just at hand,  
Where waters gushed and fruit-trees grew,  
And flowers put forth a fairer hue,  
And everything was strange and new ;  
The sparrows were brighter than peacocks here,  
And there dogs outran our fallow deer,  
And honey-bees had lost their stings,  
And horses were born with eagles' wings ;  
And just as I became assured  
My lame foot would be speedily cured,  
The music stopped and I stood still,  
And I found myself outside the hill,  
Left alone against my will.



To go now limping as before,  
And never hear of that country more."

XIV

Alas, alas for Hamelin !

There came into many a burgher's pate  
A text which says, that Heaven's gate  
Opes to the rich at as easy rate  
As the needle's eye takes a camel in !  
The Mayor sent East, West, North and South,  
To offer the Piper by word of mouth,  
Wherever it was men's lot to find him,  
Silver and gold to his heart's content,  
If he'd only return the way he went,  
And bring the children behind him.  
But when they saw 'twas a lost endeavour,  
And Piper and dancers were gone for ever  
They made a decree that lawyers never  
Should think their records dated duly  
If, after the day of the month and year,  
These words did not as well appear,  
"And so long after what happened here  
On the Twenty-second of July,  
Thirteen hundred and seventy-six "'  
And the better in memory to fix  
The place of the children's last retreat,  
They called it, the Pied Piper's Street—  
Where any one playing on pipe or tabor  
Was sure for the future to loose his labour.  
Nor suffered they hostelry or tavern

To shock with mirth a street so solemn ;  
 But opposite the place of the cavern  
 They wrote a story on a column,  
 And on the great church window painted  
 The same, to make the world acquainted  
 How their children were stolen away ;  
 And there it stands to this very day.  
 And I must not omit to say  
 That in Transylvania there is a tribe  
 Of alien people who ascribe  
 The outlandish ways and dress  
 On which their neighbours lay such stress,  
 To their fathers and mothers having risen  
 Out of some subterraneous prison  
 Into which they were trepanned  
 Long time ago in a mighty band  
 Out of Hamelin town in Brunswick land,  
 But how or why they don't understand.

XV

So, Willy, let me and you be wipers  
 Of scores out with all men—especially pipers ;  
 And, whether they pipe us free from rats or from mice,  
 If we've promised them aught, let us keep our promise.  
—*Browning.*

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## 107.—WATER VON DER VOGELWEID.

VOGELWEID the Minnesinger.

When he left this world of ours,  
Laid his body in the cloister,  
Under Wurtzburg's minster towers.

And he gave the monks his treasure,  
Gave them all with this behest :  
They should feed the birds at noontide  
Daily on his place of rest ;

Saying, "From these wandering minstrels  
I have learned the art of song ;  
Let me now repay the lessons  
They have taught so well and long."

Thus the bard of love departed  
And, fulfilling his desire,  
On his tomb the birds were feasted  
By the children of the choir.

Day by day, o'er tower and turret,  
In foul weather and in fair,  
Day by day, in vester numbers  
Flocked the poets of the air.

On the tree whose heavy branches  
Overshadowed all the place,  
On the pavement, on the tombstone,  
On the poet's sculptured face,

On the cross-bars of each window,  
On the lintel of each door,  
They renewed the War of Wartburg,  
Which the bard had fought before.

There they sang their merry carols,  
Sang their lauds on every side ;  
And the name their voices uttered  
Was the name of Vogelweid.

Till at length the portly abbot  
Murmured, "Why this waste of food ?  
Be it changed to loaves henceforward  
For our fasting brotherhood."

Then in vain o'er tower and turret,  
From the walls and woodland nests,  
When the minster bell rang noontide.  
Gathered the unwelcome guests.

Then in vain, with cries discordant,  
Clamorous round the Gothic spire,  
Screamed the feathered Minnesingers,  
For the children of the choir.

Time has long effaced the inscriptions  
On the cloister's funeral stone,  
And tradition only tells us  
Where repose the poet's bones.

But around the vast cathedral,  
By sweet echoes multiplied,  
Still the birds repeat the legend,  
And the name of Vogelweid.

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—Longfellow.

## 108.—ALLEN-A-DALE.

ALLEN-A-DALE has no fagot for burning,  
 Allen-a-Dale has no furrow for turning,  
 Allen-a-Dale has no fleece for the spinning,  
 Yet Allen-a-Dale has red gold for the winning.  
 Come, red me my riddle ! come, hearken my tale !  
 And tell me the craft of bold Allen-a-Dale  
 The Baron of Ravensworth prances in pride,  
 And he views his domains upon Arkindale side,  
 The mere for his net, and the land for his game,  
 The chase for the wild, and the park for the tame ;  
 Yet the fish of the lake, and the deer of the vale,  
 Are less free to Lord Dacre than Allen-a-Dale !  
 Allen-a-Dale was ne'er belted a knight,  
 Though his spur be as sharp, and his blade be as bright :  
 Allen-a-Dale is no baron or lord,  
 Yet twenty tall yeomen will draw at his word ;  
 And the best of our nobles his bonnet will vail,  
 Who at Rere-cross on Stanmore meets Allen-a-Dale.  
 Allen-a-Dale to his wooing is come ;  
 The mother, she ask'd of his household and home :  
 'Though the castle of Richmond stand fair on the hill,  
 My hall,' quoth bold Allen, 'shows gallanter still ;  
 'Tis the blue vault of heaven, with its crescent so pale,  
 And with all its bright spangles !' said Allen-a-Dale.  
 The father was steel, and the mother was stone ;  
 They lifted the latch, and they bade him be gone ;

But loud, on the morrow, their wail and their cry:  
 He had laugh'd on the lass with his bonny black eye.  
 And she fled to the forest to hear a love-tail,  
 And the youth it was told by was Allen-a-Dale!

—*Scott.*

### 109.—THE LADY OF THE LAKE.

#### I

THE western waves of ebbing day  
 Roll'd o'er the glen their level way;  
 Each purple peak, each flinty spire,  
 Was bathed in floods of living fire.  
 But not a setting beam could glow  
 Within the dark revines below,  
 Where twined the path in shadow hid,  
 Round many a rocky pyramid,  
 Shooting abruptly from the dell  
 Its thunder-splinter'd pinnacle;  
 Round many an insulated mass,  
 The native bulwarks of the pass,  
 Huge as the tower which builders vain  
 Presumptuous piled on Shinar's plain.  
 The rocky summits, split and rent,  
 Form'd turret, dome, or battlement,  
 Or seem'd fantastically set  
 With cupola or minaret  
 Wild crests as pagod ever deck'd  
 Or mosque of eastern architect.

Nor were these earth born castles bare,  
 Nor lack'd they many a banner fair ;  
 For, from their shiver'd brows display'd,  
 Far o'er the unfathomable glade,  
 All twinkling with the dew-drops sheen,  
 The brier-rose fell in streamers green,  
 And creeping shrubs, and thousand dyes,  
 Waved in the west-wind's summer sighs.

## II

Boon nature scatter'd, free and wild,  
 Each plant or flower, the mountain's child.  
 Here eglantine embalm'd the air,  
 Hawthorn and hazel mingled there ;  
 The primrose pale and violet flower,  
 Found in each cliff a narrow bower  
 Fox-glove and night-shade, side by side,  
 Emblems of punishment and pride,  
 Group'd their dark hues with every stain,  
 The weather-beaten crags retain.  
 With boughs that quaked at every breath,  
 Gray birch and aspen wept beneath ;  
 Aloft, the ash and warrior oak  
 Cast anchor in the rifted rock ;  
 And, higher yet, the pine-tree hung  
 His shatter'd trunk, and frequent flung,  
 Where seem'd the cliffs to meet on high  
 His boughs athwart narrow'd sky.  
 Highest of all, where white peak glanced,  
 Where glist'ning streamers waved and danced,

The wanderer's eye could barely view  
 The summer heaven's delicious blue ;  
 So wondrous wild, the whole might seem  
 The scenery of a fairy dream.

## III

Onward, amid the copse 'gan peep  
 A narrow inlet, still and deep,  
 Affording scarce such breadth of brim,  
 As served the wild duck's brood to swim  
 Lost for a space, through thickets veering,  
 But broader when again appearing.  
 Tall rocks and tufted knolls their face  
 Could on the dark blue mirror trace ;  
 And farther as the hunter stray'd,  
 Still broader sweep its channels made.  
 The shaggy mounds no longer stood,  
 Emerging from entangled wood.  
 But, wave encircled, seem'd to float,  
 Like castle girdled with its moat ;  
 Yet broader floods extending still  
 Divide them from their parent hill,  
 Till each, retiring, claims to be  
 An islet in an inland sea.

## IV

And now, to issue from the glen,  
 No pathway meets the wanderer's ken,  
 Unless he climb, with footing nice,  
 A fair projecting precipice.  
 The broom's tough roots his ladder made,  
 The hazel saplings lent their aid ;



And thus an airy point he won,  
 Where, gleaming with the setting sun,  
 One burnish'd sheet of living gold,  
 Loch Katrine lay beneath him roll'd  
 In all her length far winding lay,  
 With promontory, creek, and bay,  
 And islands that, empurpled bright,  
 Floated amid the livelier light,  
 And mountains, that like giants stand  
 To sentinel enchanted land.  
 High on the south, huge Benvenue  
 Down on the lake in masses threw  
 Crags, knolls, and mounds, confusedly hurl'd,  
 The fragments of an earlier world ;  
 A wildering forest feather'd o'er  
 His ruin'd sides and summit hoar,  
 While on the north, through middle air,  
 Ben-an heaved high his forehead bare.

## V

From the steep promontory gazed  
 The stranger, raptured and amazed.  
 And, "What a scene were here," he cried,  
 "For princely pomp, or churchman's pride  
 On this bold brow, a lordly tower :  
 In that soft vale, a lady's bower ;  
 On yonder meadow, far away,  
 The turrets of a cloister gray ;  
 How blithely might the bugle-horn  
 Chide, on the lake, the lingering morn

How sweet, at eve, the lover's lute  
 Chime, when the groves were still and mute  
 And, when the midnight moon should love  
 Her forehead in the silver wave,  
 How solemn on the ear would come  
 The holy matins' distant hum,  
 While the deep peal's commanding tone  
 Should wake, in yonder islet lone,  
 A sainted hermit from his cell,  
 To drop a bead with every knell—  
 And bugle, lute, and bell, and all,  
 Should each bewilder'd stranger call  
 To friendly feast, and lighted hall."

—*Scott.*

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110.—SIMON LEE THE OLD HUNTSMAN.

In the sweet shire of Cardigan,  
 Not far from pleasant Ivor Hall,  
 An old man dwells, a little man,—  
 'Tis said he once was tall.  
 Full five-and-thirty years he lived  
 A running huntsman merry.  
 And still the centre of his cheek  
 Is red as a ripe cherry.

No man like him the horn could sound,  
 And hill and valley rang with glee  
 When *Echo* bandied, round and round  
 The halloo of Simon Lee.

In those proud days, he little cared  
For husbandry or tillage ;  
To blither tasks did Simon rouse  
The sleepers of the village.

He all the country could outrun,  
Could leave both man and horse behind ;  
And often, ere the chase was done,  
He reeled, and was stone-blind.  
And still there's something in the world  
At which his heart rejoices ,  
For when the chiming hounds are out,  
He dearly loves their voices !

But, O the heavy change !—bereft  
Of health, strength, friends and kindred, see !  
Old Simon to the world is left  
In liveried poverty :  
His master's dead, and no one now  
Dwells in the Ivor ;  
Men, dogs, and horses, all are dead ;  
He is the sole survivor.

And he is lean and he is sick ;  
His body, dwindled and awry,  
Rests upon ankles swoll'n and thick ;  
His legs are thin and dry.  
One prop he has, and only one,  
His wife an aged Woman,  
Lives with him, near the waterfall,  
Upon the village common.

Beside their moss-grown hut of clay  
 Not twenty paces from the door,  
 A scrap of land they have, but they  
 Are poorest of the poor.  
 This scrap of land he from the heath  
 Enclosed when he was stronger ;  
 But what do them avails the land  
 Which he can till no longer ?

Oft, working by her husband's side,  
 Ruth does what Simon cannot do ;  
 For she, with scanty cause for pride,  
 Is stouter of the two  
 And, though you with your utmost skill  
 From labour could not wean the n,  
 'Tis little, very little, all  
 That they can do between them.

Few months of life has he in store  
 As he to you will tell,  
 For still, the more he works the more  
 Do his weak ankles swell.  
 My gentle reader, I perceive  
 How patiently you've waited,  
 And now I fear that you expect  
 Some tale will be related.

O reader ! had you in your mind  
 Such stores as silent thought can bring.  
 O gentle reader ! you would find  
 A tale in everything.

What more I have to say is short,  
 And you must kindly take it :  
 It is no tale ; but, should you think,  
 Perhaps a tale you'll make it.

One summer-day I chanced to see  
 This old man doing all he could  
 To unearth the root of an old tree,  
 A stump of rotten wood.  
 The mattock totter'd in his hand :  
 So vain was his endeavour,  
 That at the root of the old tree  
 He might have worked for ever.

" You're overtask'd, good Simon Lee,  
 Give me your tool," to him I said ;  
 And at the word right gladly he  
 Received my proffer'd aid.  
 I struck, and with a single blow  
 The tangled root I sever'd,  
 At which the poor old man so long  
 And vainly had endeavour'd.

The tears into his eyes were brought,  
 And thanks and praises seemed to run  
 So fast out of his heart, I thought  
 They never would have done  
 —I've heard of hearts unkind, kind deeds  
 With coldness still returning,  
 Alas !—the gratitude of men  
 Has oftener left me mourning.

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—Wordsworth.

## *FOURTH PART*

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### 111.—THOU ART O GOD

THOU art, O God ! the life and light  
Of all this wondrous world we see ,  
Its glow by day, its smile by night,  
Are all reflections caught from Thee.  
Where'er we turn, Thy glories shine ·  
And all things fair and bright are Thine.

When day, with farewell beams delays  
Among the opening clouds of even,  
And we can almost think we gaze  
Through golden vistas into heaven ,  
Those hues, that mark the Sun's decline,  
So soft, so radiant, Lord ! are Thine

When night, with wings of starry gloom,  
O'ershadows all the earth and skies,  
Like some dark beauteous bird, whose plume  
Is sparkling with unnumbered eyes ;  
That sacred gloom, those fires divine,  
So grand, so countless, Lord ! are Thine.

When youthful spring around us breathes,  
 Thy spirit warms her fragrant sigh ;  
 And every flower the summer wreathes  
 Is born beneath that kindling eye.  
 Where'er we turn, Thy glories shine ;  
 And all things fair and bright are Thine.

—*Moore.*

112.—LIBERTY.

'O LIBERTY ! thou goddess heavenly bright,  
 Profuse of bliss and pregnant with delight,  
 Eternal pleasures in thy presence reign,  
 And smiling Plenty leads thy smiling train.  
 Eased of her load, Subjection grows more light,  
 And Poverty looks cheerful in thy sight.  
 Thou mak'st the gloomy face of Nature gay,  
 Giv'st beauty to the sun and pleasure to the day  
 Thee, goddess, thee, Britannia's isle adores !  
 How oft has she exhausted all her stores !

How oft on fields of death thy presence sought,  
 Nor thinks the mighty prize too dearly bought !  
 On foreign mountains may the sun refine  
 The grape's soft juice, and mellow it in wine,  
 With citron groves adorn a distant soil,  
 And the fat olives swell with floods of oil.  
 We envy not the warmer climb, that lies  
 In ten degrees of more indulgent skies ;  
 Nor at the coarseness of our heaven repine,  
 Though o'er our heads the frozen Pleiads shine.  
 'Tis Liberty that crowns Britannia's isle,  
 And makes her barren rocks and her bleak mountains  
 smile.

—*Addison.*

113.—BATTLE OF THE BALTIC.

Of Nelson and the North,  
Sing the glorious day's renown,  
When to battle fierce come forth  
All the might of Denmark's crown,  
And her arms along the deep proudly shone ;  
By each gun the lighted brand,  
In a bold determined hand,  
And the prince of all the land  
Led them on.

Like leviathans afloat  
Lay their bulwarks on the brine ;  
While the sign of battle flew  
On the lofty British line :  
It was ten of April morn by the chime ;  
As they drifted on the r path,  
There was silence deep as death ,  
And the boldest held his breath  
For a time

But the might of England flushed  
To anticipate the scene ;  
And her van the fleeter rushed  
O'er the deadly space between  
"Hearts of oak !" our captain cried ; when each gun  
From its adamant lips  
Spread a death-shade round the ships,  
Like the hurricane eclipse  
Of the sun.



Again ! again ! again !  
 And the havoc did not slack,  
 Till a feeble cheer the Dane  
 To our cheering sent us back ;—  
 Their shots along the deep slowly boom,  
 Then ceased—and all is wail,  
 As they strike the shattered sail.  
 Or, in conflagration pale  
 Light the gloom.

Out spoke the victor then,  
 As he hailed them o'er the wave  
 "Ye are brothers ! ye are men !  
 And we conquer but so to save ;  
 So peace instead of death let us bring ;  
 But yield, proud foe, thy fleet,  
 With the crews, at England's feet,  
 And make submission meet  
 To our king !"

Then Denmark blessed our chief,  
 That he gave her wounds repose ,  
 And the sounds of joy and grief  
 From her people widely rose,  
 As Death withdrew his shades from the day  
 While the sun looked smiling bright  
 O'er a wide and woeful sight  
 Where the fires of funeral light  
 Died away.  
 Now joy, Old England, raise !  
 For the tidings of thy might,

By the festal cities' blaze,  
 While the wine-cup shines in light ;  
 And yet, amidst that joy and uproar,  
 Let us think of them that sleep,  
 Full many a fathom deep,  
 By the wild and stormy steep,  
 Elsinore !

Brave hearts ! to Britain's pride  
 Once so faithful and so true,  
 On the deck of fame that died —  
 With the gallant good Riou .  
 Soft sigh the winds of heaven o'er their grave !  
 While the billow mournful rolls,  
 And the mermaid's song condoles,  
 Singing glory to the souls  
 Of the brave !

—*Campbell.*

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114.—BOADICEA.

WHEN the British warrior Queen,  
 Bleeding from the Roman rods,  
 Sought, with an indignant mien,  
 Counsels of her country's gods,  
 Sage beneath the spreading oak,  
 Sat the Druid, hoary chief ;  
 Every burning word he spoke  
 Full of rage and full of grief

"Princess ! if our aged eyes  
 Weep upon thy matchless wrongs,  
 'Tis because resentment ties  
 All the terrors of our tongues.

"Rome shall perish ! write that word  
 In the blood that she has spilt ;  
 Perish, hopeless and abhorred,  
 Deep in ruin as in guilt.

"Rome, for empire far renowned,  
 Tramples on a thousand states  
 Soon her pride shall kiss the ground  
 Hark ! the Gaul is at her gates !

"Other Romans shall arise,  
 Heedless of a soldier's name .  
 Sounds, not arms, shall win the prize,  
 Harmony the path to fame.

"Then the progeny that springs  
 From the forests of our land,  
 Armed with thunder, clad with wings  
 Shall a wider world command.

"Regions Cæsar never knew  
 Thy posterity shall sway ;  
 Where his eagles never flew,  
 None invincible as they."

Such the bard's prophetic words,  
 Pregnant with celestial fire.

Bending as he swept the chords  
Of his sweet but awful lyre.

She, with all a monarch's pride,  
Felt them in her bosom glòw ;  
Rushed to battle, fought, and died ;  
Dying, hurled them at the foe

"Ruffians, pitiless as proud !  
Heaven awards the vengeance due ;  
Empire is on us bestowed,  
Shame and ruin wait for you."

—*Cowper.*

# 115 —THE SOLITARY REAPER.

BEHOLD her single in the field,  
Yon solitary Highland Lass !  
Reaping and singing by herself ,  
Stop here, or gently pass !  
Alone she cuts and binds the grain,  
And sings a melancholy strain ;  
O listen ! for the vale profound  
Is overflowing with the sound.

No nightingale did ever chaunt  
More welcome notes to weary bands  
Of travellers, in some shady haunt  
Among Arabian sands :

No sweeter voice was ever heard  
 In spring-time from the cuckoo-bird,  
 Breaking the silence of the seas  
 Among the farthest Hebrides.

Will no one tell me what she sings ?  
 Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow  
 For old, unhappy, far off things,  
 And battles long ago :  
 Or is it some more humble lay,  
 Familiar matter of to-day ?  
 Some natural sorrow, loss or pain  
 That has been and may be again ?

Whate'er the theme, the maiden sang  
 As if her song could have no ending ;  
 I saw her singing at her work,  
 And o'er the sickle bending ;  
 I listen'd till I had my fill ;  
 And as I mounted up the hill  
 The music in my heart I bore  
 Long after it was heard no more.

— *Wordsworth.*

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## 116.—ODE TO DUTY.

**STERN** Daughter of the Voice of God !  
 O Duty ! if that name thou love  
 Who art a light to guide, a rod  
 To check the erring, and reprove ;  
 Thou, who art victory and law  
 When empty terrors overawe ;  
 From vain temptations does set free,  
 And calm'st the weary strife of frail humanity !

There are who ask not if thine eye  
 Be on them ; who in love and truth  
 Where no misgiving is, rely  
 Upon the genial sense of youth :  
 Glad hearts ! without reproach or blot,  
 Who do thy work, and know it not :  
 Oh ! if through confidence misplaced  
 They fail thy saving arms, dread Power ! around  
 them cast.

Serene will be our days and bright,  
 And happy will our nature be  
 When love is an unerring light,  
 And joy its own security.  
 And they a blissful course may hold  
 Ev'n now who, not unwisely bold,  
 Live in the spirit of this creed,  
 Yet seek thy firm support, according to their need.

I, loving freedom, and untried,  
 No sport of every random gust,  
 Yet being to myself a guide,  
 Too blindly have reposed my trust :  
 And oft, when in my heart was heard  
 Thy timely mandate, I deferr'd  
 The task, in smoother walks to stray ;  
 But thee I now would serve more strictly, if I may

Through no disturbance of my soul  
 Or strong compunction in me wrought,  
 I supplicate for thy control,  
 But in the quietness of thought  
 Me this uncharter'd freedom tires ,  
 I feel the weight of chance desires  
 My hopes no more must change their name :  
 I long for a repose that ever in the same.

Stern Lawgiver ! yet thou dost wear  
 The Godhead's most benignant grace ;  
 Nor know we anything so fair  
 As is the smile upon thy face ;  
 Flowers laugh before thee on their beds.  
 And fragrance in thy footing treads ;  
 Thou dost preserve the stars from wrong ;  
 And the most ancient heavens, through thee, are  
 fresh and strong.

To humbler functions, awful Power !  
 I call thee : I myself commend  
 Unto thy guidance from this hour ;  
 : Oh let my weakness have an end !

Give unto me, made lowly wise,  
 The spirit of self-sacrifice ;  
 The confidence of reason give ;  
 And in the light of Truth thy bondman let me live.  
 —Wordsworth.

117.—UPON WESTMINSTER BRIDGE.

EARTH has not anything to show more fair :  
 Dull would he be of soul who could pass by  
 A sight so touching in its majesty  
 This City now doth like a garment wear

The beauty of the morning : silent, bare,  
 Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie  
 Open unto the fields, and to the sky,  
 All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.

Never did sun more beautifully steep  
 In his first splendour, valley, rock, or hill ;  
 Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep !  
 The river glideth at his own sweet will :  
 Dear God ! the very houses seem asleep ;  
 And all that mighty heart is lying still !

—Wordsworth.



## 118.—THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

SWEET Auburn ! loveliest village of the plain :  
Where health and plenty cheered the labouring swain,  
Where smiling its earliest visit paid,  
And parting summer's lingering blooms delayed :  
Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease,  
Seats of my youth, when every sport could please,  
How often have I loitered o'er thy green,  
Where humble happiness endeared each scene,  
How often have I paused on every charm,  
The sheltered cot, the cultivated farm,  
The never-failing brook, the busy mill,  
The decent church that topt the neighbouring hill,  
The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,  
For talking age and whispering lovers made !  
How often have I blessed the coming day,  
When toil remitting lent its turn to play,  
And all the village train, from labour free,  
Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree  
While many a pastime circled in the shade,  
The young contending as the old surveyed ;  
And many a gambol frolicked o'er the ground,  
And sleights of art and feats of strength went round,  
[ And still, as each repeated pleasure tired,  
Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspired ;  
The dancing pair that simply sought renown  
By holding out to tire each other down :  
The swain mistrustless of his smutted face,  
While secret laughter tittered round the place ;

The bashful virgin's sidelong looks of love,  
 The matron's glance that would those looks reprove.  
 These were thy charms, sweet village ! sports like these  
 With sweet succession taught even toil to please :  
 These round thy bowers their cheerful influence shed :  
 These were thy charms—but all these charms are fled.

Sweet smiling village, loveliest of the lawn,  
 Thy sports are fled, and all thy charms withdrawn ;  
 Amidst thy bowers the tyrant's hand is seen,  
 And desolation saddens all thy green :  
 One only master grasps the whole domain  
 And half a tillage stints thy smiling plain.  
 No more the glassy brook reflects the day,  
 But, choked with sedges works its weedy way ;  
 Along thy glades, a solitary guest,  
 The hollow sounding bittern guards its nest ;  
 Amidst thy desert walks the lapwing flies,  
 And tires their echoes with unvaried cries ;  
 Sunk are thy bowers in shapeless ruin all,  
 And the long grass o'ertops the mouldering wall ,  
 And trembling, shrinking from the spoiler's hand,  
 Far, far away thy children leave the land.  
 Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,  
 Where wealth accumulates, and men decay :  
 Princes and lords may flourish, or may fade ;  
 A breath can make them, as a breath has made :  
 But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,  
 When once destroyed, can never be supplied.

A time there was, ere England's griefs began,  
 When every rood of ground maintained its man :  
 For him light labour spread her wholesome store,  
 Just gave what life required, but gave no more :  
 His best companions innocence and health ;  
 And his best riches ignorance of wealth.  
 But times are altered ; trade's unfeeling train  
 Usurp the land and dispossess the swain ;  
 Along the lawn, where scattered hamlets rose,  
 Unwieldy wealth and cumbrous pomp repose,  
 And every want to opulence allied,  
 And every pang that folly pays to pride.  
 Those gentle hours that plenty bade to bloom,  
 Those calm desires that asked but little room,  
 Those healthful sports that graced the peaceful scene  
 Lived in each look, and brightened all the green  
 These, far departing, seek a kinder shore,  
 And rural mirth and manners are no more.

Sweet Auburn ! parent of the blissful hour,  
 Thy glades forlorn confess the tyrant's power.  
 Here, as I take my solitary rounds  
 Amidst thy tangling walks and ruined grounds,  
 And, many a year elapsed, return to view  
 Where once the cottage stood, the hawthorn grew,  
 Remembrance wakes with all her busy train,  
 Swells at my breast, and turns the past to pain.

In all my wanderings round this world of care,  
 In all my griefs—and God has given my share—

I still had hopes, my latest hours to crown,  
 Amidst these humble bowers to lay me down .  
 To husband out life's taper at the close,  
 And keep the flame from wasting by repose.  
 I still had hopes, for pride attends us still,  
 Amidst the swains to show my book-learned skill,  
 Around my fire an evening group to draw,  
 And tell of all felt, and all I saw ;  
 And as a hare, whom hounds and horns pursue  
 Pants to the place from whence at first he flew,  
 I still had hopes, my long vexations past,  
 Here to return—and die at home at last.

O blest retirement, friend to life's decline,  
 Retreats from care, that never must be mine.  
 How happy he who crowns in shades like these  
 A youth of labour with an age of ease ;  
 Who quits a world where strong temptations try,  
 And since 'tis hard to combat, learns to fly !  
 For him no wretches, born to work and weep,  
 Explore the mine, or tempt the dangerous deep ;  
 No surly porter stands in guilty state,  
 To spurn imploring famine from the gate .  
 But on he moves to meet his latter end,  
 Angels around befriending Virtue's friend ;  
 Bends to the grave with unperceived decay,  
 While resignation gently slopes the way ;  
 And, all his prospects brightening to the last,  
 His heaven commences ere the world be past !  
 Sweet was the sound, when oft at evening's close  
 Up yonder hill the village murmur rose :

There, as I passed with careless steps and slow,  
 The mingling notes came softened from below ;  
 The swain responsive as the milk-maid sung,  
 The sober herd that loved to meet their young,  
 The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool,  
 The playful children just let loose from school,  
 The watch-dog's voice that bayed the whispering wind,  
 And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind ;—  
 These all in sweet confusion sought the shade,  
 And filled each pause the nightingale had made.  
 But now the sounds of population fail,  
 No cheerful murmurs fluctuate in the gale,  
 No busy steps the grass-grown footway tread,  
 For all the blooming flush of life is fled—  
 All but you widowed, solitary thing,  
 That feebly bends besides the plashy spring ;  
 She, wretched matron, forced in age, for bread  
 To strip the brook with mantling cresses spread,  
 To pick her wintry faggot from the thorn,  
 To seek her nightly shed, and weep till morn ;  
 She only left of the harmless train,  
 The sad historian of the pensive plain !

Near yonder copse, where once the garden smiled,  
 And still where many a garden flower grows wild ;  
 There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,  
 The village preacher's modest mansion rose.  
 A man he was to all the country dear,  
 And passing rich with forty pounds a year ;  
 Remote from towns he ran his godly race,  
 Nor e'er had changed, nor wished to change his place ;

Unpractised he to fawn, or seek for power,  
 By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour ;  
 Far other aims his heart had learned to prize,  
 More skilled to raise the wretched than to rise.  
 His house was known to all the vagrant train ;  
 He chid their wanderings, but relived their pain :  
 The long remembered beggar was his guest,  
 Whose beard descending swept his aged breast ;  
 The ruined spendthrift, now no longer proud,  
 Claimed kindred there, and had his claims allowed ;  
 The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,  
 Sat by his fire, and talked the night away.  
 Wept o'er his wounds, or, tales of sorrow done,  
 Shouldered his crutch and showed how fields were won,  
 Pleased with his guest, the good man learned to glow,  
 And quite forgot their vices in their woe ;  
 Careless their merits or their faults to scan,  
 His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,  
 And e'en his failings leaned to Virtue's side ;  
 But in his duty prompt at every call,  
 He watched and wept, he prayed and felt for all  
 And, as a bird each fond endearment tries  
 To attempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies,  
 He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,  
 Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.

Beside the bed where parting life was laid,  
 And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dismayed

The reverend champion stood. At his control  
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul ;  
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,  
And his last faltering accents whispered praise.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,  
His looks adorned the venerable place ,  
Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway,  
And fools, who came to scoff remained to pray  
The service past, around the pious man,  
With steady zeal, each honest rustic ran ,  
Even children followed with endearing wile,  
And plucked his gown to share the good man's smile.  
His ready smile a parent's warmth exprest ,  
Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distrest :  
To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,  
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven.  
As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,  
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,  
Tho' round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,  
Eternal in sunshine settles on its head

Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way  
With blossomed furze unprofitable gay,  
There, in his noisy mansion, skilled to rule,  
The village master taught his little school  
A man severe he was, and stern to view ,—  
I knew him well, and every truant knew :  
Well had the boding tremblers learned to trace  
The day's disasters in his morning face ;

Full well they laughed with counterfeited glee  
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he ;  
Full well the busy whisper circling round,  
Conveyed the dismal tidings when he frowned.  
Yet he was kind, or, if severe in aught,  
The love he bore to learning was in fault ,  
The village all declared how much he knew .  
'Twas certain he could write, and cipher too :  
Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,  
And even the story ran that he could gauge :  
In arguing, too, the parson owned his skill ;  
For, even tho' vanquished, he could argue still ;  
While words of learned length and thundering sound  
Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around ,  
And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew  
That one small head could carry all he knew.  
But past is all his fame. The very spot  
Where many a time he triumphed is forgot.  
Near yonder thorn, that lifts its head on high,  
Where once the sign-post caught the passing eye,  
Low lies that house where nut-brown draughts inspired,  
Where gray-beard mirth and smiling toil retired,  
Where village statesmen talked with looks profound,  
And news much older than their ale went round.  
Imagination fondly stoops to trace  
The parlour-splendours of that festive place :  
The white-washed wall, the nicely-sanded floor,  
The varnished clock that clicked behind the door ;  
The chest contrived a double debt to pay,  
A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day ;



The pictures placed for ornament and use,  
 The twelve good rules, the royal game of goose ;  
 The hearth, except when winter chilled the day,  
 With aspen boughs, and flowers and fennel gay ;  
 While broken tea-cups, wisely kept for show,  
 Ranged o'er the chimney, glistened in a row.  
 Vain transitory splendours ! could not all  
 Reprieve the tottering mansion from its fall ?  
 Obscure it sinks, nor shall it more impart  
 An hour's importance to the poor man's heart. -  
 Thither no more the peasant shall repair  
 To sweet oblivion of his daily care ;  
 No more the farmer's news, the barber's tale,  
 No more the woodman's ballad shall prevail ;  
 No more the smith his dusky brow shall clear,  
 Relax his ponderous strength, and lean to hear ;  
 The host himself no longer shall be found  
 Careful to see the mantling bliss go round ;  
 Nor the coy maid, half-willing to be prest,  
 Yes ! let the rich deride, the proud disdain,  
 These simple blessings of the lowly train ;  
 To me more dear, congenial to my heart,  
 One native charm, than all the gloss of art :  
 Spontaneous joys, where nature has its play,  
 The soul adopts, and owns their first-born sway ;  
 Lightly they frolic o'er the vacant mind,  
 Unenvied, unmolested, unconfined.  
 But the long pomp, the midnight masquerade,  
 With all the freaks of wanton wealth arrayed—

In these, ere triflers half their wish obtain,  
The toiling pleasure sickens into pain ;  
And e'en while fashion's brightest arts decoy,  
The heart distrusting asks if this be joy.

—*Goldsmith.*

119.—THE GRAVES OF A HOUSEHOLD.

THEY grew in beauty, side by side,  
They filled one home with glee,—  
Their graves are severed far and wide  
By mount, and stream, and sea.

The same fond mother bent at night  
O'er each fair sleeping brow ;  
She had each folded flower in sight—  
Where are those dreamers now ?

One midst the forests of the West,  
By a dark stream is laid—  
The Indian knows his place of rest,  
Far in the cedar-shade.

The sea, the blue lone sea has one,  
He lies where pearls lie deep ;  
He was the loved of all, yet none  
O'er his low bed may weep.

One sleeps where southern vines are dressed  
Above the noble slain ;

He wrapt his colours round his breast,  
On a blood-red field of Spain.

And one—o'er her the myrtle showers  
Its leaves, by soft winds fanned  
She faded 'midst Italian flowers—  
The last of the bright band.

And parted thus rest, who played  
Beneath the same green tree ;  
Whose voices mingled as they prayed  
Around one parent knee !

They, that with smile lit up the hall,  
And cheered with song the hearth—  
Alas for Love ! if thou wert all  
And nought beyond, O Earth !

—F. Hemans.

#### 120.—HAMLET'S SOLILOQUY.

To be, or not to be : that is the question  
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer  
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,  
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,  
And by opposing end them ? To die : to sleep ;  
No more ; and by a sleep to say we end  
The heart-ache and the thousand natural shocks  
That flesh is heir to, 'tis a consummation  
Devoutly to be wish'd. 'To die, to sleep ;  
To sleep : perchance to dream : ay, there's the rub ;

For in that sleep of death what dreams may come  
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil  
Must give us pause. there's the respect  
That makes calamity of so long life ;  
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,  
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely  
The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,  
The insolence of office and the spurns  
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,  
When he himself might his quietus make  
With a bare bodkin ? who would fardels bear,  
To grunt and sweat under a weary life,  
But that the dread of something after death,  
The undiscover'd country from whose bourn  
No traveller returns, puzzles the will  
And makes us rather bear those ills we have  
Than fly to others that we know not of ?  
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all,  
And thus the native hue of resolution  
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,  
And enterprises of great pitch and moment  
With this regard their currents turn away,  
And lose the name of action.

—*Shakespeare.*

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## 121.—TO A FALSE FRIEND.

Our hands have met, but not our hearts ,  
Our hands will never meet again.  
Friends, if we have ever been,  
Friends, we cannot now remain  
I only know I loved you once,  
I only know I loved in vain ;  
Our hands have met, but not our hearts ;  
Our hands will never meet again !

Then farewell to heart and hand !  
I would our hands had never met .  
Even the outward form of love  
Must be resign'd with some regret.  
Friends, we still might seem to be,  
If I my wrong could e'er forget ;  
Our hands have join'd, but not our hearts  
I would our hands had never met !

—Hood.

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## 122.—THE TRAVELLER.

VAIN, very vain, my weary search to find  
 That bliss which only centres in the mind.  
 Why have I strayed from pleasure and repose,  
 To seek a good each government bestows ?  
 In every government, though terrors reign,  
 Though tyrant kings or tyrant laws restrain,  
 How small of all that human hearts endure,  
 That part which laws or kings can cause or cure !  
 Still to ourselves in every place consigned,  
 Our own felicity we make or find :  
 With secret course, which no loud storms annoy,  
 Glides the smooth current of domestic joy.  
 The lifted axe, the agonizing wheel,  
 Luke's iron crown, and Damiens' bed of steel,  
 To men remote from power but rarely known,  
 Leave reason, faith, and conscience, all our own.  
—Goldsmith.

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## 123.—ODE TO EVENING

If aught of oaten stop or pastoral song  
 May hope, O pensive Eve, to smoothe thy modest ear,  
 Like thy own brawling springs,  
 Thy springs, and dying gales ,  
 O Nymph reserved,—while now the bright-hair'd sun  
 Sits in yon western tent, whose cloudy skirts,  
 With brede ethereal wove,  
 O'erhang his wavy bed ;

Now air is hush'd save where the weak-eyed bat  
 With short shrill shriek flits by on leathern wing,  
 Or where the beetle winds  
 His small but sullen horn,

As oft he rises midst the twilight path,  
 Against the pilgrim borne in heedless hum,—  
 Now teach me, maid composed,  
 To breathe some soften'd strain

Whose numbers, stealing through thy darkening vale  
 May not unseemly with its stillness suit ;  
 As, musing slow, I hail  
 Thy genial loved return.

For when thy folding-star arising shows  
 His paly circlet, at his warning lamp  
 The fragrant Hours, and Elves  
 Who slept in buds the day,

And many a Nymph who wreathes her brows with sedge  
 And sheds the freshening dew, and, lovelier still,  
 The pensive Pleasures sweet,  
 Prepare thy shadowy car.

Then let me rove some wild and heathy scene ;  
 Or find some ruin midst its dreary dells,  
 Whose walls more awful nod  
 By thy religious gleams.

Or, if chill blustering winds of driving rain  
Prevent my willing feet, be mine the hut  
That, from the mountain's side,  
Views wilds, and swelling floods,

And hamlets brown, and dim-discover'd spires ;  
And hears their simple bell ; and marks o'er all  
Thy dewy fingers draw  
The gradual dusky veil.

While spring shall pour his showers as oft he wont  
And bathe thy breathing tresses, meekest Eve !  
While Summer loves to sport  
Beneath thy lingering light ;

While fallow Autumn fills thy lap with leaves ;  
Or Winter, yelling through the troublous air,  
Affrights thy shrinking train  
And rudely rends thy robe.

So long, regardless of thy quiet rule,  
Shall Fancy, Friendship, Science, Smiling Peace,  
Thy gentlest influence own,  
And love thy favourite name !

—Collins.

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## 124.—HAIL HOLY LIGHT.

HAIL, holy Light, offspring of heaven first-born !  
Or of the Eternal co-eternal beam  
May I express thee unblamed ? since God is light,  
And never but in unapproached light  
Dwelt from eternity—dwelt then in thee,  
Bright effluence of bright essence increate !  
Or hear'st thou rather pure Ethereal stream,  
Whose fountain who shall tell ? Before the Sun,  
Before the heavens, thou wert, and at the voice  
Of God, as with a mantle, didst invest  
The rising world of waters dark and deep,  
Won from the void and formless infinite !  
Thee I revisit now with bolder wing,  
Escaped the Stygian pool, though long detained  
In that obscure sojourn, while in my flight.  
Through utter and through middle darkness borne,  
With other notes than to the Orphean lyre  
I sung of Chaos and eternal Night,  
Taught by the Heavenly Muse to venture down  
The dark descent and up to re-ascend,  
Though hard and rare. Thee I revisit safe  
And feel thy sovran vital lamp, but thou  
Revisit'st not these eyes, that roll in vain  
To find thy piercing ray, and find no dawn ;  
So thick a drop serene hath quenched their orbs,  
Or dim suffusion veiled. Yet not the more  
Cease I to wander where the Muses haunt  
Clear spring, or shady grove, or sunny hill,

Smit with the love of sacred song : but chief  
 Thee, Sion, and the flowery brooks beneath,  
 That wash thy hallowed feet, and warbling flow,  
 Nightly I visit . nor sometimes forget  
 Those other two equalled with me in fate,  
 So were I equalled with them in renown,  
 Blind Thamyras and blind Mæonides,  
 And Tires and Phineus, prophets old :  
 Then feed on thoughts, that voluntary move  
 Harmonious numbers ; as the wakeful bird  
 Sings darkling, and, in shadiest covert hid,  
 Tunes her nocturnal note. Thus with the year  
 Seasons return , but not to me returns  
 Day, of the sweet approach of even or morn  
 Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,  
 Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine ;  
 But cloud instead and ever-during dark  
 Surrounds me, from the cheerful ways of men  
 Cut off, and, for the book of knowledge fair,  
 Presented with a universal blank  
 Of Nature's works, to me expunged and raised,  
 And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out.  
 So much the rather thou, Celestial Light,  
 Shine inward, and the mind through all her powers  
 Irradiate , there plant eyes ; all mist from thence  
 Purge and disperse, that I may see and tell  
 Of things invisible to mortal sight.

—Milton.

## 125.—LYCIDAS.

## ELEGY ON A FRIEND DROWNED IN THE IRISH CHANNEL.

YET once more, O ye laurels, and once more,  
 Yet myrtles brown, with ivy never sere,  
 I come to pluck your berries harsh and crude,  
 And with forc'd fingers rude  
 Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year.  
 Bitter constraint, and sad occasion dear,  
 Compels me to disturb your season due.  
 For Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime,  
 Young Lycidas, and hath not left his peer.  
 Who would not sing for Lycidas? he knew  
 Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhyme.  
 He must not float upon his watery bier  
 Unwept, and welter, to the parching wind,  
 Without the meed of some melodious tear

Begin then, Sisters of the sacred well,  
 That from beneath the seat of Jove doth spring,  
 Begin, and somewhat loudly sweep the string.  
 Hence with denial vain and coy excuse,  
 So may some gentle Muse  
 With lucky words favour my destin'd urn  
 And as he passes turn  
 And bid fair peace be to my sable shroud.

For we were nursed upon the self-same hill,  
 Fed the same flock by fountain, shade, and rill.  
 Together both, ere the high lawns appear'd  
 Under the opening eyelids of the morn,

We drove a field, a both together heard  
 What time the gray-fly winds her sultry horn,  
 Battening our flocks with the fresh dews of night,  
 Oft till the star, that rose, at evening, bright,  
 Toward heaven's descent had sloped his west'ring wheel  
 Meanwhile the rural ditties were not mute,  
 Temper'd to the oaten flute,  
 Rough Satyrs danc'd and Fauns with cloven heel  
 From the glad sound would not be absent long,  
 And old Damoetas loved to hear our song.

But, O the heavy change, and now thou art gone,  
 Now thou art gone, and never must return !  
 Thee, Shepherd, thee the woods, and desert caves  
 With wild thyme and the gadding vine o'ergrown,  
 And all their echoes mourn.  
 The willows and the hazel copses green,  
 Sha'll now no more be seen,  
 Fanning their joyous leaves to thy soft lays.  
 As killing as the canker to the rose,  
 Or taint-worm to the weanling herds that graze,  
 Or frost to flow'rs that their gay wardrobe wear.  
 When first the white-thorn blows ;  
 Such, Lycidas, thy loss to shepherd's ear.

Where were ye, Nymphs, when the remorseless deep  
 Clos'd o'er the head of your lov'd Lycidas ?  
 For neither were ye playing on the steep,  
 Where your old bards, the famous Druids, lie,  
 Nor on the shaggy top of Mona high,  
 Nor yet where Deva spreads her wizard stream ;

Ay me ! I fondly dream !

Had ye been there, for what could that have done ?

What could the Muse herself that Orpheus bore,

The Muse herself, for her enchanting son,

Whom universal nature did lament,

When by the rout that made the hideous roar,

His gory visage down the stream was sent,

Down the swift Hebrus to the Lesbian shore ?

Alas ! what boots it with incessant care

To tend the homely slighted shepherd's trade

And strictly meditate the thankless Muse ?

Were it not better done as others use,

To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,

Or with the tangles of Neaera's hair ?

Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise

(That last infirmity of noble mind)

To scorn delights, and live laborious days ;

But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,

And think to burst out into sudden blaze

Comes the blind Fury with th' abhorred shears

And slits the thin-spun life. 'But not the praise.'

Phoebus replied, and touch'd my trembling ears ;

'Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,

Nor in the glist'ring foil

Set off to th' world, nor in broad rumour lies ;

But lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes,

And perfect witness of all-judging Jove ;

And he pronounces lastly on each deed,

Of so much fame in heav'n expect thy meed.'

O fountain Arethuse, and thou honour'd flood,  
 Smooth-sliding Mincius, crown'd with vocal reeds,  
 That strain I heard was of a higher mood :  
 But now my oat proceeds,  
 And listens to the herald of the sea  
 That came in Neptune's plea ;  
 He ask'd the waves, and ask'd the felon winds,  
 What hard mishap hath doom'd this gentle swain ?  
 And question'd every gust of rugged wings  
 That blows from off each beaked promontory -  
 They knew not of his story,  
 And sage Hippotades their answer brings,  
 That not a blast was from his dungeon stray'd,  
 The air was calm, and on the level brine  
 Sleek Panopæ with all her sisters play'd.  
 It was that fatal and perfidious bark  
 Built in th' eclipse, and rigg'd with curses dark,  
 That sunk so low that sacred head of thine.

Next Camus, reverend sire, went footing slow,  
 His mantle hairy, and his bonnet sedge,  
 Inwrought with figures dim, and on the edge  
 Like to that sanguine flow'r inscribed with woe.  
 'Ah ! who hath reft,' quoth he, my dearest pledge !'  
 Last came, and last did go,  
 The pilot of the Galilean lake ;  
 Two massy keys he bore of metals twain,  
 (The golden opes, the iron shuts amain) ;  
 He shook his mitred locks, and stern bespake,  
 'How well could I have spared for thee, young swain,  
 Enow of such, as for their bellies' sake

Creep and intrude, and climb into the fold ?  
 Of other care they little reckoning make  
 Than how to scramble at the shearer's feast,  
 And shove away the worthy bidden guest ;  
 Blind mouths ! that scarce themselves know how to hold  
 A sheep-hook, or have learn'd aught else the least  
 That to the faithful herdman's art belongs !  
 What recks it them ? What need they ? They are sped  
 And when they list, their lean and flashy songs  
 Grate on their scrannel pipes of wretched straw ,  
 The hungry sheep look up, and are not fed,  
 But swoll'n with wind and the rank must they draw,  
 Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread .  
 Besides what the grim wolf with privy paw  
 Daily devours apace, and nothing said ,  
 But that two-handed engine at the door  
 Stands ready to smite once, and smite no more `

Return, Alpheus, the dread voice is past,  
 That shrunk thy streams , return, Sicilian Muse,  
 And call the vales, and bid them hither cast  
 Their bells, and flow'rets of a thousand hues.  
 Ye valleys low, where the mild whispers use  
 Of shades, and wanton winds, and gushing brooks,  
 On whose fresh lap the swart star sparely looks .  
 Throw hither all your quaint enamell'd eyes  
 That on the green turf suck the honied showers  
 And purple all the ground with vernal flowers.  
 Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken dies,  
 The tufted crow-toe, and pale jessamine,  
 The white pink, and the pansy freak'd with jet,

The glowing violet,  
 The musk-rose, and the well-attir'd woodbine,  
 With cowslips wan that hang the pensive head,  
 And every flower that sad embroidery wears :  
 Bid amaranthus all his beauty shed,  
 And daffodillies fill their cups with tears,  
 To strew the laureate hearse where Lycid lies.  
 For so to interpose a little ease,  
 Let our frail thoughts dally with false surmise,  
 Ay me ! whilst thee the shores, and sounding seas  
 Wash far away, where'er thy bones are hurl'd,  
 Whether beyond the stormy Hebrides,  
 Where thou perhaps under the whelming tide,  
 Visit'st the bottom of the monstrous world ,  
 Or whether thou to our moist vows denied,  
 Sleep'st by the fable of Bellerus old,  
 Where the great Vision of the guarded mount  
 Look towards Namancos and Bayona's hold ;  
 Look homeward Angel now, and melt with ruth :  
 And, O ye dolphins, waft the hapless youth,  
 Weep no more, woeful shepherds, weep no more  
 For Lycidas, your sorrow, is not dead,  
 Sunk though he be beneath the watery floor  
 So sinks the day-star in the ocean bed,  
 And yet anon repairs his drooping head,  
 And tricks his beams, and with new spangled ore  
 Flames in the forehead of the morning sky :  
 So Lycidas sunk low, but mounted high  
 Through the dear night of Him that walk'd the waves,  
 Where other groves, and other streams along,



With nectar pure his oozy locks he laves,  
 And hears the unexpressive nuptial song  
 In the blest kingdoms meek of joy and love.  
 There entertain him all the saints above,  
 In solemn troops, and sweet societies,  
 That sing, and singing, in their glory move,  
 And wipe the tears for ever from his eyes.  
 Now, Lycidas, the shepherds weep no more ;  
 Henceforth thou art the Genius of the shore,  
 In thy large recompense, and shalt be good  
 To all that wander in that perilous floor.

Thus sang the uncouth swain to th' oaks and rills,  
 While the still morn went out with sandals gray,  
 He touch'd the tender stops of various quills,  
 With eager thought warbling his Doric lay ;  
 And now the sun had stretch'd out all the hills,  
 And now was dropt into the western bay ;  
 At last he rose, and twitch'd his mantle blue ;  
 To-morrow to fresh woods, and pastures new.

—*Milton.*

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#### 126.—THE DEATH-BED.

We watch'd her breathing thro' the night,  
 Her breathing soft and low,  
 As in her breast the wave of life  
 Kept heaving to and fro.  
 So silently we seem'd to speak,  
 So slowly moved about,

As we had lent her half our powers  
To eke her living out.

Our very hopes belied our fears,  
Our fears our hopes belied,—  
We thought her dying when she slept,  
And sleeping when she died.

For when the morn came dim and sad  
And chill with early showers,  
Her quiet eyelids closed—she had  
Another morn than ours.

—Hood.

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#### 127.—AS SLOW OUR SHIP

As slow our ship her foamy track  
Against the wind was cleaving,  
Her trembling pennant still looked back  
To that dear isle 'twas leaving.  
So loth we part from all we love,  
From all the links that bind us ;  
So turn our hearts, where'er we rove,  
To those we've left behind us !

When, round the bowl, of vanished years  
We talk, with joyous seeming—  
With smiles, that might as well be tears  
So faint, so sad their beaming ;

While memory brings us back again  
 Each early tie that twined us,  
 Oh, sweet's the cup that circles then  
 To those we've left behind us !

And when, in other climes, we meet  
 Some isle or vale enchanting,  
 Where all looks flowery, wild, and sweet,  
 And nought but love is wanting ;  
 We think how great had been our bliss,  
 If heaven had but assigned us  
 To live and die in scenes like this,  
 With some we've left behind us !

As travellers oft look back, at eve,  
 When eastward darkly going,  
 To gaze upon that light they leave  
 Still faint behind them glowing,—  
 So, when the close of pleasure's day  
 To gloom hath near consigned us,  
 We turn to catch one fading ray  
 Of joy that's left behind us.

—*T. Moore.*

### 128.—MORTE D'ARTHUR.

So all day long the noise of battle roll'd  
 Among the mountains by the winter sea ;  
 Until King Arthur's table man by man,  
 Had fallen in Lyonesse about their Lord,

King Arther : then, because his wound was deep,  
The bold Sir Bedivere uplifted him,  
Sir Bedivere, the last of all his knights,  
And bore him to a chapel nigh the field,  
A broken chancel with a broken cross,  
That stood on a dark strait of barren land.  
On one side lay the Ocean, and on one  
Lay a great water, and the moon was full,  
Then spake King Arthur to Sir Bedivere :  
'The sequel of to-day unsolders all,  
The goodliest fellowship of famous knights  
Whereof this world holds record. Such a sleep  
They sleep—the men I loved, I think that we  
Shall never more, at any future time,  
Delight our souls with talk of knightly deeds,  
Walking about the gardens and the halls  
Of Camelot, as in the days that were.  
I perish by this people which I made,—  
Tho' Merlin sware that I should come again  
To rule once more—but let what will be, be,  
I am so deeply smitten thro' the helm  
That without help I cannot last till morn.  
Thou therefore take my brand Excalibur,  
Which was my pride : for thou rememberest how  
In those old days, one summer noon, an arm  
Rose up from out the bosom of the lake,  
Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,  
Holding the sword—and how I row'd across  
And took it, and have worn it, like a king

And, wheresoever I am sung or told  
 In aftertime, this also shall be known :  
 But now delay not : take Excalibur,  
 And fling him far into the middle mere  
 Watch what thou seest, and lightly bring me word.'  
 To him replied the bold Sir Bedivere :  
 'It is not meet, Sir King, to leave thee thus,  
 Aidless, alone, and smitten thro' the helm.  
 A little thing may harm a wounded man.  
 Yet I thy hest will all perform at full,  
 Watch what I see, and lightly bring thee word.'  
 So saying, from the ruin'd shrine he stept  
 And in the moon athwart the place of tombs,  
 Where lay the mighty bones of ancient men,  
 Old knights and over them the sea-wind sang  
 Shrill, chill with flakes of foam. He, stepping down  
 By zig-zag paths, and juts of pointed rock,  
 Came on the shining level of the lake.  
 There drew he forth the brand Excalibur,  
 And o'er him, drawing it, the winter moon,  
 Brightening the skirts of a long cloud, ran forth  
 And sparkled keen with frost against the hilt :  
 For all the haft twinkled with diamond sparks,  
 Myriads of topaz-lights, and jacinth-work  
 Of subtlest jewellery. He gazed so long  
 That both his eyes were dazzled, as he stood,  
 This way and that dividing the swift mind,  
 In act to throw : but at the last it seem'd  
 Better to leave Excalibur conceal'd

'There in the many knotted waterflage,  
 That whistled stiff and dry about the marge.  
 So strode he back slow to the wounded King.  
 Then spake King Arthur to Sir Bedivere :  
 Hast thou perform'd my mission which I gave ?  
 What is it thou hast seen ? or what hast heard ?  
 And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere :  
 'I heard the ripple washing in the reeds,  
 And the wild water lapping on the crag.'  
 To whom replied King Arthur, faint and pale :  
 Thou hast betray'd thy nature and thy name,  
 Not rendering true answer, as beseem'd  
 Thy fealty nor like a noble knight :  
 For surer sign had follow'd either hand,  
 Or voice, or else a motion of the mere.  
 This is a shameful thing for men to lie.  
 Yet now, I charge thee, quickly go again  
 As thou art lief and dear, and do the thing  
 I bade thee, watch, and lightly bring me word.'  
 Then went Sir Bedivere the second time,  
 Counting the diewy pebbles, fix'd in thought ;  
 But when he saw the wonder of the hilt,  
 How curiously and strangely chased, he smote  
 His palms together, and he cried aloud,  
 'And if indeed I cast the brand away,  
 Surely a precious thing, one worthy note,  
 Should thus be lost for ever from the earth,  
 Which might have pleased the eyes of many men,  
 What good should follow this, if this were done ?  
 What harm, undone ? deep harm to disobey,

Seeing obedience is the bond of rule :  
 Were it well to obey then, if a king demand  
 An act unprofitable, against himself ?  
 The king is sick, and knows not what he does,  
 What record, or what relic of my Lord  
 Should be to aftertime, but empty breath  
 And rumours of a doubt ? but were this kept  
 Stored in some treasure-house of mighty kings,  
 Some one might show it at a joust of arms,  
 Saying, "King Arthur's sword, Excalibur,  
 Wrought by the lonely maiden of the Lake,  
 Nine years she wrought it, sitting in the deeps  
 Upon the hidden bases of the hills."  
 So might some old man speak in the aftertime  
 To all the people, winning reverence,  
 But now much honour and much fame were lost.  
 So spake he, clouded with his own conceit,  
 And hid Excalibur the second time,  
 And so strode back slow to the wounded King.  
 Then spoke King Arthur, breathing heavily :  
 'What is it thou hast seen ? or what hast heard ?'  
 And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere :  
 'I heard the water lapping on the crag,  
 And the long ripple washing in the reeds.'  
 To whom replied King Arthur, much in wrath :  
 'Ah, miserable and unkind, untrue,  
 Unknightly, traitor-hearted ! Woe is me !  
 Authority forgets a dying king,  
 Laid widow'd of the power in his eye  
 That bow'd the will. I see thee what thou art,  
 For thou, the latest left of all my knights,

In whom should meet the offices of all,  
 Thou wouldst betray me for the precious hilt ;  
 Either from lust of gold, or like a girl  
 Valuing the giddy pleasure of the eyes  
 Yet, for man may fail in duty twice,  
 And the third time may prosper, get thee hence :  
 But, if thou spare to fling Excalibur,  
 I will arise and slay thee with my hands '  
 Then quickly rose Sir Bedivere, and ran,  
 And, leaping down the ridges lightly plunged  
 Among the bulrush-beds, and clutch'd the sword  
 And strongly wheel'd and threw it. The great brand  
 Made lightnings in the splendour of the moon,  
 And flashing round and round, and whirl'd in an arch  
 Shot like a streamer of the northern morn,  
 Seen where the moving isles of winter shock  
 By night, with noises of the northern sea.  
 So flash'd and fell the brand Excalibur :  
 But ere he dipt the surface, rose an arm  
 Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,  
 And caught him by the hilt, and brandish'd him  
 Three times and drew him under in the mere.  
 And lightly went the other to the King.  
 Then spoke King Arthur, drawing thicker breath :  
 'Now see I by thine eyes that this is done.  
 Speak out : what is it thou hast heard, or seen ?  
 And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere :  
 'Sir King, I closed mine eyelids, lest the gems  
 Should blind my purpose, for I never saw,  
 Nor shall see, here or elsewhere, till die,  
 Not tho' I live three lives of mortal men,



So great a miracle as yonder hilt,  
 Then with both hands I flung him, wheeling him ;  
 But when I look'd again, beheld an arm,  
 Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,  
 That caught him by the hilt, and bransh'd him  
 Three times, and drew him under in the mere.'  
 And answer made King Arthur, breathing hard ;  
 'My end draws nigh ; 'tis time that I were gone.  
 Make broad thy shoulders to receive my weight  
 And bear me to the margin ; yet I fear  
 My wound hath taken cold, and I shall die.'  
 So saying, from the pavement he half rose,  
 Slowly, with pain, reclining on his arm,  
 And looking wistfully with wide blue eyes  
 As in a picture. Him Sir Bedivere  
 Remorsefully regarded thro' his tears,  
 And would have spoken, but he found not words,  
 Then took with care, and kneeling on one knee,  
 O'er both his shoulders drew the languid hands,  
 And rising bore him thro' the place of tombs.  
 But, as he walk'd King Arthur panted hard,  
 Like one that feels a nightmare on his bed  
 When all the house is mute. So sigh'd the King,  
 Muttering and murmuring at his ear, 'Quick, quick !  
 I fear it is too late, and I shall die.'  
 But the other swiftly strode from ridge to ridge,  
 Clothed with his breath, and looking, as he walk'd  
 Larger than human on the frozen hills.  
 He heard the deep behind him, and a cry  
 Before. His own thought drove him, like a goad.  
 Dry clash'd his harness in the icy caves

And barren chasms, and all to left and right  
 The bare black cliff clang'd round him, as he based  
 His feet on justs of slippery crag that rang  
 Shrip-smitten with the dint of armed heels—  
 And on a sudden, lo ! the level lake,  
 And the long glories of the winter moon.

Then saw they how there hove a dusky barge,  
 Dark as a funeral scarf from stem to stren,  
 Beneath them ; and descending they were ware  
 That all the decks were dense with stately forms  
 Black-stoled, black-hooded, like a dream—by these  
 Three Queens with crowns of gold—and from them  
                   rose

A cry that shiver'd to the tingling stars,  
 And, as it were one voice an agony  
 Of lamentation, like a wind, that agony  
 All night in a waste land, where no one comes,  
 Or hath come, since the making of the world  
 Then murmur'd Arthur, 'Place me in the barge,'  
 And to the barge they came. There those three  
                   Queens

Put forth their hands, and took the King, and wept.  
 But she, that rose the tallest of them all  
 And fairest, laid his head upon her lap,  
 And loosed the shatter'd casque, and chafed his  
                   hands,

And call'd him by his name, complaining loud,  
 And dropping bitter tears against his brow  
 Striped with dark blood : for all his face was white  
 And colourless, and like the wither'd moon  
 Smote by the fresh beam of the springing east ;

And all his greaves and cuisses dash'd with drops  
 Of onset ; and the light and lustrous curls—  
 That made his forehead like a rising sun  
 High from the dais-throne—were parch'd with dust ;  
 Or, clotted into points and hanging loose,  
 Mix'd with the knightly growth that fringed his lips.  
 So like a shatter'd column lay the King ;  
 Not like that Arthur who, with lance in rest,  
 From spur to plume a star of tournament,  
 Shot thro' the lists at Camelot, and charged  
 Before the eyes of ladies and of kings.  
 Then loudly cried the bold Sir Bedivere,  
 'Ah ! my Lord Arthur, whither shall I go ?  
 Where shall I hide my forehead and my eyes ?  
 For now I see the true old times are dead,  
 When every morning brought a noble change,  
 And every chance brought out a noble knight  
 Such time have been not since the light that led  
 The holy Elders with the gift of myrrh.  
 But now the whole ROUND TABLE is dissolved  
 Which was an image of the mighty world ;  
 And I, the last, go forth companionless.  
 And the days darken round me and the years,  
 Among new men, strange faces, other minds.'  
 And slowly answered Arthur from the barge :  
 'The old order changeth, yielding place to new,  
 And God fulfils Himself in many ways,  
 Lest one good custom should corrupt the world.  
 Comfort thyself : what comfort is in me ?  
 I have lived my life, and that which 'I have done  
 May He within himself make pure ! but thou

If thou shouldst never see my face again,  
 Pray for my soul. More things are wrought by  
     prayer  
 Than this world dreams of. Wherefore, let thy voice  
 Rise like a fountain for me night and day.  
 Fore what are men better than sheep or goats  
 That nourish a blind life within the brain,  
 If knowing God, they lift out hands of prayer  
 Both for themselves and those who call them friend ?  
 For so the whole round earth is every way  
 Bound by gold chains about the feet of God  
 But now farewell. I am going a long way  
 With these thou seest—if indeed I go—  
 (For all my mind is clouded with a doubt)  
 To the island-valley of Avilion ;  
 Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow,  
 Nor ever wind blows loudly ; but it lies  
 Deep-meadow'd, happy, fair with orchard-lawns  
 And bowery hollows crown'd with summer sea,  
 Where I will heal me of my grievous wound.'  
 So said he, and the barge with oar and sail  
 Moved from the brink, like some full-breasted swan  
 That, fluting a wild carol ere her death,  
 Ruffles her pure cold plume, and takes the flood  
 With swarthy webs. Long stood Sir Bedivere  
 Revolving many memories, till the hull  
 Look'd one black dot against the verge of dawn,  
 And on the mere the wailing died away.

—*Tennyson.*

## 129.—POOR ROBIN.

ROBIN the cobbler, blithe and gay,  
Fiddled at night time, cobbled at day ;  
Busily worked till the curfew rang,  
Then caught up his bow, and fiddled and sang.  
Robin lived under a marble stair  
That led to a terrace, broad and fair,  
Adorned with exotics bright and rare ;  
Where every evening, taking the air,  
A nobleman walked with brow depressed,  
And within his bosom a sea of unrest :  
Trembling now at the frown of the king,  
Lest titles and honours should spread their wing ;  
Now at the fate of a suit in court,  
Then at some insult to be out-fought ;  
But oh ! for the cares unreckoned that rolled  
From that plentiful source—the lust of gold !  
The nobleman watched the declining sun ;  
Day with its business and cares was done ;  
And now for the Vigorous sons of toil,  
To the wearied spirits came glad recoil ;  
But for such as the nobleman, came no rest  
As the sun went down in the scarlet west ;  
For rest is none from ambition's strain,  
None for the heart where pride holds reign,  
None for the breast, filled with greed of gain.  
Then sudden he heard the tremulous string,  
Robin's sweet carol accompanying ;  
Unreckoned the hours that glided by,

As Robin sat twittering cheerily,  
With the moon going up in the darkling sky.  
"Now this is strange," the nobleman said,  
"That a poor man labouring for his bread,  
With a crust to eat, and a straw-strewn bed,  
Should be so jubilant, free from sorrow,  
Without a care or thought of the morrow ;  
The secret of having light heart, if found,  
Cheap would I count at a thousand pound."  
When Robin was out at a job one day,  
The nobleman hid a gold bag in the hay  
Of the cobbler's pillow, and hastened away.  
That night, as it wont, the curfew rang,  
But Robin the cobbler nor fiddled nor sang,  
For in turning his pillow his glad eyes fell  
On the purse with a wonder unspeakable.  
Now silent and musing he sat till late,  
His heart oppressed with a leaden weight  
His mind revolving where to conceal  
The treasure, where none might find and steal.  
Cautiously locking and bolting the door,  
He buried the purse underneath the floor,  
Then over it strewed his litter of straw.  
Little he slept, waking often in fear,  
Imagining burglars drawing near,  
Slumbers unbroken seemed fled for e'er.  
Night after night the nobleman strode  
The terrace above poor Robin's abode ;  
But hushed was the voice of the cobbler now  
And laid aside were the fiddle and the bow.

Then the nobleman stood before Robin's stall,  
 And said, "By accident I let fall  
 A purse of gold, through a chink in the wall,  
 Into thy cell, to thy straw it rolled ;  
 Now I have come to reclaim my gold."  
 Then the poor cobbler up raised the board,  
 Extracted the purse and the prize restored ;  
 And scarce had the nobleman turned away,  
 Ere he heard the fiddler begin to play ,  
 And he had not reached the terrace again,  
 Ere the voice was chirping a jocund strain

—S. B. Gould.

### 130 —THE MAY QUEEN

*MAY-DAY'S EVE.*

You must wake and call me early, call me early, mother  
dear ;  
 To-morrow 'ill be the happiest time of all the glad  
New-year ;  
 Of all the glad New-year, mother, the maddest, merriest  
day ;  
 For I'm to be Queen o'the May mother, I'm to be  
Queen o' the May.  
 There's many a black black eye, they say, but none so  
bright as min  
 There's Magaret and Mary, there's Kate and Caroline :  
 But none so fair as little Alice in all the land, they say ;  
 So I'm to be Queen o'the May, mother, I'm to be  
Queen o' the May.





268 LAHIRI'S SELECT ENGLISH READINGS.

Last May we made a crown of flowers, we had a merry  
day :

Beneath the hawthorn on the green they made me  
Queen of May ;

And we danced about the May-pole and in the hazel  
copse,

Till Charles's wain came out above the tall white  
chimney-tops.

There's not a flower on the hills : the frost is on the pane :  
I only wish to live till the snowdrops come again :  
I wish the snow would melt and the sun come out on  
high :

I long to see a flower so before the day I die  
The building rook will caw from the windy tall elm tree,  
And the tufted plover pipe along the fallow lea,  
And the swallow 'ill come back again with summer o'er  
the wave,

But I shall lie alone, mother, within the mouldering  
grave.

When the flowers come again mother, beneath the  
waning light

You'll never see me more in the long gray fields at night :  
When from the dry dark would the summer airs blow  
cool

On the oat-grass, and the sword-grass, and the bulrush  
in the pool,

You'll bury me my mother, just beneath the hawthorn  
 shade,  
 And you'll come sometimes and see me where I am  
 lowly laid.  
 I shall not forget you, mother, I shall hear you when  
 you pass,  
 With your feet above my head in the long and pleasant  
 grass  
 I have been wild and way ward, but you'll forgive me  
 now  
 You'll kiss me, my own mother, and forgive me ere I go ;  
 Nay, nay, you must not weep, nor let your grief be wild,  
 You should not fret for me, mother, you have another  
 child.  
 If I can, I'll come again, mother, from put my resting  
 place ;  
 Tho' you'll not see me, mother, I shall look upon your  
 face  
 Tho' I cannot speak a word, I shall harken what you  
 say,  
 And be often with you, when you think I'm far  
 away,  
 Good night, good night ; when I have said good night  
 for ever more,  
 And you see me carried out from the threshold of the  
 door ;  
 Don't let Effic come to see me till my grave be growing  
 green  
 She'll be a better child to you than never I have been.

She will find my garden tools, upon the granary floor ;  
Let her take' em ; they are hers , I shall never garden  
more ;  
But tell her, when I'm gone, to train the rosebush that  
I set  
About the parlour-window and the box of mignonette.  
Good night, sweet mother ; call me before the day is  
born,  
All night I lie awake, but I fall asleep at morn ;  
But I would see the sunrise upon the glad New-year,  
So, if you're waking call me, call me early, mother dear.

—Tennyson.

As is the sepulchre in stubborn Jewry  
Of the world's ransom, blessed Mary's son ;  
This land of such dear souls, this dear dear land,  
Dear for her reputation through the world,  
Is now leased out, I die pronouncing it,  
Like to a tenement or pelting farm :  
England, bound in with the triumphant sea,  
Whose rocky shore beats back the envious siege  
Of watery Neptune, is now bound in with shame,  
With inky blots and rotten parchment bonds.

—*Shakespeare.*

### 132 —THE UNIVERSAL PRAYER.

'FATHER of all ' in ev'ry age,  
In ev'ry clime adored,  
By saint, by savage, and by sage,  
Jehovah, Jove, or Lord !

Thou Great First Cause, least understood :  
Who all my sense confined  
To know but this, that Thou art good,  
And that myself am blind ;

Yet gave me, in this dark estate,  
To see the good from ill ;  
And blinding Nature fast in Fate,  
Left free the human will.

What conscience dictates to be done,  
Or warns me not to do,

This, teach me more than hell to shun,  
That, more than Heaven pursue.

What blessings Thy free bounty gives,  
Let me not cast away :  
For God is paid when man receives :  
To enjoy is to obey.

Yet not to earth's contracted span,  
Thy goodness let me bound,  
Or think Thee Lord alone of man,  
When thousand worlds are round.

Let not this weak unknowing hand,  
Presume Thy bolts to throw  
And deal damnation round the land,  
On each I judge Thy foe.

If I am right, Thy grace impart,  
Still in the right to stay ;  
If I am wrong. oh, teach my heart  
To find that better way.

Save me alike from foolish pride,  
Or impious discontent,  
At aught Thy wisdom has denied,  
Or aught Thy goodness lent.

Teach me to feel another's woe,  
To hide the fault I see ;  
That mercy I to others show,  
That mercy show to me.

Mean though I am, not wholly so  
 Since quickened by Thy breath  
 Oh, lead me whereso'er I go,  
 Through this day's life or death.

This day, be bread and peace my lot ,  
 All else beneath the sun.  
 Thou know'st if best bestowed or not ;  
 And let Thy will be done.

To Thee, whose temple is all space,  
 Whose altar, earth, sea, skies,  
 One chorus let all beings raise  
 All nature's incense rise !

—*Pope.*

### 133.—A MOUNTAIN SCENE.

ON every side now rose  
 Rocks, which, in unimaginable forms  
 Lifted their black and barren pinnacles  
 In the light of evening, and its precipice  
 Obscuring the ravine disclosed above,  
 'Mid toppling stones, black gulfs, and yawning caves,  
 Whose windings gave ten thousand various tongues  
 To the loud stream. Lo ! where the pass expands  
 Its stony jaws, the abrupt mountain breaks,  
 And seems, with its accumulated crags,  
 To overhang the world: for wide expand  
 Beneath the wan stars and descending moon  
 Islanded seas, blue mountains, mighty streams,

Dim tracts and vast, robed in the lustrous gloom  
 Of leaden-coloured even, and fiery hills  
 Mingling their flames with twilight, on the verge  
 Of the remote horizon    The near scene.

In naked and severe simplicity,  
 Made contrast with the universe.    A pine,  
 Rock-rooted, stretched athwart the vacancy  
 Its swinging boughs, to each inconstant blast  
 Yielding one only response at each pause,  
 In most familiar cadence, with the howl,  
 The thunder, and the hiss of homeless streams  
 Mingling its solemn song, whilst the broad river  
 Foaming and hurrying o'er its rugged path,  
 Fell into that immeasurable void,  
 Scattering its waters to the passing winds.

Yet the grey precipice, and solemn pine,  
 And torrent were not all    one silent nook  
 Was there    Even on the edge of that vast mountain,  
 Upheld by knotty roots and fallen rocks,  
 It overlooked in its serenity  
 The dark earth, and the bending vault of stars.  
 It was a tranquil spot, that seemed to smile  
 Even in the lap of horror.    Ivy clasped  
 The fissured stones with its entwining arms,  
 And did embower with leaves for ever green,  
 And berries dark, the smooth and even space  
 Of its inviolate floor, and here  
 The children of the autumnal whirlwind bore,  
 In wanton sport, those bright leaves, whose decay  
 Red, yellow, or ethereally pale,

Rival the pride of summer. 'Tis the haunt  
Of every gentle wind, whose breath can teach  
The wilds to love tranquillity.

—*Shelley.*

134.—THE SCHOLAR

My days among the Dead are past ,  
Around me I behold,  
Where'er these casual eyes are cast,  
The mighty minds of old  
My never-failing friends are they,  
With whom I converse day by day.

With them I take delight in weal,  
And seek relief in woe ;  
And while I understand and feel  
How much to them I owe,  
My cheeks have often been bedew'd  
With tears of thoughtful gratitude.

My thoughts are with the Dead , with them  
I live in long-past years,  
Their virtues love, their faults condemn,  
Partake their hopes and fears,  
And from their lessons seek and find  
Instruction with an humble mind.

My hopes are with the Dead<sup>1</sup>, anon  
My place with them will be,



And I with them shall travel on  
 Through all Futurity ,  
 Yet leaving here a name, I trust,  
 That will not perish in the dust.

—*Southey*

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135 —ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY  
 CHURCH-YARD.

THE curfew tolls the knell of parting day,  
 The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea,  
 The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,  
 And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,  
 And all the air a solemn stillness holds,  
 Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,  
 And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds .

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower,  
 The moping owl does to the moon complain  
 Of such as wandering near her secret bower,  
 Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,  
 Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,  
 Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,  
 The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,  
 The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,

The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,  
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,  
Or busy housewife ply her evening care :  
No children run to lisp their sire's return,  
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,  
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke ;  
How jocund did they drive their team afield !  
How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,  
Their homely joys and destiny obscure ,  
Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile  
The short and simple annals of the Poor

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,  
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,  
Awaits alike the inevitable hour ,—  
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye Proud, impute to these the fault,  
If memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,  
Where, through long-drawn aisle and fretted vault  
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn, or animated bust,  
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath ?  
Can Honour's voice provoke the silent dust,  
Or Flattery soothe the dull cold ear of Death ?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid  
 Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire ,  
 Hands that the rod of empire might have swayed  
 Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre .

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page,  
 Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll ,  
 Chill penury repress'd their noble rage,  
 And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene,  
 The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear '  
 Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,  
 And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden, that, with dauntless breast  
 The little tyrant of his fields withstood,  
 Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,  
 Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood.

Th' applause of listening senates to command,  
 The threats of pain and ruin to despise,  
 To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,  
 And read their history in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbad ; nor circumscribed alone  
 Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined ;  
 Forbad to wade through slaughter to a throne,  
 And shut the gates of mercy on mankind,

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,  
 To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,

Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride  
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,  
Their sober wishes never learned to stray ;  
Along the cool sequestered vale of life  
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet e'en these bones from insult to protect,  
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,  
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture decked,  
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh

Their name, their years, spelt by th' unlettered Muse,  
The place of fame and elegy supply ;  
And many a holy text around she strews,  
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,  
This pleasing, anxious being e'er resigned,  
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,  
Nor cast one longing lingering look behind ?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,  
Some pious drops the closing eye requires ;  
E'en from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,  
E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of th' unhonoured dead,  
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate ;  
If chance, by lonely Contemplation led,  
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate,—...

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say .

“Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn,  
Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,  
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn ;

“There, at the foot of yonder nodding beech,  
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,  
His listless length at noon-tide would he stretch,  
And pore upon the brook that babbles by

“Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,  
Muttering his wayward fancies he would rove ,  
Now drooping, woeful-wan, like one forlorn,  
Or crazed with care, or crossed in hopeless love.

“One morn I missed him on the customed hill,  
Along the heath, and near his favourite tree ;  
Another came ; nor yet beside the rill,  
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he ;

“The next, with dirges due, in sad array,  
Slow through the church-way path we saw him borne--  
Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay,  
Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn.”

### THE EPITAPH.

Here rests his head, upon the lap of Earth,  
A Youth, to Fortune and to Fame unknown ;  
Fair Science frowned not on his humble birth,  
And Melancholy marked him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere :  
 Heaven did a recompense as largely send :  
 He gave to Misery all he had, a tear ;  
 He gained from Heaven ('twas all he wish'd) a friend.

No farther seek his merits to disclose,  
 Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,  
 (There they alike in trembling hope repose,)  
 The bosom of his Father and his God.

—Gray.

136.—TO THE CUCKOO.

O blithe new-comer ! I have heard,  
 I hear thee and rejoice.  
 O cuckoo ! shall I call thee bird  
 Or but a wandering voice ?

While I am lying on the grass  
 Thy twofold shout I hear ;  
 From hill to hill it seems to pass  
 At once far off and near.

Though babbling only to the vale  
 Of sunshine and of flowers,  
 Thou bringest unto me a tale  
 Of visionary hours.

Thrice welcome, darling of the spring !  
 Even yet thou art to me  
 No bird, but an invisible thing,  
 A voice, a mystery ;

The same whom in my school-boy days  
 I listen'd to ; that cry  
 Which made me look a thousand ways  
 In bush, and tree, and sky.

To seek thee did I often rove  
 Through woods and on the green ,  
 And thou wert still a hope, a love ;  
 Still longed for, never seen !

And I can listen to thee yet ;  
 Can lie upon the plain  
 And listen, till I do beget  
 That golden time again.

O blessed bird ! the earth we pace  
 Again appears to be  
 An unsubstantial fairy place,  
 That is fit home for thee !

—Wordsworth.

### 137.—DEATH THE LEVELLER

THE glories of our blood and state  
 Are shadows, not substantial things ;  
 There is no armour against fate :  
 Death lays his icy hand on kings :  
     Sceptre and crown  
     Must tumble down,  
 And in the dust be equal made  
 With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

Some men with swords may reap the field,  
 And plant fresh laurels where they kill ·  
 But their strong nerves at last must yield ;  
 They tame but one another still ;  
     Early or late  
     They stoop to fate,  
 And must give up their murmuring breath  
 When they, pale captives, creep to death.  
  
 The garlands wither on your brow ;  
     Then boast no more your mighty deeds ,  
 Upon Death's purple altar now  
     See where the victor-victim bleeds  
     Your hands must come  
     To the cold tomb  
 Only the actions of the just  
 Smell sweet, and blossom in their dust

—*Shirley.*

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### 138 SEVEN AGES OF MAN.

ALL the world's a stage,  
 And all the men and women merely players ;  
 They have their exists and their entrances ;  
 And one man in his time plays many parts,  
 His acts being seven ages At first the infant,  
 Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms ;  
 Then the whining school-boy, with satchel,  
 And shining morning face, creeping like snail  
 Unwilling to school. And then the lover,



Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad  
 Made to his mistress' eye-brow    Then a soldier,  
 Full of strange oaths, and bearded like a pard,  
 Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,  
 Seeking the bubble reputation  
 Even in the cannon's mouth    And then the justice,  
 In fair round belly, with good capon lined,  
 With eyes severe and beard of formal cut,  
 Full of wise saws and modern instances ;  
 And so he plays his part.    The sixth age shifts  
 Into the lean and shipp'd pantaloon,  
 With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side ;  
 His youthful hose, well saved, a world too wide  
 Fore his shrunk shank , and his big manly voice,  
 Turning again towards childish treble, pipes  
 And whistles in his sound.    Last scene of all,  
 That ends this strange eventful history,  
 Is second childishness, and mere oblivion ;  
 Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything  
—*Shakespeare.*

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## 139.—THE BETTER LAND

"I HEAR thee speak of the better land,  
 Thou callest its children a happy band ;  
 Mother ! oh where is that radiant shore ?  
 Shall we not seek it and weep no more ?  
 Is it where the flower of the orange blows,  
 And the fire-flies glance through the myrtle boughs ?"  
 —"Not there, not there, my child !"

"Is it where the feathery palm-trees rise,  
 And the date grows ripe under sunny skies ?  
 Or 'midst the green islands of glittering seas,  
 Where fragrant forests perfume the breeze,  
 And strange, bright birds, on their starry wings  
 Bear the rich hues of all glorious thing ?"

—"Not there, not there, my child !"

"Is it far away, in some region old,  
 Where the rivers wander o'er sand of gold ?—  
 Where the burning rays of the ruby shine,  
 And the diamond lights up the secret mine,  
 And the pearl gleams forth from the coral strand ?—  
 Is it there, sweet mother, the better land ?"

—"Not there, not there, my child !"

"Eye hath not seen it, my gentle boy !  
 Ear hath not heard its deep songs of joy ,  
 Dreams cannot picture a world so fair—  
 Sorrow and death may not enter there ,  
 Time doth not breath on its fadeless bloom,  
 Far beyond the clouds, and beyond the tomb,

—"It is there, it is there, my child !"

—*Mrs. Hemans.*

#### 140.—HOME.

THERE is a land, of every land the pride,  
 Beloved by Heaven o'er all the world beside :  
 Where brighter suns dispense serener light,  
 And milder moons emparadise the night ;

## AHIRI'S SELECT ENGLISH READINGS.

A land of beauty, virtue, valour, truth,  
Time-tutored age, and love-exalted youth  
The wandering mariner whose eye explores  
The wealthiest isles, the most enchanting shores,  
Views not a realm so bountiful and fair,  
Nor breathes the spirit of a purer air ,  
In every clime the magnet of his soul,  
Touched by remembrance, trembles to that pole ,  
For, in this land of Heaven's peculiar grace,  
The heritage of Nature's noblest race,  
There is a spot of earth supremely blest,  
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest ,  
Where man, Vications' tyrant, casts aside  
His sword and sceptre, pageantry and pride,  
While in his softened looks benignly blend  
The sire, the son, the husband, father, friend  
Here woman reigns ; the mother, daughter, wife,  
Strews with fresh flowers the narrow way of life ;  
In the clear heaven of her delightful eye,  
An angel guard of loves and graces lie ;  
Around her knees domestic duties meet,  
And cheerful pleasures gambol at her feet  
Where shall that land, that spot of earth be found ?  
Art thou a man ?—a patriot ?—look around ;  
Oh, thou shalt find, where'er thy footsteps roam,  
That land, thy country, and that spot thy home

--*Montgomery.*

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## 141 —THOUGHTS IN A GARDEN.

How vainly men themselves amaze  
 To win the palm, the oak, or bays,  
 And their incessant labours see  
 Crown'd from some single herb or tree,  
 Whose short and narrow-verged shade  
 Does prudently their toils upbraid,  
 While all the flowers and trees do close  
 To weave the garlands of Repose.

Fair Quiet, have I found thee here,  
 And Innocence thy sister dear  
 Mistaken long, I sought you then  
 In busy companies of men  
 Your sacred plants if here below,  
 Only among the plants will grow  
 Society is all but rude  
 To this delicious solitude.

No white nor was ever seen  
 So amorous as this lovely green.  
 Fond lovers, cruel as their flame,  
 Cut in these trees their mistresses' name :  
 Little, alas, they know or heed  
 How far these beauties her exceed !  
 Fair trees ! where'er your barks I wound,  
 No name shall but your own be found.

When we have run our passion's heat  
 Love hither makes his best retreat

The gods, who mortal beauty chase,  
 Still a tree did end their race :  
 Apollo hunted Daphne so,  
 Only that she might laurel grow :  
 And Pan did after Syrinx speed  
 Not as a nymph, but for a reed.

What wondrous life is this I lead  
 Ripe apples drop about my head ;  
 The lucious clusters of the vine  
 Upon my mouth do crush their wine ,  
 The nectarine and curious peach  
 Into my hands themselves do reach ,  
 Stumbling on melons, as I pass,  
 Ensnared with flowers, I fall on grass.

Meanwhile the mind from pleasure less,  
 Withdraws into its happiness ;  
 The mind, that ocean where each kind  
 Does straight its own resemblance find ,  
 Yet it creates, transcending these,  
 Far other worlds, and other seas ;  
 Annihilating all that's made  
 To a green thought in a green shade.

Here at the fountain's sliding foot  
 Or at some fruit-tree's mossy root,  
 Casting the body's vest aside  
 My soul into the boughs does glide ;  
 There, like a bird, it sits and sings,  
 Then whets and claps its silver wings,

And, till prepared for longer flight,  
Waves in its plumes the various light.

Such was that happy Garden-state  
While man there walk'd without a mate :  
After a place so pure and sweet,  
What other help could yet be meet !  
But 'twas beyond a mortal's share  
To wander solitary there :  
Two Paradises 'twere in one,  
To live in Paradise alone.

How well the skilful gardener drew  
Of flowers and herbs this dial new !  
Where, from above, the milder sun  
Does through a fragrant zodiac run :  
And, as it works, th' industrious bee  
Computes its time as well as we.  
How could such sweet and wholesome hours  
Be reckon'd but with herbs and flowers !

—*Marvell.*

#### 142.—THE LOSS OF THE BIRKENHEAD.

RIGHT on our flank the crimson sun went down ;  
The deep sea roll'd around in dark repose ;  
When, like the wild shriek from a captured town,  
A cry of women rose.

290 LAHIRI'S SELECT ENGLISH READINGS.

The stout ship Birkenhead lay hard and fast,  
Caught without hope upon a hidden rock ;  
Her timbers thrilled as nerves, when through them pass'd  
The spirit of that shock.

And ever like base cowards, who leave their ranks  
In danger's hour, before the rush of steel,  
Drifted away disorderly the planks  
From underneath the keel.

So calm the air and still the flood,  
That low down in its blue translucent glass  
We saw the great fierce fish, that thirst for blood,  
Pass slowly, then repass.

They tarried, the waves tarried, for their prey !  
The sea turn'd one clear smile ! Like things asleep  
Those dark shapes in the azure silence lay,  
As quiet as the deep.

Then amidst oath and prayer, and rush and wreck,  
Faint, screams faint questions waiting no reply,  
Our Colonel gave the word, and on the deck  
Form'd us in line to die.

To die ! 'twas hard, whilst the sleek ocean glow'd  
Beneath a sky as fair as summer flowers :—  
"All to the boats !" cried one :—he was, thank God,  
No officer of ours.

Our English hearts beat true.—we would not stir :  
That base appeal we heard but heeded not :  
On land, on sea, we had our Colours, sir,  
To keep without a spot.

They shall not say in England, that we fought  
With shameful strength, unhonour'd life to seek ;  
Into mean safety, mean deserters, brought  
By trampling down the weak.

So we made women with children go,  
The oars ply back again, and yet again,  
Whilst, inch by inch, the drowning ship sank low,  
Still under steadfast men

—What follows, why recall ?—the brave who died,  
Died without flinching in the bloody surf ;  
They sleep as well, beneath that purple tide,  
As others under turf :—

They sleep as well and roused from their wild grave,  
Wearing their wounds like stars, shall arise again,  
Joint heirs with Christ, because they bled to save  
His weak ones, not in vain.

—*Sir F. H. Doyle.*

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## 143.—THE BROOK.

I COME from haunts of coot and hern,  
I make a sudden sally,  
And sparkle out among the fern,  
To bicker down a valley.

By thirty hills I hurry down,  
Or slip between the ridges,  
By twenty thorps, a little town,  
And half a hundred bridges.

Till last by Philip's farm I flow  
To join the brimming river,  
For men may come and men may go  
But I go on for ever.

I chatter over stony ways,  
In little sharps and trebles,  
I bubble into eddying bays,  
I babble on the pebbles

With many a curve my banks I fret  
By many a field and fallow,  
And many a fairy foreland set  
With willow-weed and mallow.

I chatter, chatter, as I flow  
To joy in the brimming river :  
For men may come and men may go,  
But I go on for ever.

I wind about, and in and out,  
With here a blossom sailing,

And here and there a lusty trout,  
 And here and there a grayling.  
 And here and there a foamy flake  
 Upon me, as I travel  
 With many a silvery waterbreak  
 Above the golden gravel,  
 And draw them all along, and flow  
 To join the brimming river,  
 For men may come and men may go,  
 But I go on for ever.  
 I steal by lawns and grassy plots ;  
 I slide by hazel cover ;  
 I love the sweet forget-me-nots  
 That grow for happy lovers  
 I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,  
 Among my skimming swallows ;  
 I make the netted sunbeam dance  
 Against my sandy shallows.  
 I murmur under moon and stars  
 In brambly wildernesses ;  
 I linger by my shingly bars ;  
 I loiter round my cresses ;  
 And out again I curve and flow  
 To join the brimming river,  
 For men may come and men may go,  
 But I go on for ever.

—Tennyson.

## 144.—EPITAPH ON A HARE.

HERE lies, whom hound did ne'er pursue,  
Nor swifter greyhound follow,  
Whose foot ne'er tainted morning dew,  
Nor ear heard huntsman's halloo ;

Old Tiney, surliest of his kind,  
Who, nursed with tender care,  
And to domestic bounds confined,  
Was still a wild jack hare.

Though duly from my hand he took  
His pittance every night,  
He did it with a jealous look,  
And, when he could, would bite.

His diet was of wheated bread,  
And milk, and oats and straw ;  
Thistles, or lettuces instead,  
With sand to scour his maw

On twigs of hawthorn he regaled,  
On pipins' russet peel,  
And, when his juicy salads failed,  
Shced carrot pleased him well.

▲ Turkey carpet was his lawn,  
Whereon he loved to bound,  
To skip and gambol like a fawn,  
And swing his rump around

His frisking was at evening hours,  
For then he lost his fear,  
But most before approaching showers,  
Or when a storm drew near.

Eight years and five round rolling moons  
He thus saw steal away,  
Dozing out all his idle noons,  
And every night at play.

I kept him for his humour's sake,  
For he would oft beguile  
My heart of thoughts that made it ache,  
And force me to a smile.

But now beneath his walnut shade,  
He finds his long lost home,  
And waits, in snug concealments laid,  
Till gentler Puss shall come.

He, still more aged, feels the shocks  
From which no care can save,  
And, partner once of Tiney's box,  
Must soon partake his grave.

—*Cowper.*

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## 145.—A WARNING.

Rise ! for the day is passing,  
And you lie dreaming on ;  
The others have buckled their armour  
And forth to the fight are gone.  
A place in the ranks awaits you  
Each man has some part to play ;  
The past and the present are nothing  
In the face of the stern to-day.

Rise,—from your dreams of the future,  
Of gaining some hard-fought field,  
Of storming some airy fortress  
Or biding some giant yield.  
Your future has deeds of glory,  
Of honour (God grant it may !)  
But your arm will never be stronger  
Or the need so great as to-day.

Rise ! for the day is passing ;  
The sound that you scarcely hear  
Is the enemy marching to battle—  
Arise for the foe is here !  
Stay not to sharpen your weapons,  
Or the hour will strike at last  
When from dreams of a coming battle,  
You may wake to find it past.

—Unknown.

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146.—ON A DEAF AND DUMB LITTLE GIRL.

LIKE a loose island on the wide expanse,  
 Unconscious floating on the fickle sea,  
 Herself her all, she lives in privacy ;  
 Her waking life as lonely as a trance,  
 Doomed to behold the universal dance,  
 And never hear the music which expounds  
 The solemn step, coy slide, the merry bounds,  
 The vague mute language of the countenance  
 In vain for her I smooth my antic rhyme ,  
 She cannot hear it, all her little being  
 Concentred in her solitary seeing—  
 What can she know of beauteous or sublime ?  
 And yet methinks she looks so calm and good,  
 God must be with her in her solitude.

—*Hartley Coleridge.*

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147 —FIDELE

FEAR no more the heat o' the sun  
 Nor the furious winter's rages ,  
 Thou thy worldly task hast done,  
 Home art gone and ta'en thy wages :  
 Golden lads and girls all must,  
 As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Fear no more the frown o' the great,  
 Thou art past the tyrant's stroke ;

Care no more to clothe and eat ;  
 To thee the reed is as the oak :  
 The sceptre, learning, physic, must  
 All follow this, and come to dust.

Fear no more the lightning-flash  
 Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone  
 Fear not slander, censure rash ;  
 Thou hast finish'd joy and moan :  
 All lovers young, all lovers must  
 Consign to thee, and come to dust.

—*Shakespeare.*

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148.—SUMMER RAIN.

THICK lay the dust, uncomfortable white,  
 In glaring mimicry of Arab sand.  
 The woods and mountains slept in hazy light  
 The meadows looked athirst and tawny tanned ;  
 The little rills had left their channels bare,  
 With scarce a pool to witness what they were ;  
 And the shrunk river gleamed amid oozy stones,  
 That stared like any famished giants bones.  
 Sudden the hills grew black, and hot as stove  
 The air beneath ; it was toil to be  
 There was a growing as of angry Jove,  
 Provoked by Juno's praying jealousy—  
 A flash—a crash—the firmament was split,  
 And down it came in drops—the smallest fit  
 To drown a bee in fox-glove bell conceal'd ;  
 Joy filled the brooke, and comfort cheered the field.

—*Hartley Coleridge.*

149.—THE BEATIFIC VISION.

SHEPHERD Divine, our wants relieve

In this our evil day :

To all thy tempted followers give

The power to watch and pray.

Long as our fiery trials last,

Long as the cross we hear,

O let our souls on Thee be cast

In never-ceasing prayer.

The spirit of interceding grace

Give us in faith to claim ;

To wrestle till we see Thy face,

And know Thy hidden Name.

Till Thou Thy perfect love impart

Till Thou Thyself bestow,

Be this the cry of every heart,

"I will not let Thee go."

I will not let Thee go unless

Thou tell Thy Name to me ,

With all Thy great salvation bless,

And make me all like Thee.

Then let me on the mountain top

Behold Thine open face.

Where faith in sight is swallowed up,

And prayer in endless praise.

—Wesley.



150.—RESIGNATION.

O God, whose thunder shakes the sky,  
Whose eye this atom globe surveys ;  
To thee, my only rock, I fly,  
Thy mercy in thy justice praise.

The mystic mazes of thy will,  
The shadows of celestial light,  
Are past the power of human skill—  
But what th' Eternal acts is right.

O teach me in the trying hour,  
When anguish swells the dewy tear,  
To still my sorrows, own thy power,  
Thy goodness love, thy justice fear.

If in this bosom aught but thee,  
Encroaching sought a boundless sway,  
Omniscience could the danger see,  
And Mercy look the cause away.

Then why, my soul, dost thou complain  
Why drooping seek the dark recess ?  
Shake off the melancholy chain,  
For God created all to bless.

But ah ! my breast is human still ;  
The rising sigh, the falling tear,  
My languid vitals' feeble rill,  
The sickness of my soul declare.

But yet, with fortitude resigned,  
I'll thank th' inflicter of the blow,  
Forbid the sigh, compose my mind,  
Nor let the gush of misery flow.

The gloomy mantle of the night,  
Which on my sinking spirit steals,  
Will vanish at the morning light,  
Which God, my East, my Sun, reveals.

—*Thomas Chatterton.*

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## NOTES.

### FIRST PART.

#### 1.—IMPRESS OF THE CREATOR.

**Amelia Opie (1769-1853).**—She is an English novelist. Her maiden name was Alderson, and she was the daughter of a Norwich physician in easy circumstances. After her marriage with an artist, she made her first appearance as an author. She wrote a moral tale, entitled *Father and Daughter*, a novel, *Adelaide-Mowbray*, and a story book, *Simple Tales*. After her husband's death, she wrote a memoir, *The Warrior's Return and other Poems, Tales of the Heart, and Valentine's Eve*. In 1825 she became a member of the Society of Friends, and subsequently visited France, Belgium, and Switzerland, giving her travelling impressions in "*Magazine*" and elsewhere.

Substance.—'From the smallest to the greatest things of the universe' bear an impress of the Creator and they are His handiwork. Both the animate and inanimate worlds proclaim His infinite grace but it is a man alone who is privileged to sing His praise in articulate prayers.

Impress—stamp    Bower—an arbour    Varied—various coloured.  
Designed—created. Thrilling—tingling    Tints—colours    Bounteous—  
liberal    Thanksgiving—gratitude    Strains—songs    Choir—band of  
singers

#### 2 —THE ASPIRATIONS OF YOUTH.

**James Montgomery (1771-1854)**—an English poet, was the son of a Moravian preacher. At school, he was indolent and inattentive to his studies. He was imprisoned more than once for his revolutionary principles. His poetry, however, is truly amiable and noble, and his character as a man corresponds exactly with his character as an author. Some of his works are, *Lectures on Poetry and General Literature, Prison Amusements, The Christian Poet*, etc.

Remark.—The youth aspires first for glory and to achieve it he prefers to toil in the mines of knowledge. He is to be dutiful and seek the joys of life at home and not from outside.

Story—history. He who conquers &c.—no matter whether we win or even fall in the strife. Mines—rich fields. Nature's wealth—scientific knowledge. Learnings spoil—literary knowledge. Delve—dig. Stars of—gems embossed on. Celestial birth—divine origin. Make then—so let us make. Knit together—affectionately be bound together. Wander wide—try to find from wrong quarter.

## 3 —THE ECHOING GREEN.

**William, Black (1757-1827).**—He was the son of a London hosier, and was apprenticed to an engraver. He exhibited a picture at the Royal Academy in 1780, and published his first volume of poems in 1783. He published many other poems and produced a series of illustrations to the prophetic books of the Bible, Milton's and Young's works and numerous drawing. He possessed a strange wild genius, and was occasionally subject to extraordinary illusions.

The merry bells ring—May-day used to be a village festival, when the Church bells would be rung. To the bells—in consonance with. Echoing green—the fields echoing with the shouts of joy and laughter of the merry players.

## 4 —THE HOUR OF PRAYER

**Felicia Hemans.**—Felicia Dorothea Browne was the daughter of a Liverpool merchant, who, having met with reverses in business, removed with his family to Wales. She published her first volume of poems at the early age of fifteen. In her eighteenth year she was married to Captain Hemans, from whom she was separated six years afterwards. Mrs. Hemans spent the rest of her life in Wales and in Dublin, where she died, leaving a young family. Her larger works are *The sceptic*, *The Vespers of Palermo*, a tragedy, *The forest Sanctuary*, and *Record of Women*, but her lyrics are the most popular of her productions.

Red light &c.—the sun sets. Thy harvest &c.—to cease from your farm labour. Lift—raise the heart towards God in prayers. Household band—own kin. Hath not leave—is not permitted. Triumph—rejoice of success. Sigh—mourn for loss. Kindred &c.—as you both are the children of God.

## 5 —TO DAFFODILS

**Herricks, Robert.**—One of the most exquisite of early English lyrical poets, was educated for the Church, and was presented by Charles I, to the vicarage of Dean Prior in Devonshire. From this he was ejected during the Civil War, but was replaced in it at the Restoration.

**Remark.**—The poet is reminded of the transitoriness of human existence when he espies the '*hasty decay of daffodils*'

Haste away—decay. Hasting day—fleeting day. But—only. But to the even-song &c.—in the Middle Ages, the last but one prayer or psalm said or sung in a church was called even-song. The poet wishes that the daffodils would last till that time. As short a spring—equally short life. To meet decay—only to die. Your hours do—the term of your existence end. Pearls—pearl-like drops.

## 6.—THE POPLAR FIELD.

**Cowper, William**—Cowper, the most popular poet of his generation, was educated for the law; but, owing to some constitutional weaknesses, which occasionally affected his reason he retired in the prime of life to reside with a private family in the country. His first volume of poems, containing '*Table Talk*,' '*Truth*,' '*The Progress of Error*,' and others, appeared in 1782. Three years later he published the famous ballad John Gilpin, and his great poem entitled '*The Task*,' which were followed in 1791 by his translation of Homer in blank verse. Cowper's poems are chiefly didactic, and are remarkable for the charming descriptions of rural scenery and domestic life which are mingled with his moral and religious reflections.

**Colonnade**—a row of columns placed at regular intervals: each poplar tree representing a column. Sing in the leaves—murmur as the wind blows. His—the river Ouse. Receives—reflects. Retreat—shelter. Hazels—short and bushy hazel trees. Sweet-flowing ditty—charmingly melodious song. Fugitive—ebbing. And I must &c.—I shall be dead and buried before another poplar wood can take the place of the one that has been cut down. Change—the change in the condition of the poplars. My heart and my fancy—my feelings and my imagination. Employs—effects.

## 7—THE CHILD'S FIRST GRIEF.

**Mrs. Hemans**—See "The Hour of prayer."

First grief—Sorrows at the first bereavement. Run wild—grow luxuriantly. Drooping—bending. May not—cannot. Smiled—looked beautiful. Glade—grassy opening in a forest. Would—I wish.

## 8.—WE ARE SEVEN

**Wordsworth, William (1770-1850)**—the greatest English poet of the last century, and one of the greatest of all English poets, was a contemporary and friend of Southey. He lived a strictly retired life amidst the lakes and mountains of Cumberland, and from the circumstance he is sometimes termed a Lake Poet. On the death of Southey in 1843, he was appointed poet-laureate. His fame chiefly rests on his smaller lyrics and odes, which are among the noblest of their kind in the English language. His poetry is characterised by a passionate love of nature, and a deeply reflective tone.

'The simple creed of the little girl that they were seven notwithstanding that two were dead, is intended to set forth the high lesson of the immortality of the soul. Death is not the end of life, but only a change of existence—we live none the less, though we may lose this mortal frame.'

That lightly draws its breath—the child having no grief or anxiety draws its breath freely Feels its life in every limb—full of life and joy owing to the fullness of animal spirits within Should it know—can it know It—she, a poetic license. Clustered—fell in clusters Rustic air—look that of one who is horn and bred in the country Woodland—belonging to woodland Wildly clad—dressed in a very irregular manner Wondering—wonderingly. Conway—a seaport of North Wales Gone to sea—have become sailors In the churchyard he—i.e., he buried in the churchyard. Churchyard cottage—cottage belonging to a churchyard You run about—the poet tries to convince her that she is living, but they were dead, but the child's belief cannot be shaken and she thus speaks in the next stanza. Their graves are green—they are still my companions Green—covered with grass Hem—to furnish with border It is light and fair—when the weather is fair and the night is a moonlit one. Porringer—a bowl of porridge Moaning—suffering and groaning Released her—God took compassion on her and ended her sufferings Went away—left us, it is to be marked that she does not call it 'death' Laid—buried Slide—move on the polished surface To go—by leaving us, still she does not admit that he died Throwing words—arguing in vain Would have her will—would not swerve from her own way of thinking.

## 9 —LUCY GRAY

William Wordsworth—See, "We are seven"

"The beauty of Wordsworth's little ballads is never properly understood by those who do not enter into the contemplative tone in which they are written. Lucy Gray, for example, is a continual disappointment to those who look for an expression of the piteousness and desolation of the lost child's fate. But Wordsworth's purpose evidently was to point a perfectly lovely solitary flower, snapped, for its very purity, in its earliest bud, that it might remain, an image of solitary beauty for ever. He intended to "desolve" away all pain and pity in the loveliness of the picture. It was not the lot of Lucy Gray, but the spiritualist meaning of that lot, as it lived in his imagination, that he desired to paint."

Wild—uncultivated and uninhabited tract. Chanced—happened.

Break of day—dawn. Mate—associate. Moor—a piece of waste land. To light—to show the way with a light. Minister clock—church-clock. Yonder &c.—the moon is visible at a distance Hook—sickle. Snapped—cut quickly The idea is, that her father engaged himself in his own vocation believing that his orders will be carried out in its usual way, there being no apprehension for any danger. Faggot band—a rope that fastened a bundle of faggot. Plied—went on with. Blither—more cheerful. Roe—female deer Wanton—playful. Stroke—steps. Disperse—scatter Powdery snow—light flakes of snow. That rise &c.—that flew up into the air curling like a wreath of snow Came on before—burst sooner than was expected Wandered—she lost her way and wandered helplessly this side and that Wretched—miserable To serve them &c.—to help them to find out Lucy Overlooked—command the view Tracked—traced Snowy bank—bank of the hill. In this stanza Wordsworth most poetically hints Lucy's fate. Yet some &c.—the superstitious people of the neighbourhood still strangely insist that Lucy is not dead, but is still alive in some mysterious way as the 'spirit of solitude,' and that some may still see pretty Lucy upon the lovely moor Over rough and smooth—over the hills and the plains Trips—runs lightly And never &c.—an idea often associated with spirits. Solitary—to herself alone. Whistles—makes a shrill sound

## 10—LULLABY OF AN INFANT CHIEF

Walter Scott—the son of a writer in the signet, was born in Edinburgh, where he was educated for the bar, to which he was called in 1792. At first he published translations of several German ballads and did some minor literary work The appearance of his '*Lay of the last Minstrel*' in 1805 instantly stamped him as one of the greatest of the living poets. It was followed by his great poem, '*Marmion*,' a tale of Flodden Field. Then appeared '*The Lady of the Lake*,' '*The Vision of Don Roderick Rokeby*,' a tale of the English civil wars of the seventeenth century and the '*Lord of Isles*,' a Scottish story of the days of Bruce. Scott's popularity as a poet had begun to decline when in 1814 he issued the first of the long series of brilliant fictions known as the '*Waverley Novels*,' which appeared from 1814 to 1831. He was created a baronet in 1820.

Sire—poetical for father Bright—genial. Glens—narrow valleys. Warders—sentinels Their bows &c.—They will fight with and drive away the enemy with their bows and swords. When they sleep—when you will grow up into manhood and become a soldier. While you may—while you can with impunity. For strife &c.—As one awakes from



sleep with the break of day, so one who is a highlander becomes a soldier as he grows up into a man. The passage is from Scott's *Lady of the Lake*.

#### 11.—THE DAYS THAT ARE NO MORE.

**Tennyson, Alfred**—English poet, the third of twelve children of the rector of Somersby, Lincolnshire. While at the University of Cambridge, he wrote a poem entitled '*Timbuctoo*,' which in 1829 gained the Chancellor's medal. In 1833, '*Poems by Alfred Tennyson*' appeared, and contained, in addition to several of his former productions improved and altered, '*The Miller's Daughter*,' '*The Lotus Eaters*,' '*Locksley Hall*,' '*The Talking Oak*,' &c. This volume greatly raised his reputation, and prepared the way for his recognition as a great poet. '*The Princess*' was given to the public in 1847; '*In Memoriam*' followed—a glorious tribute to the memory of Arthur Hallam, the son of the historian, and generally considered, to exhibit the finest qualities of the author's mind. Shortly after Mr. Tennyson was appointed poet-laureate, to the trifling salary attached to which post was added a pension of £200 a year. He produced two dramas '*Queen Mary*,' and '*Harold*.' Tennyson is undoubtedly a poet of the highest rank, unsurpassed for tenderness, profound insight into moral truth, occasionally charming melodiousness, and lyric beauty. Some of the finest lines and most exquisite similes in the whole region of English poetry are to be gathered from his works.

Divine despair—the feeling is of a higher nature than that ordinarily felt, Mr. Wallace says that 'the melancholy that dominates this song is traced by the poet to some reminiscence of pre-natal happiness. Are no more—beyond all calling back. Fresh as the first beam &c.—the happy bygone days of my life are as vividly impressed in my memory as it is borne by one who sees after long waiting the very top-mast of a ship which carries home a friend dearer and nearer to his heart, but the memory of such a brilliant past life is as sad as we feel when we cast our last glance on a ship carrying off our friends to a very distant clime; the passage contains the common geographical phenomena; the early days of our life remain fresh in our memory, so it is compared with sunrise, on the other hand, the recollection of happy bygone days fills our mind with sorrow, and so it is compared with sunset. Casement &c.—The windows invisible at first slowly becomes visible to the sick man in bed, as the day begins to dawn.

12.—NEVER GIVE UP.

Tupper, Martin—a modern English writer who, after studying at the Charter House and Christ Church, Oxford, entered upon the study of the law. In 1839 he produced the well-known work entitled '*Pro-verbal Philosophy*,' and later on he published some poems, translations, and other works.

Once—even for a single time. Fling off—cast off. Cankering fetter—bondage that eats into the very heart of a man. Dark spell—the wicked magical tricks. Tyrannical care—anxieties that oppress a man like a tyrant. Mungled the cup—avoided any disproportion between sorrow and joy. Bethink—remember. Watchward—motto. To one—the hopeful is given a hundred chances and it is very seldom that he is disappointed. Chaos—ups and downs of life. Grapeshot &c.—small iron balls that are fired together; difficulties may oppose you and disasters may appear to be impending. Though doing &c.—In spite of all its concentrated efforts. Counsel—piece of advice. Stout—bold

13.—THE COMPLAINTS OF THE POOR.

Southey, Robert—a voluminous English prose writer and poet. He embraced literature as a profession and distinguished himself by his unexampled industry. He was appointed Poet-Laureate in 1813.

Complain—grumble. Abroad—out of doors. A-cold—feeling cold. Charity—alms. Me—myself.

14.—POVERTY'S TIE.

Poverty's tie—the bond of sympathy by which the poor are mutually connected. They could &c.—very little consideration is shown to the poor by the other classes. Sweep and clear—serve as sweepers. Bleak—cold. Joe—colloquially used for John. Treat—entertainment. Bill—colloquially used for William.

15.—THE SPIDER AND THE FLY.

Howitt, William, (1795-1879)—English author, was educated in the principles of Quakerism. His wife was also strongly imbued with literary tastes. He wrote poems, books on travels, novels, and contributed to magazines. He travelled over the continent and visited most of the colonies.

Snugly—comfortably. Tuck—to fold under. Pantry—store room. Him—himself. Crest—tuft. The flattery of the spider at last appealed to the personal vanity of the fly and brought about her ruin.

## 16.—THE NIGHTINGALE AND THE GLOWWORM.

His note suspended—ceased singing Eventide—the evening. The keen demands &c.—too much hunger. Crap—dishes Harangued—pleaded. Right eloquent—in the most fluent style. Did you—if you did. Minstrelsy—music. Abhor—desist. Warbling out &c.—feelingly approved his oration by his music. Jarring sectaires—sectarians quarrelling with others to establish their own dogma. Sweet consent—agreement sweetened by love Respecting &c.—showing respect to the faculties awarded by Nature and by God to each other.

## 17.—THE CUCKOO.

Logan, John, (1748-1788)—a Scottish poet and prose writer. Having studied for the Church, his eloquence and ability procured for him the living of South Leith, in 1773 His poems are chiefly lyrical. His 'Ode to the Cuckoo,' is the most pleasing of all his works. Some of his chief works are, 'A Review of the principal Charges against Mr Hastings,' 'Philosophy of History,' 'Runnymede,' etc

Hail—welcome Stranger—new visitor, because the cuckoo is a migratory bird Messenger—the harbinger. Heaven repairs &c.—the bare woods are now becoming leafy again Sing—arc vocal with music. What time—at the time when. Decks—adorns. Certain—which is sure to be heard in Spring Hast thou—It is remarkable you always know for certain that the Spring has come and it is time for you to reappear. Starts—is startled To hear—on hearing Imitates thy lay—mimics thy song Vocal vale—the valley still ringing with the songs of the birds. The prose order is, "Thou fly away from the vocal vale, to hail (wait for) another spring in other lands as an annual guest there" Thy bower &c.—you being the harbinger of spring in every clime, thy abode is always leafy and the sky above your head is always clear of all disturbances.

## 18—A NIGHT WITH A WOLF.

Taylor, Bayard—an American author and traveller He travelled over the Continent and visited England, and on his return home he published an account of it entitled, 'Views Afoot,' or Europe seen with the Knapsack and Staff. He also visited India, China and Japan. He has published a great number of works of travel, poems, novels, biographies, and translations.

Wild men—the savage American Indians. Props &c.—the spreading branches of the pine trees contrived to make as if a roof, of which the

stems served the purpose of rafters ; the wind blew so violently that it bent the pine trees to the ground and broke many of its branches. Crouching—creeping. No longer crashed &c.—the crashing sound carried by the wind warned that a strong puff of wind is coming and trees are likely to fall under it

#### 19.—CASABIANCA.

Introductory.—In the battle of the Nile which took place between the English and the French, Commodore Casabianca, the commander of the French flagship *L'Orient*, while engaging in action, placed his son Casabianca in charge of the guns in a comparatively safe place and ordered him not to quit it till he returned. But in the meantime the ship took fire and the heroic boy preferred to perish in the flames to disobeying his father's order.

Whence—from which place All but he &c.—All ran away, when alone he remained there, he should be grammatically him. Lit—gave light to Round him—on all sides of him As—as if. Heroic blood—noble birth Faint in death below—Lying below the deck in a deadly swoon. May yet &c.—even now am permitted to be gone. But—only. Booming shots—cannon balls making a thundering noise. Breath—heat of the flames Lone—lonely. Post of death—the place where he is sure to die Still—calm. Wreathing—encircling Made way—advanced. Splendour wild—horrible magnificence Streamed—waved like a flag Thunder sound—the magazine at last explodes with a thundering noise. Strewed with fragments—Scattered the broken parts of the ship That well had &c.—discharged its duties to the end. Noblest—because he acted like a true sailor, who must show keen sense of duty, tacit obedience to superiors, and heroic courage

#### 20.—THE LOSS OF THE ROYAL GEORGE.

Introductory.—The *Royal George*, a battle ship, under Admiral Kempenfelt, with a compliment of one hundred guns and a crew numbering about eight hundred men, accidentally capsized and sank while lying at anchor at Spithead on the 12th of August, 1782.

Toll for—ring the knell Fast by—close by. Tried—tested. Heel—turn on one side. Laid her &c.—made her capsize. Overset—overturned Complete—not a soul surviving. *Royal George*—the name of a flag ship christened after the name of King George III. Sprang—opened. Weigh up—raise from water. Mingle with &c.—While we drink, let us not forget to shed those tears of gratitude, which we English so richly owe to them for their brilliant services. Full charged—fully

equipped. Thunder—thundering canons. Plough the &c.—sail through the remote oceans.

## 21.—THE DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIB.

Byron, George Gordon—an eminent English poet. In early life his carelessness, defiant spirit, want of social propriety, violent passions and open profligacy were remarkable. He had an unhappy marriage and mysterious quarrel with his wife and a separation for life; and he was in a manner, excluded from the English society. The last years of his life he spent in dissipation in Italy. He took a leading part in the struggles of the Greek for Independence (1788-1824).

The principal characteristic of his poems is that he sets forth in them his own personal feelings and passions, and especially those arising from his unhappy family relations. He loved big, eloquent and condensed style. Passion and energy, fire and enthusiasm, manifest in his poetry, "thoughts that breathe and words that burn." He was, however, deficient in the two highest gifts of a poet—Imagination and Music; and considered simply as a poet he is only of the second rank. It is on his power of satirical humour and mockery that his fame now chiefly rests. Some of his chief works are '*Don Juan*,' '*Childe Harold*,' '*Hours of Idleness*,' '*English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*,' '*Manfred*,' '*Prisoner of Chilon*,' &c.

Introductory.—Sennacherib, the king of Assyria, succeeded his father Shalmaneser, in B. C. 702. Hezekiah, king of Judah, having refused to pay him tribute, he entered his country, where he took several fortresses, and laid siege to Jerusalem. Hezekiah being dismayed with fear consented to pay tribute and the invader promised to withdraw his troops. But the latter proved false to his promise and threatened destruction. It is said in the Bible that through the inscrutable ways of Providence the invader's army was slain by an unseen hand in the night and he was obliged to return to his country, where he was killed by his two sons in a temple.

The Assyrian—Sennacherib, the king of Assyria. Fold—flock of sheep. Cohorts—regiments. Gleaming in purple &c.—glittering in purple and gold laced dress. Sheen—lustre. When the blue &c.—looked like stars reflected at night on the blue waters of the Lake of Galilee. Like the luxuriance of summer they were hail and hearty in the evening but with the dawn of day they lay dead scattered far and wide as in the chilly blasts of autumn the nature looks withered and devastated. Wings on the blast—flew on the wind. Waxed deadly

and chill—became dull and cold like death. And their hearts &c.—they for once took a long breath and then died. Wide—extended. Pride—high spirit. Form—a misprint for foam. Spray—a splash of water driven by the wind. Surf—wave. Distorted—disfigured. Rust—iron filth. Mail—armour. Ashur—Assyrian soldiers. Baal—the Assyrian God. Gentile—the heathen. Hath melted &c.—as the snows melt with the sunrise, so the wrathful glance of God utterly destroyed the infidels

## 22 —NAPOLEON AND THE YOUNG ENGLISH SAILOR.

Thomas, Campbell—an eminent poet, author of some of the noblest martial lyrics in the English language. He achieved fame in his twenty second year by the publication of his '*Pleasures of Hope*.' He then travelled abroad, where the war-like scenes he witnessed, and the battle fields he visited, suggested him some noble lyrics. At the battle of Hohenlinden, in particular, he was so near the scene of action, that he actually saw the conquerors at the time of their return, wiping their blood-stained swords upon their horses' manes. His poem, however, is not to be taken as a correct picture of the battle he celebrates. His style is grand, lofty and breathing a noble moral feeling—chaste and spirited. His other works are '*Gertrude*,' '*Pilgrim of Glencoe*,' and minor poems.

That soften to our &c.—that endear to us the anecdotes of Napoleon's life. Boulogne—a French port on the English Channel. Chanced—happened. Suffered—allowed. Pursued—followed. Half way over—up to the mid-channel; that is to say, he strained his eyes to the utmost. White cliffs—chalk cliffs. He thought anything would be better than staying where he was. Care—restlessness; anxiety to escape. Doting—with eager longing. Hogshead—a barrel containing over 50 gallons, large enough to float two men. Live-long—all through the day. Lurking—lying hid. Mighty—strenuous. Wherry—a light shallow boat for carrying passengers. Ploughing—sailing. Salt sea field—Ocean. Untarred—not painted with tar so as to fill up cracks. Uncompassed—without a compass to direct the right way. Unkeeled—flat-bottomed. Rudder—the instrument by which a ship is steered. Skiff—a small boat. Wattled willows—twigs of willows. Argo—the fabled ship in which Jason sailed in quest of the golden fleece; here the small boat in which he undertook the bold adventure. Napoleon suggested that no man can dare to undertake such a perilous adventure unless he is madly in love. Mother—Does not the sailor mean by "mother" his

motherland; in that case Napoleon is hoped to utter a well believed truth, 'A noble mother must have bred so brave a son.' Tar—or Jack tar is the colloquial term for a sailor. Truce—flag indicating a cessation of hostilities. Scantily shift—was very poor. Bonaparte—Napoleon, the Great.

### 23.—AN INCIDENT OF THE FRENCH CAMP.

Browning, Robert—has the reputation of being one of the most original, and at the same time one of the most unpopular poets of the present day. He was educated at the London University. His chief poems are the drama of '*Paracelsus*,' '*Pippa Passes*,' '*Men and Women*,' and his Dramatic '*Lyrics*.'

Stormed—made an assault. Ratisbon—a town in Bavaria. It was occupied by the Austrians from whom the French took it by assault in 1809. Legs wide &c.—this is the common posture in which Napoleon used to stand when watching anything of interest. Oppressive with its mind—dominating with the help of the powerful intellect which lay behind it. That soar &c.—my ambitious plans that require so much to achieve will be nipped in the bud. Let—if Lannes—one of Napoleon's most trusted Marshals. Flag-bird—The French Imperial standard with a gilt eagle at the top of the staff. Vans—wings. Touched to the quick—the boy soldier felt a pang of sorrow when he perceived the Emperor has marked the visible bodily pain he is suffering from, though he is still not dead but standing erect.

### 24.—KING BRUCE AND THE SPIDER

Cook, Eliza—English poetess, the daughter of a tradesman in Southwark. She early displayed great poetic abilities, and, in 1837, became a regular contributor to the "Weekly Despatch" newspaper and achieved an immense popularity. Her chosen subjects, national, domestic, and rural, and her songs and poems, exhibit great force of expression and intensity of homely feeling. '*The Englishman*,' the '*Old Farm Gate*,' '*The Old Armchair*,' are familiar specimen of the hundreds of poetic effusions and stirring songs which have made her name a household word in England. In 1884 she received a pension of £100 a year on the Civil List.

Introductory.—King Robert the Bruce of Scotland, being defeated in a series of battles with the English, gave himself up to despair and retired to a lonely cave. Here he saw a spider succeed to attain its object in a tenth attempt. The lesson braced him up and in the renewed encounter that followed he succeeded and recovered his throne.

Flung himself down—sat down in despair. Mood—state of mind. Clew—thread. Cobweb home—home made of fine thread. Divine—guess. Strong endeavour—determined effort. Sprawl—jerk. Run—effort. Pinch—gripe. Native cot—own little dwelling. All honour—Let all honour be. Defied—challenged. Braced—invigorated. Gossips—story-tellers. Goodly—noble. Con over—go through.

## 25.—THE MISER AND PLUTUS

John Gay—was a native of Devonshire. He was apprenticed to a silkmercer in London, but disliking his employment, he finally got his discharge. His poetical talents soon attracted attention. In 1713 he was appointed secretary to the Duchess of Monmouth, and the same year he accompanied the embassy to Hanover. After his return, he wrote several plays, the most successful of which was '*The Beggar's Opera*,' always a favourite on the stage, and which gave rise to the English Opera, a species of light comedy, enlightened by songs and music. Of Gay's poems, the most popular are his '*Fables*,' which in liveliness and point have scarcely been matched, and his song of '*Black-eyed Susan*.'

Stalks—walks with long slow steps. Tries—examines whether it is right. Pries—peeps to be assured that there is no cause of fear. Hoard—store. Rapture—ecstasy of joy. Qualms—uneasiness of conscience. Stung—pained acutely. Stares—looks at with a fixed gaze. Guilty—sinful. Had the deep &c.—Had we not found riches. Virtue's sold—We sacrifice virtue for wealth. Recompense—compensate. Bane of good—Wealth which appears to be a blessing is a veritable curse. Seducing—tempting. Defeat—resist. Honour—piety. The craving after riches have made us impious and the conception of nobleness is only a shadow now. Instructed—taught. Coward—prone to cowardliness. The more pernicious art of treachery—treachery of deceit which is all the more harmful than murder. Reckon over—fully reckon. Plutus—the God of wealth. Looked—misprint for locked. Ungrateful rant—Unthankful boisterous declamation. Cant—hypocritical talk. Rapacious—greedy. Abused—ill-used. Virtue's self—virtue itself. Cloak—cover. Trade—deceitful occupation. Grows—gives birth to. Rank—terrible. When the villain &c.—When only a vicious man amasses great fortune. Canker &c.—gold destroys the better part in him, and the evils predominate. Lay—ascribe to. Pawned—pledged. Pay—money. Let—If it be so then let. Bravadoes—villains. Upbraid—chide.



## 26.—ABOU BEN ADHEM AND THE ANGEL.

Leigh Hunt—first attracted notice by his contributions to "The Examiner," a newspaper started by his brother, and of which he afterwards became joint editor and proprietor. His chief poems are 'The Feast of the Poets,' 'The story of Rimini,' 'A tale of early Italian life,' 'A Legend of Florence,' and the 'Palfrey.' Hunt also wrote various essays in prose, containing fine sketches both of town and country life.

About Ben Adhem—a fictitious moslem king. May his &c.—a common mode of benediction on a moslem family Dream of peace—a peaceful dream. It—the Angel Rich—intensifying the beauty. Lily in bloom—a blooming lily. A book of gold—the pages of the book are all of gold Exceeding peace—perfect peace of mind Presence—a term of veneration. Made of all sweet accord—with a kind and complacent look. More low—because he was depressed with the angel's answer Cheerly—cheerfully, because he did not become sceptic at the answer. Write me—write my name Wakening light—an effulgence which roused up Abou from his sleep Led all the rest—headed the list.

## 27 —AN ODE

Addison, Joseph—was born in 1672. He was the son of a clergyman, and was educated at Oxford. His poems were popular, and gained him several important appointments. But his fame rests on his prose writings. In conjunction with Steele he started the '*Spectator*' the first number of which appeared in 1711 It was published daily, and each number contained a complete essay without any politics. Of the three papers—'*The Tatler*,' '*The Spectator*,' and '*The Guardian*'—'*The Spectator*'—attained the highest degree of excellence. He died on June 17th, 1719.

Remark :—The thoughts of this little poem are suggested by Psalm XIX in the Bible —["The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament sheweth His handiwork. Day unto day uttereth speech and night unto night sheweth knowledge. There is no speech nor language where their voice is not heard"]

Spacious—infinite Firmament—heaven. Blue ethereal sky—the vault of heaven. Spangled—thick set with luminous stars. A shining frame—a bright structure. Their great original—God. Proclaim—grammatically it should be proclaims. Unwearied—never tired. From day to day—every day. Publishes—proclaims. Soon as—as soon as. Shades—glooms. Prevail—set in. Takes up &c.—

continues the same wonderful story, told by the sun during the day. Nightly—every night. The listening earth—i.e. all listening creatures of the earth. While—at the same time. Burn—shine. In their turn—each in its turn. Roll—revolve round the earth. From pole to pole—from one extremity of the earth to the other. What though—even though. This dark terrestrial ball—this opaque earth. Radiant—bright. In reason's ear &c.—they make a sweet music of rejoicing to the reason of man

## 28.—THE ANT AND THE CRICKET.

It is a didactic poem based on a *fable*. The last line contains its moral.

Sunny—bright with sunshine. Cupboard—(kub'urd) a place for keeping victuals, dishes, etc. Crumb—a piece of bread. Set off—started. Lay by—store for the future. Light—gay and forgetful of the future.

## 29.—ANDROCLES AND THE LION.

Injur'd—one who injures. Lybia—the northern part of Africa. Parch'd—scorched. Retreat—retiring place. Frame—body. Din—roar. Plaintive—complaining. Expressive—bespeaking. Implored—pitifully asked. Fugitive—run away. Inherent—sticking in. Sansous—thin and scerous, as discharged from ulcers or foul wounds. Inmate—one who lived in his cave. Regales—entertains in a sumptuous manner. Parted—deeply cleft. Dole—the small portion. Spread—served. Sands—arena. Mute—dumb.

## 30.—THE WRECK OF THE HESPERUS.

Longfellow, Henry Wordsworth (1807-1882)—an eminent American poet. He was at first designed for the law, but his tastes were, from the earliest period, decidedly literary. He travelled in France, Germany, Italy, Spain, Holland and England, and studied the language and literature of each country. He possessed a remarkable power of picturesque description. Of all American poets he is by far the most popular in England. His verse is polished and refined,—exquisitely clear, tender and full of musical cadence. Some of his chief works are '*Hyperion*,' '*Evangeline*,' '*Pandora*,' '*The Golden Legend*,' '*Tables of a wayside Inn*,' &c.

Skipper—the master of a merchant-ship. Flax—the flower of the flax plant. Ope—short for open. Flaw—squall. Had—who had. Last night &c.—an angular halo round the moon is believed to presage

storm Brine—salt water of the sea. Yeast—the froth of malt liquors in fermentation. Amain—violently. Cables length—about 600 feet. Spar—a rafter. Lashed—dashed against Who stilled the waves &c.—the allusion referred to is one of the miracles of Christ calming a tempest in the lake of Galilee. Sleet—rain mingled with snow or hail. Sheeted—shrouded. Reef of Normans woe—this lies two miles off Gloucester, Massachusetts Ever—without cessation; always Icicles—a pendant mass of ice Fleecy—woolly. Carded—combed Stove—to break up

### 31.—BISHOP HATTO

Granaries—places where grains are stored Appointed—fixed. Repair—assemble Flocked &c.—came in large number from very remote places. Full as it &c.—was crowded to its utmost capacity. Made fast &c.—shut the doors Bonfire—large open air fire in celebration of some event or for destroying waste articles Rats—the Bishop hatefully calls the poor mere rats For yesterday—for yesterday's misdeeds Loop holes—a hole through which a string can only pass. Is bent—is directed Told—counted. Myriad—ten thousand To do judgment on him—to inflict a fit punishment for his sin

### 32 —THE INCHCAPE ROCK

Her sails from heaven &c.—There was not a breath of wind Keel—the lower timber of a ship. The Inchcape Rock—a dangerous rock of the coast of Forfarshire, Scotland, on which now stands the Bell Rock lighthouse Aberbrothock—the same as Arbroath in Forfarshire. Joyance—happiness Rover—pirate. Float—raft to which the bell was attached Plague—tax. Scoured—swept over in piratic adventure For me things &c.—the waves strike against the hidden Inchcape Rock and the pirate on hearing the roaring of waves thinks that they are near the shore. But I wish—the pirate now appreciates the merit of the abbot's bell Knell—the sound of bell at a death or funeral

### 33.—ALEXANDER SELKIRK

Introductory—Alexander Selkirk, a Scotch sailor, was left on the solitary island of Jaun Fernandez, on the coast of South America by his commander, Captain Stadling, for insubordination. Here he lived for a little above four years, when he was found and brought home to England in 1709. The story has been immortalized by De Foe in his Robinson Crusoe

I am monarch &c.—I am the undisputed lord of the whole country that I see around me My right—I have no rival From the centre—

through the entire extent of the island. Solitude—here personified as a feminine being. Where are the charms &c.—I can find no attraction in this lonely place which philosophers so eloquently praise. Better—it is better Alarms—bustles and tumults. Out of humanity's reach—banished from society Journey—life They are so unacquainted &c.—they are not frightened by my presence as they know not the cruel nature of man. Divinely &c.—given to man by the special grace of God Dove—the dove is emblematic of faithful love. Taste—enjoy. Assuage—alleviate. In the way of—by practising. Age—old men. Salise of youth—merriments of young people Untold—that could not be expressed by words. Afford—offer Church-going bell—the church bell that announces the time of prayer. Sighed—with pity. Sabbath—the day of rest Made me your sport—a nautical phrase, I owe all misfortunes Cordial endearing report—soothing pleasant news. Send a wish &c.—think of me and wish my return Tell me—only give me this assurance. Glance of mind—speed of thought Speed—rapidity Lags behind—cannot pass so swiftly Light—light which travels so rapidly But—now I see Lair—den Here—in such a isolation. Gives even &c.—lends a charm even to sorrow

## 34 —AN ODE

Defence—salvation Unhurt—without any suffering. And breath'd—without catching any infection Tyrrhene seas—that part of the Mediterranean between Tuscany and Sardinia and Corsica Devoutly—with reverence Wide-extended deep—vast sea Overcame &c.—when human skill became of no avail My soul &c.—I solely resigned myself to thy care Impotent—unable Laid—calmed Retired—lay at rest. Adore—sing the praise Past—shown to me in the past. The sacrifice—I will engage myself to your services.

## 35 —RULE BRITANIA.

Thomson, James, (1700-1748)—poet and dramatist, author of 'Winter,' 'Summer', 'Britania', 'Spring', 'Autumn', 'Castle of Indolence' and other miscellaneous pieces "Thomson," says Hazlitt, "is the best of our descriptive poets for he gives most of the poetry a natural description. Others have been quite equal or have surpassed him, as Cowper, for instance, in the picturesque part of his art, in making the peculiar features and curious details of subjects no one has yet come up to him in giving the sum total of their effects, their varying influence on the mind. He does not go into the minute of landscape but describes the vivid impression which the whole makes upon his imagination, and thus

transferring the same unbroken, unimpaired impression to the imagination of his readers."

**Azure main**—blue ocean; cf. D. L. Roy's song "*Bharatbaras*." **This**—the last two lines of the stanza. **The charter &c.**—the divine right conferred on England. **To tyrants fall**—shall be ruled by hard-hearted monarchs. **Free**—its people enjoying the highest individual civic liberty. **Foreign stroke**—foreign aggression. **But—only**. **Tame—subdue**. **Bend thee down**—enslave you. **Generous flame**—noble pride. **Work their owe**—bring about their ruin. **Renown**—fame. **Rural reign**—excellence in agriculture. **All thine shall be &c.**—you would be supreme on water. **Muses**—the goddesses of the fine arts. **Still with &c.**—always found in free countries. **Repair**—immigrate. **Fair**—the fair sex.

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## SECOND PART.

### 36.—A HYMN OF THANKSGIVING.

A hymn of thanksgiving—a song sung in celebration of divine goodness. **Mercies**—acts of mercy. **Rising**—soaring heavenwards. **Transported**—filled with ecstasy. **Equal**—i.e., to the gratitude I feel. **Warmth**—ardour. **Ravished**—enraptured. **Ere yet &c.**—i.e., when I was a mere child. **Unnumbered**—innumerable. **Comforts**—pleasures. **Conceived &c.**—could form any notion as to the fountainhead of these blessings. **Slippery &c.**—when one easily falls a prey to sin. **Heedless**—careless. **To man**—to manhood aimless. **Pleasing**—tempting. **It—thy hand**. **They**—the evils mentioned in the first line of this stanza. **Renewed**—revived. **Revived**—rescued. **Bounteous hand**—charity. **Has made my &c.**—made me exceedingly happy. **Employ**—demand. **Nor is the &c.**—over and above the many gifts daily conferred upon me, the bestowal of a contented and easy mind is a great asset that I can count upon. **Pursue**—trace. **Renew**—resume. **Divide Thy works no more**—no more make a separation in Nature. **Ever-grateful**—always thankful. **Through all eternity &c.**—if I go on singing eternally Thy praises, the time allowed to me will be too short.

### 37.—ADAM AND EVE.

**John Milton**—among English poets inferior only to Shakespeare, was the son of a London scrivener. He received his education at St. Paul's School, London, and at Christ's College, Cambridge. In his 21st.

year he had written his grand '*Hymn on the Nativity*,' which is considered one of the finest odes in the language. From Cambridge he retired to his father's house at Horton, in Buckinghamshire, where he spent five years in the study of classical literature. During this period he wrote the beautiful masque of '*Comus*' and '*Arcades*' '*Lycidas*,'; an exquisite elegy on a college companion, who perished by shipwreck on his passage from Chester to Ireland; and too charming descriptive pieces entitled '*L' Allegro*' (The man of Mirth) and '*Il Penseroso*' (The Melancholy Man). In middle life, being of republican principles, he employed himself in writing pamphlets in favour of the Commonwealth, and afterwards acted as Latin Secretary to Cromwell. Unceasing study had affected his eyesight, and in 1652 he became totally blind. At the Restoration he retired to Chalfont, in Bucks, where in 1665, he completed his great epic, '*Paradise Lost*,' which had been commenced in 1658. In 1671 he produced '*Paradise Regained*,' a sequel to '*Paradise Lost*,' but much inferior to it, and '*Samson Agonistes*,' a dramatic poem on the story of Samson. He died in 1674, and was buried in the chancel of St Giles', Cripplegate, in London.

Native—natural, original. Old—dressed. Majesty—grandeur. For in their—they were still obedient and sinless and so they bore an impression of their Creator. Sanctitude—holiness. For contemplation &c.—the respective functions of men and women are defined. Attractive—pleasing. He for God only &c.—man is to find God directly, while women is to find Him only through man, her husband. Frisking—leaping. Since—thenceforth. Ramped—leaped. Dandled—fondled. Ounce—a carnivorous animal of the cat kind, found in Asia, allied to the leopard. Pard—the leopard, any spotted animal. Lithe—easily bent. Proboscis—the trunk of the elephant. Insinuating—gently and insensibly winning confidence. Gordian—intricate. Bedward—in the direction of bed. Usher—forerun.

### 38.—A PSALM OF LIFE.

Numbers—note. Empty—meaningless. Real—not dreamy something. Earnest—full of purpose. And the grave &c.—the soul is everlasting and does not end with death. Not enjoyment &c.—progress should be the motto of human life. Art—the duties of life. Long—many. Muffled—covered; every moment as it passes, we are carried more nearer to end of our mundane existence. Vivouac of life—struggle for existence; 'bivouac' literally means the resting at night of soldiers in the open air, instead of under cover in camp. Trust no future &c.

—make the best use of the present moment and never build on a future hope or brood over a past misfortune. Heard—courage with buoyant heart. Departing—when departing. Sands of time—time is compared with the constantly moving sands for its changefulness. Solemn main—vast ocean. Take heart—be courageous Still achieving &c.—succeeding again and again without giving up further efforts.

### 39.—THE QUIET LIFE

Pope, Alexander (1688-1744)—one of the best of all poetical satirists. His education, ill begun at home, was continued with little more success at school. He however, wrote poems which placed his name first in the brilliant literature of his time. The poetic endowments of Pope were very fine, and there are passages in his works that are among the gems of English poetry. The subject of Pope's poetry is 'fashionable city society.' His style is ornamental, condensed, impressive and artificial. The longer poems of Pope are indeed very wearisome. But each verse is a master-piece when taken alone. Some of his chief works are, '*Pastoral*,' '*Essay on Criticism*,' '*Essay on Man*,' '*Rape of the Lock*,' '*Dunciad*,' '*Translation of the Iliad*,' '*The Universal Prayer*,' &c.

Whose wish and care &c.—who is content with this small inherited ancestral property. In winter fire—the trees supply with fuel to burn in winter. Soft—happily. Study and ease—who finds his time pass in Unknown—not famous. Steal—pass away without drawing any attention. Not—let not. Tell &c.—I do not desire to have a tombstone one above my grave

### 40.—CONTENTMENT

My mind to me &c.—As I have a contented mind I think that I have everything I may desire. As—which. Earthly bliss—wordly happiness. Grows by kind—arises naturally. Want—am without. Stay—support. Press—am eager. To bear—to exercise. Haughty sway—arrogant conduct. Surfeits oft—very often produces satiety. Those that &c.—people of high station in life. Wave—trouble. Toss—disturb. I brook &c.—I complacently put up with what others are tortured. But what—only that. At will—at my command. I like &c.—my ambitions do not soar high and am contented with a modest position in life. In greatest storms &c.—when events excite the people and drive them out of their wits I remain calm and composed at a distance.

## 41.—THE DEATH OF THE RIGHTEOUS.

Robert Blair (1699-1746)—is a Scotch poet, and the minister of Athelstaneford, in East Lothian, Scotland. He is known to fame as being the author of "The Grave."

Exit—death. Even tide—evening. Upbraid—chide. Green—  
younger days Unperceived degrees—slowly. Yet, like the sun &c.  
—as he nears the grave he commands a greater respect. While &c.—  
the older he grows, the more wise he becomes.

## 42 —THE HAPPY HEART.

Thomas Dekker—an English dramatist, contemporary with Ben Jonson, who satirized him in his "Poetaster," under the name of Christianus, Dekker retorting in his "Satyromastix." He wrote several plays, some of which possess merit and contributed scenes, generally of broad humour, to play by other dramatists. His best known drama is 'Fortunatus,' or 'The Wishing-cap', and his best known tract is 'The Gull's Horn-book' From this, Sir Walter Scott, in his "Fortune of Nigel," draws largely for his description of London life.

Golden slumbers—sound sleep. Perplexed—vexed with anxious cares O punishment—or what punishment for you. To add to Golden numbers &c.—to accumulate treasure upon treasure. Vexed—bitterly anxious. Hey nonny—the words are mere musical nonsense, used as a common refrain in Elizabethan poetic literature. Crisped spring—fresh, flowing streams. Sink'st &c.—art thou overwhelmed with affliction. Swimm'st &c.—Are you very rich and at the same time very unhappy. Apace—quickly.

## 43.—BELSHAZZAR'S FEAST.

Introductory.—Belshazzar was the last king of Babylon. Darius, the king of the Medes and Persians, slew him just after the feast described in this poem.

Satrap—governors of provinces Throng'd—crowded. Cups of gold—Belshazzar profaned these holy cups of the Jewish temple of Jerusalem by pouring wine into them in the feast. Wax'd &c.—he became pale. Expound—explain. Mar—interrupt. Chalda—the ancient kingdom of Babylon. Seers—prophets. Untold—unexplained. Babel's—the people of Babylon having a special knowledge of the occult science Captive—Daniel, a Jewish prophet. Worthies—a misprint for worthless.



## 44.—TO A SKYLARK.

**Moral** :—A wise man should have high and noble aspirations, should be steadfastly attached to definite aims, should constantly think of heaven but should never neglect his worldly duties however humble they may be.

**Ethereal minstrel**—air dwelling musician. **Pilgrim of the sky**—wanderer of the sky. **Despise the earth**—hate the earth which is full of cares, and wish to leave it. **Aspire**—mount higher and higher. **Heart and eye &c.**—all the time fix your eyes towards your nest and continue to love it. **Those quivering wings &c.**—your fluttering wings being folded and your singing being lost. **A flood of harmony**—a shower of melody. **With instinct more divine**—the skylark rises higher towards heaven than the nightingale. **Type of the wise &c.**—the wise men have a steady attachment to heaven and earth,—i.e., when dwelling upon heavenly thoughts they do not forget for a moment the humbler duties of life,—like the magnetic needle which points constantly to the north and south poles. The skylark represents the truly wise man.

## 45.—THE SKYLARK.

**Percy Bysshe Shelley**, (1792-1822)—the eldest son of a baronet in Sussex, studied at Eton School and at Oxford University, but was expelled from the latter on account of his atheistical opinions. In 1811 he entered into an imprudent marriage and after three years deserted his wife and went abroad. Shortly after his return, his wife committed suicide, and Shelley married again a few weeks afterwards. In 1822 he was drowned in the Bay of Spezzia. Shelley's principal poems are '*Queen Mab*,' written at the age of sixteen; '*Alastor or the Spirit of Solitude*'; '*The revolt of Islam*'; '*Prometheus Unbound*,' a classic drama and '*The Cenci*,' a tragedy. The greater part of his poetry is invested with a mystical grandeur, which recommends it to the more enthusiastic lovers of verse, but disqualifies it from giving general pleasure.

**Blithe**—happy. **Profuse**—copious. **Unpremeditated art**—off-hand skill. **Deep**—sky. **Race**—heavenly course of life. **Even**—evening. **Melts**—spreads. **Loud**—resonant. **Bare**—free. **Rains out**—spreads forth. **In the light of thought**—meditation. **Unbidden**—of his own accord. **Wrought to**—filled with. **Unbeholden**—unseen. **Embowered**—hidden. **Heavy-winged thieves**—wind that is laden with much fragrance. **Vernal**—pertaining to spring. **Sprite**—spirit. **Praise of wine**—rapturous praise of a drunkard over his wine cup. **Hymeneal chorus**—song sung in marriage festivities. **Triumphant chant**—song sung in cele-

bration of victories. Empty Vaunt—idle boasting. Langour—exhaustion. What is not—which has no existence. Harmonious madness—mad rapturous music.

#### 46.—THE DAFFODILS.

"A second rate poet might have written the first three stanzas of this poem. No one but Wordsworth could have written the last. No other English poet shows so keen a perception of the subtle analogies between the sights and sounds of nature and thought and feelings of the mind. The two best lines in it are by Mary, the poet's wife."

Daffodil—is a little flower of a yellow colour. Wandered lonely as a cloud—strolled listlessly as a speck of isolated cloud; the poet's lonely aloofness was suddenly broken in upon by the sight of the flowers. A host—an army. Golden—because they are yellow. Fluttering and dancing—waving and swimming. Milky way—a galaxy of stars stretching across the sky at night Margin—border. Sprightly—cheerful. But they outdid &c.—the daffodils surpassed splendour in the ever-moving bright ripples on the Lake of Grasmere. Jocund—pleasant. The show—the view Inward eye—of the imagination.

#### 47.—THE CLOUD

From the seas &c.—from the vapour radiating out of. The dews—the rain drops The flail &c.—as a flail scatters the threshed corn over the fields and covers it, so I shower hailstones on the green fields and make them appear white, a flail is an implement for threshing corn, consisting of a wooden bar hinged or tied to a handle. Pass—move in the sky Nursling—developed in the atmosphere. I pass thought &c.—my growth and progress cannot be arrested as I can pass through porous soils and the depth of the ocean. I change—I only take different shapes.

#### 48.—THE POET'S SONG.

Gates of the sun—i.e. the East, whence the sun makes its appearance in the world. In her cloud—the wild swans are in the habit of soaring high in the air. The down &c.—the fine soft under feathers of the bird which the hawk is eating. Gay—cheering. He Sings &c.—the poet sings an eternal song impregnated with a deep meaning.

#### 49.—YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND.

Guard—protect from foreign onslaught. Native—home waters. Braved—fought and defied. Thousand years—for a very long time;

**definite** for the indefinite. **Standard**—ships carrying the British flag. **Launch**—set afloat. **Match**—combat with. **Foe**—the ballad was composed when a war with Russia became imminent in Nov. 1800. **Start**—in help. **Blake**—Robert Blake defeated the Dutch, humbled the Bey of Algiers, and destroyed the Spanish fleet at Santa Cruz. **Nelson**—the most famous of English admirals fell in the lap of victory at the Battle of Trafalgar, 1805. **Blake** died in dropsy and did not 'fall' in battle. **Bulwarks**—fortifications. **Steep**—the precipitous cliffs along the coast. **Thunders &c.**—that discharges cannon balls from her warships, built of Oak grown in England. **The meteor flag &c.**—The British ensign is compared with the meteor, a shooting star which sails across the sky with a long stream of fire trailing behind it. **Till danger's &c.**—peace with its calm, benign influence return. **Fiery fight**—fierce naval engagements. **Heard no more**—is over

#### 50.—HOHENLINDEN

**Introductory.**—Hohenlinden is the name of a small village in Bavaria, about twenty miles from Munich, its capital. On Dec 2, 1800 the French, under General Moreau, defeated the Austrians under Archduke Charles. The result of the battle secured a vast accession of territory to France

**On Linden**—on the plain of Hohenlinden. **The sun was low**—at sunset. **Flow**—current. **Commanding &c.**—giving signal to the guns to fire. **Battle-blade**—sword. **To join &c.**—to take part in the horrible fight where many will die. **Driven**—directed by spurs. **Bolt**—thunders. **Far flashed &c.**—a flash preceded every discharge of the cannons. **Yet**—still. **War clouds**—the dense clouds of smoke emitted by the artillery fire. **Rolling dun**—moving onwards and of a dark colour. **Hun**—the Huns were a wild Scythian people who overran the Roman Empire in the fifth century A.D. and settled in the country to which they gave their names, Hungary. **Sulphurous canopy**—sulphurous vapour rising into the air above the heads of the combatants and forming as if a canopy. **Deepens**—rages more wildly. **On—advance** **To glory of the grave**—to victory or to death. **All thy banners wave**—give the signal for a general combined attack. **Chivalry**—band of brave heroes. **Few, few—&c.**—only a handful of men will come out alive of the battle where so many mustered. **Sepulchre**—grave.

#### 51.—ENGLAND'S DEAD.

**Stately pile**—splendid monuments. **Reared**—raised. **Glory's bed**—of the heroic soldiers. **Wave may not &c.**—English heroes have

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fallen everywhere. Burning—because they are sandy. Pyramid—the great monuments of Egypt. Overswayed—overruled. Power—heat. There—the British soldiers have fought and fallen in Egypt. Tiger—the great Bengal Royal tiger. Reck—care Pyrenees—the range of mountains between France and Spain.

### 52.—GREECE

Coldly—sadly. Deadly—terribly. That parts not &c.—she looks lovely though the vital force is spent Feeling—life. Unforgotten—whose exploits are still fresh in the memories of men Craven—coward. Crouching—slavish. Thermopylae—a pass in the north-east of Greece famous for the fate of Leonidas and his 300 Spartans, who here devoted themselves to the cause of their country, 480 B C Salamis—an island of Greece Near this island Themistocles gained a famous naval victory over the Persians in 480 B C Arise—awake yourself. Own—own forgotten and degenerated self Embers—red-hot ashes. For freedom's battle &c—true patriotism never wastes away in vain. Muse—one of the nine goddesses of poetry music, and the other liberal arts—daughters of Zeus and Mnemosyne Splendour to disgrace—the splendid days of Greece to the degenerated life of the present Till from &c.—till you spoil yourself by your own cowardice and narrowness. Brawl &c.—live a despicable life. Callous—indifferent.

### 53.—JOHN GILPIN

Introductory —John Gilpin is a fictitious representation of a centenarian, one Mr Beyer, a linen-draper of Paternoster Row, who died in 1791. The story was first related to Mr. Cowper by his friend Lady Austen, and the poem appeared in 1784 in the "*Public Advertiser*." Cowper wrote it merely to laugh.

Credit—good name Renown—fame. Train-band—militia. Eke—in addition. Tedious—long and the tiresome. Bell—the name of a particular tavern. Chaise and pair—a carriage drawn by a couple of horses Calender—cloth-dresser. Agog—very eager. Thick and thin—to drive whatever may be. Smack—with a smacking noise. Mad—with joy At—standing by the side of. Saddletree—frame of the saddle. Suited—were satisfied. Lack—luck. Me—to me. Curving—curving. Ear—earlike handle. From top to toe—from head to foot. Manfully—majestically. Well-shod—nicely fitted with shoe. Snorting—making a loud sound by forcing the wind through the nose. Galled—gave him pain. Needs—necessarily, forced. Eke—also. Neck or nought—desperately. Wig—the fashion of wearing false hair was in

vogue in old days. Streamer—flag. Loop—button-hole. Had shung—had hung loosely. Swinging—dangling. Up flew &c.—people opened their windows to see fun. Trice—instant. Turnpike—a gate placed across a road to collect tolls. Reeking—perspiring. As—as if. Had been basted—had been dripped over with fat. Braced—fastened. Threw the wash about—scattered in different directions, as he rode, the waters of a shallow stream overflowing the roadway. Waits—is ready. Accosted—addressed. Guise—mood. Pin—humour. Each comely &c.—both of them of a pretty sort. Bootless—vain. Pasting—riding fast. Lumbering—rumbling. Scampering—galloping.

## 54—MY KATE.

Elizabeth Browning, (1809-1861)—England's greatest poetess was born in London. From her seventeenth year, notwithstanding ill health and other afflictions, she poured forth volume after volume of beautiful and impressive poetry. In 1846 she became the wife of the poet Robert Browning. Her chief poems are—'The Seraphim,' 'A Vision of Poets,' 'Lady Geraldine's Courtship,' 'Casa Guidi Windows,' 'Aurora Leigh,' 'Poems before Congress,' &c.; but her sonnets and smaller poems are the most popular of her productions.

Pretty—handsome. Best made of &c.—women who are exquisitely beautiful, but are selfish and cold, like the snow, cannot win and retain an enduring affection because time will soon rob them of their superficial charms. The metaphor is a complicated one. Beauty is compared with fresh-fallen snow, coming of shade with the passing of time, melting of snow with the losing of charms. On warm and cold days—in prosperity and adversity. Air—look. You saw as &c.—her face was the true index of her character. Her silence—when she was silent. Fancied—you would fancy that her graceful looks telling your words of sympathy and kindness. Blue inner light—an inner light from her blue eyes bespeaking her good soul. In the sense &c.—she did not attract your attention as being very much fascinating or wise. Never implied &c.—She never said or did anything which she felt to be right in such a way as to imply that you are in the wrong. Pulled—pulling of the gown implies a deep affection for the person. None knelt &c.—she had no lover enslaved by her beauty, kneeling at her feet to seek her favour. When she went—when she was no longer present. Ribald—a vile wretch. Rude—coarse person. As she found them—she did not despise anybody but favoured all with her gracefulness. See 'what you have—pointing towards her grave. With the rest—as others,

who are alive. Shall I not take—I cannot help being partial in my love towards you. Sweet Heart—for sweetheart.

#### 55.—THE VOICE OF SPRING.

The voice of Spring—The personified spring speaks, as it were, to the people of his appearance into world. Called me long—invited me from a very long time. With light and song—attended with bright sunshine and the song of the birds. Steps—footsteps. Trace—follow. Opening—unclosing. South—countries of Southern Europe. Fanes—temples North—the Northern countries of Europe. Tassel—the pendant flowers or heads of some plants, as of maize Sunny—sun-lit. Fringe—loose threads forming a border. Sigh—breath of wind. Have called out—have summoned to service Each voice—one and all the birds soaring the sky. Starry time—night Hesperian—western; Hesper or Hesperous is the evening star, Italy was called Hesperia by the Greeks because it was situated to them in the western direction Iceland—the island of Iceland is a Danish possession and is situated between the North Atlantic and the Arctic Oceans. Loosed the Chain—gave them liberty to flow Rose-lip—lip as red as a rose. Bounding—springing Fly—hasten Careworn—fatigue with anxieties Sullen hearth—gloomy fireside Light—because newly born. Thrill—dance. Strains—music And youth &c—in spring time everything is lively and vigorous. Features past—you have grown care worn and the liveliness of boyhood had disappeared Flowers must die—you cannot enjoy the beauty of nature; the young children die Vanished—past. Tossed—danced. With a play of light—frivolously Cowslip—a beautiful and fragrant species of primrose, common in English pastures Banquet—feast. Sapphire—deep pure blue sapphire is a highly transparent and brilliant precious stone Mortality—death; bereavement Strewn the dust &c.—placed under the grave the young children with bright foreheads Given—entrusted. Earth's embrace—death's grave Blight—gloom. Tarry—wait Borne—carried, gather harvest. Love—most beloved.

#### 56.—THE OLD ARM-CHAIR.

Chide—reprove. Treasured—valued Sainted prize—sacred legacy left to me by my mother Bedewed—moistened; washed. Emblem—moistened; washed. Embalmed—carefully preserved in the mind. Bonds—ties. Break—unloose itself. Start—give way a little. Spell—the cause of the fascination. Hallowed—sanctified Fit—properly train. Betied—befall. Creed—motto of life; belief. Lisp—to utter imperfectly

with the lisp of a child. Turned—stopped reading. Sped—having elapsed. Lava tide—the remembrance tortures me very much : lava is a molten mass of burning liquid issuing out of a volcano.

#### 57.—THE SOLDIER'S DREAM

Bugles—trumpets. Sang truce—sounded the order of a temporary cessation of hostilities. Night-cloud—darkness of night. Had lowered—had descended. Sentinel stars—stars like sentries, a beautiful military metaphor. Set their watch in—began as if to guard. Sunk—lay themselves on. Overpowered—stricken with fatigue and wounds. Reposing—enjoying rest. Pallet—bed. Faggot—a fire was kindled to scare away the wolves from the dead bodies. Sweet—sweetening. Vision saw—dreamt a dream. Methought—is seemed to me. Array—battle-order. Desolate—devastated by warfare. Fathers—forefathers. Welcomed me back—gave me warm and hearty reception. Traversed—frequented. Life's morning march—boyhood. Bosom—heart. Bleating aloft—crying on the top of the mountain. Pledged we the wine cup—we drank one another's health. Little one—children. Fullness of her heart—overcome with strong emotion. Fain—glad. War-broken—health undermined by military service. Melted away—became silent.

#### 58 —PATRIOTISM

Nook—corner of the earth. Constrained—urged with irresistible power. Fickle—inconstant, changeable. Deformed—disturbed; unbecoming. Dripping—constantly tricking. Frost—snowwhite. Sullen—gloomy. Bowels—arbores To shake thy senate—to deliver stirring addresses in the Houses of Parliament. Feel—take pride in, enjoy. Thundered—orator. There—Parliament.

#### 59.—TO BLOSSOMS.

Fair—beautiful. Pledges—promises, the blossoms are pledges of the 'fruit' which the trees will bear in Autumn. Date—the length of your life. So past—so very long appointed to end. But you may—that you may not. Blush and gently smile—look rosy with a gentle blushing smile, like that of a coy maiden. Loose you quite—only to miss you acutely. Where—in which. Read—take the lesson. Though ne'er so brave—even though they are not so very handsome; brave is here used obsoletely in the sense of 'handsome.' Their pride—the grandeur of their beauty with all its pride. Awhile—for a short time. Glide—pass slowly.

## 60.—THE SLAVES DREAM.

**Introductory.**—The traffic in slaves was ripe in the American States before the Civil War of 1861-65. Aboriginal tribes of Africa, specially the Negroes, were captured and sold as cattle to the various plantations.

**Ungathered rice**—uncollected corn. **Matted**—clotted. **Buried**—sunk. **Niger**—a river in Africa. **Once more a king &c.**—he again walked with the freedom of an independent monarch. **Caravans**—a company of travellers, associated together for security in crossing the deserts. **Queen**—wife. **Lids**—eyes. **Were**—made of. **Smutting**—beating. **Stalion's flank**—horses' side. **Flanmingoes**—a tropical bird of a bright red colour, with long legs and necks. **Caffre**—a South African tribe. **Rose to view**—came within sight. **River horse**—the hippopotamus. **Myriad tongues**—i.e., of birds and beasts. **Blast of the Deserts**—hot sandy gush of desert whirlwind.

**He did not feel &c.**—as he died when sleeping, he could not feel the salve driver's flourishing of sticks, or the burning sunshine. **For death &c.**—for death crept into the region of sleep. **Fetter**—the body in which the soul lived as if in a fetter.

## 61.—THE REALM OF FANCY

**Keats, John, (1796-1821)**—one of the greatest of young poets, was educated as a surgeon's apprentice. In 1817 he pushed a volume of poems the most of which had been written before he attained the age of twenty. In the following year he published '*Endymion*,' '*A Poetic Romance*,' and in 1820 '*Lamia*,' '*Isabella*,' '*Hyperion*,' '*The Eve of St Agnes*,' and other poems.

**Let the Fancy roam**—let fancy take flight in wild imaginations. **Never is at home**—is always wandering about, i.e. try to find pleasure in its queer haunts. **At a touch**—i.e. it is very shy. **only a short enjoyment**. **The thought**—the realm of thought. **Mind's cage-door**—fancy is shut up in the cage of mind. **Cloudward**—to the region of the clouds, i.e. very high. **Spoiled by use**—grow stale with continual enjoyment. **Fades as &c.**—wears away as soon as its blossoms wither. **Red-lipped fruitage**—red ripe fruits. **Cloys**—brings satiety. **Do**—what is there to do. **Ingle**—fireside. **Sear**—dry. **Spirit**—the object which animates. **Muffled**—covered with snow. **Caked**—massed like a cake. **Shuffled**—disturbed. **Shoon**—shoes, old plural of shoes. **Doth meet**—at about 3 or 4 p.m. the night comes. **To banish Even**—giving no opportunity for the evening to come between. **Self-overawed**—awed at its own tremendous power. **High-commission**—charged with a momentous



commission. Bells—flower-bells; bell-shaped flowers. Fit—to be fitted or mixed up. Quaff—enjoy. Harvest carols—merry songs of the harvest gatherer. Antheming—singing in praise of. Foraging—seeking. Shaded—growing in the shade. Pearled with &c.—bedewed with pearl-like rain drops. Meagre—thin, lean. Celled sleep—in winter the mouse does not come out of its hole, so for want of food it has become lean. Casts its swarm—sends forth the inmates of the hives.

#### 62.—THE SAILOR BOY.

Fired—buoyed: inspired. Shot—quickly passed. Seething harbour bar—the barrier of the harbour beaten with surging waves Mermaiden—a sea-woman, having the head and body of a lovely woman to the waist, ending in the tail of a fish. Proud—ambitious Yeasty—foaming. Limpet—a shell-fish. Scrawl—a sea-animal that crawls; crab. Roam—prowl about. For shame—it is shameful on your part to leave us so cruelly. Raves—talk madly. Wreck—ship-wreck. Save—unless. Devil—evil thought cowardliness.

#### 63.—THE OLD YEAR'S BLESSING

Fading—passing away One—another year Coldly—unceremoniously. Seeds—in their infancy Blossom—develop Praise—of the Almighty. Care—anxieties Aims—ideals according to which they will be utilised. Dust—undesirable thing. Stray—go astray Tears—repentances Crowns—fructifies.

#### 64.—SLEEP.

Sackvil, Thomas, (1536-1608)—while a student of law in the Inner Temple, composed the play of *Gorboduc*, the earliest known specimen of tragedy in the language. He is said to have planned, '*The Mirror for Magistrates*,' a series of legends, in which all the great in English history were to pass in review before the reader, each telling his own story as warning or mirror to rulers Sackville's contributions to it, however, were confined to '*The Induction*' and '*The Complaint of the Duke of Buckingham*,' the former of which is characterised by a strength of description and a power of drawing allegorical characters scarcely inferior to Spenser Sackville ultimately became Lord Buckhurst, Earl of Dorset, and Lord High Treasurer of England.

Still as any stone—calm as the very stone. Very—Perfect. Keep—care; consideration Fortune frowned on—fell a victim to misfortune. Quiet—comfort. Fere—companionship. Rever—one who rules. Tyde—happen. Croesus—a king of Lydia, noted for his riches. Irus—beggar in the house of Ulysses at Ithaca.

## 65.—SONG.

Shakespeare, William (1564-1616)—was born at Stratford-on-Avon. When little more than twenty years of age he went to London and became a player, and afterwards began to compose plays for the company to which he belonged. After having lived for some years as a player, he became the manager of a theatre and company, and appears to have given up acting. In 1614, finding himself possessed of a small competency, he retired to his native town, where he died two years after, and was buried in Straford Church. The works of Shakespeare consist of thirty-seven plays—tragedies, comedies, and historical dramas; the poems, '*Venus and Adonis*' and '*Lucrece*'; and a collection of sonnets. The name of Shakespeare is the greatest in our literature—it is the greatest in all literature. No man ever came near him in the creative powers of the mind; no man ever had such strength at once and such variety of imagination.

Swains—country people; young rustics. Commend—praise; admire. Grace—good qualities. Lend—bestow on, endow her with. Love—he is always blind, Alice's love is not blind. Excelling—admirable.

## 66.—ODE TO EVENING.

Warton, Thomas (1728-1790)—an English divine poet, and critic. In 1759 he became Professor of poetry in the University of Oxford, and in 1771 was presented to the Vicarage of Kidlington, in Oxfordshire. In 1785 he was appointed poet laureate, and also Camden Professor of modern history at Oxford. He wrote some elegant poems. a '*History of English poetry*,' '*Lives of Sir Thomas Pope and Dr. Bathurst*'; '*Notes on Milton's smaller Poems*,' '*Observations on Spencer's Faerie Queene*,' &c.

Meek-eyed—the graceful look of a maiden is compared with evening. Sober—as opposed to gorgeous. Bent—proceeding. Jocund—merrily. Twilight groves—the groves bathed in twilight. Phoebus—the sun. Gilded—lit up with the golden rays of the setting sun. Lightly—softly. Honey—sweet as honey, pleasant. Nurse—tend. Dryad—in Greek mythology nymphs inhabiting the trees. Trip—dance. Wanton—trivoltous. Silvan—in Roman mythology, was the God of forests. Pan—in Greek mythology, was the God of pastures, forests, and flocks; he had the bust of a man, with the head and lower body of a goat. Sheep-cote—sheep fold. Fresh-furrowed—freshly or newly ploughed. Artless sings—sings rudely. Supping—taking their evening repast. Lengthening shadow—gradually spreading shadow

of the evening. Desponding—unrequiting. Pining—that emaciates the body. Votary—warshipper: follower. Pensive train—thoughtful company. Throat—i.e., of a bird.

### 67.—THE HAPPY LIFE.

Whose armour &c.—who solely depends on his own good wishes as his best defence. Skill—cunning, cleverness. Still—always. Not tied unto the world &c.—who is not very anxious as to how the public will judge his act or any particular person will opine. Not tied—not in bondage. Chance—unforeseen opportunity. Who never understood &c.—he has no flatterer, so we cannot understand what excruciating pain moral conscience suffers from unmerited praise. He is not versed in the rules of state management, but he knows those rules that are for the good of all. Rumours—spiteful reports about him. Whose conscience &c.—who has reconciled himself to a pure conscience. Whose state &c.—who has no estate enough that other may live upon him by flattery, nor there is the chance of adventures to gain much by bringing about his downfall. Late and early—always; morning and evening. Grace—blessing. Gifts—maternal munificence. Entertain—enjoy. Harmless—spent innocently. Servile bands—low-minded people. Of hope &c.—whose aim is only to strike a figure in the world and never to meet with disasters.

### 68.—THIS WORLD IS ALL A FLEETING SHOW

Moore, Thomas (1780-1855)—was a native of Dublin and was educated at Dublin University. He came to London to study law, and in 1800 published his translation of the "Odes of Anacreon." His chief works are, '*Lalla Rookh*,' a brilliant series of oriental tales, abounding with gorgeous description of eastern scenery; '*The Loves of the Angels*,' '*Two penny Post-bag*,' (a poetical satire), and his Songs and Irish Melodies, which are the most popular of his works.

Fleeting—quickly passing, shortlived. Illusion—delusion. Shine—shine of smiles. Flow—flow of tears. False the light &c.—glory is an illusion. Gathered for the tomb—and in death. Troubled—hazardous.

### 69.—TREASURES OF THE DEEP.

Unrecked of—uncared for; unheeded. Have more—have something more than the pearls and shells. Royal Argosies—large merchant vessels heavily laden with rich cargo. Thy waves &c.—you have swallowed many cities of ancient fame. Breathless—silent.

### 70.—THE LADDER OF ST. AUGUSTINE

Introductory.—St Augustine, (354-430 B. C.) one of the fathers of the Christian church, lived a very irregular life when young. When

all efforts to reclaim him failed, the sermons of St. Ambrose at Milan first attracted his attention. Gradually, he renounced his heretical opinions, and was baptized in 387. The next year he went to Africa, and was ordained a priest. He took a leading part in the great Pelagian controversy. His writings have always been held in veneration by the Catholic church, and from them was formed that system commonly called scholastic divinity.

If will—if we will That with the hour &c.—that we do every hour. Rounds—steps of the ladder. That makes &c.—that makes us to underestimate the good qualities in others. Dreams of youth—simplicity and innocence. Eminent domain—absolute greatness. Cloudy summits &c.—the highest ideal in contemporaneous thought. Pyramids—the great monuments of Egypt. Wedge like cleave—as a wedge when struck into a body splits it, so the pyramids of Egypt standing in the desert as if splits the atmosphere. Bastions—summits. Are crossed by pathways—also rise in steps, passes topping passes. Destinies—future greatness. Nor deem &c.—do not mourn for the time lost, because it may give lessons for the guidance of a bright future.

#### 71.—THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE

Wolf, Charles (1791-1823)—an Irish clergyman, whose fame rests upon this poem, no other work of his being extant.

Introductory :—Sir John Moore, an English general in the Peninsular war, was sent to drive the French troops from the north of Spain, in conjunction with the Spaniards. After the capture of Madrid by Napoleon, he was compelled to retire before Soult and Ney to the sea-port of Corunna, and was killed in 1809 whilst covering the embarkation.

Not a drum &c.—the enemy was near at hand, so to avoid detection no military funeral was accorded to the great hero. Farewell shot—over the grave as a *farewell* token of respect, customary in military funerals. The sods &c.—as they were in a hurry to embark no regular grave could be dug at that time, the soldiers buried him just under the turf of the rampart. Useless—because they are not indispensable for cremation. Martial cloak—military dress. Few and short &c.—because the time was not opportune for a ceremonious prayer. And we spoke &c.—because our sorrow was over-whelming, and more so, as we were uncertain about what more may betake us. Hollowed—dug out. Narrow bed—grave. Tread over his head—desecrate his grave. Far away on the billow—the troops were all embarked safely, under the protection of some British battle-ships, two days after Sir John Moore's death.

Lightly—insultingly, disparagingly. Cold ashes—grave. Little he will rack—it will matter little to him Heavy—sad. Retiring—the act of falling back. Random—aimless. Sullenly—spitefully. A line—of Epitaph. Stone—tomb-stone.

#### 72.—AFTER BLENHEIM.

*Introductory* :—In 1704, the English with the Dutch, the Germans, and the Danes, under the Duke of Marlborough and the Austrian general Prince Eugene, defeated the French and Bavarians, at Blenheim, a village on the Danube in western Bavaria.

Kaspar—the name of a certain German peasant. Expectant—eagerly expecting to know about his discovery. Fall—was killed. Turns them out—digs them out of the ground. Wonder-waiting eyes—eyes that expressed a desire to hear some wonderful account of the affair. What they fought &c.—I cannot thoroughly understand the objective of the battle. Where—the place where. Wasted—devasted Childing—full with child ; pregnant. Field—battle

### THIRD PART.

#### 73.—THE GLORY OF GOD.

In beauty seen—attired in gorgeously beautiful things, seen from the point of beauty alone. Gay—beautiful. Green—green leaves. Ample field—vast expanse of water. Whose chariot—according to Greek Mythology the sun drives in a car drawn by four horses Amber—yellowish fossil resin. Softer eye—milder moonbeams. Numbered—will last for a definite period. Meaner—inferior ; secondary. Bounties—charities. Gild the span &c.—add lustre to. Thy redeemed—those who are granted salvation, or saved by Thee.

#### 74.—A MORNING HYMN.

Ken. Thomas (1637-1711)—an English bishop, was nominated to the bishopric of Bath and Wells by Charles II. He opposed the endeavours of James II to introduce popery, and was one of the seven bishops sent to the Towers for resisting that monarch's dispensing power. He refused to take the oaths of the Revolution. He published some pious manuals, and wrote several hymns among them the famous '*Morning*' and '*Evening Hymns*,' and an epic poem, entitled '*Edmund*.'

With the sun—with sunrise. Thy daily stage &c.—pursue the round of your daily duties. Sacrifice—offering of praise and thanks giving

to God. Bear thy part—offer thy share of thanks giving to God. From dead shall wake—in the Day of Judgment when I shall be called back from the grave to accept my doom. Endless light—i.e. of Heaven. But—only. Void—in forgetfulness of. Vows—promises of obeying thy Commandments. Mourning dew—as the sun dispenses the morning dew. My first springs—the motive sources of my thoughts and desires. My spirit fill—permeate my soul through and through.

75.—WILLIAM TELL.

Led—herded. Hunter's craft—archery. Blithe—jolly. Share the game—be their play-fellow. Took—enjoyed. Unseen—unexpected. Lower—befall Strangers—foreigners : Austrains. Yoke—thralldom. Savage mood—vicious temper. Wantonness—abusive height. Spoil—booty. Wonderous—exciting. Gessler—the name of the Austrain governor Fall—down. Hard by—very close. Manhood—a grown up man Tauntingly—joking bitterly. Yours—committed by you ; you will be responsible for the murder of your child. Mark—target. Curse began—since Adam and Eve were cursed. Guided—directed . protected. Plighted—sworn. The same—simultaneous. God helped &c.—the last stanza contains the moral of the poem .

76 —ON A SPANIEL CALLED "BEAU" KILLING  
A YOUNG BIRD.

Fares—lives on At his ease—leading a comfortable life, having known no wants To pursue—to run after Trifle—trifling things. Tiny—very small Which flew not &c.—which learnt to fly only this day. Doggish pain—brutal hunger. Ease—satisfy. Though chased &c.—you pursued the prey with vehement eagerness, but it was only for the excitement of a chase. Thievish sort—purlouning species. Allures—tempts . of the carnivorous kind Torn—have mangled. Yours—your sport. Remedy—means of reclaiming. Teach you—in spite of teaching you. Louder—more imperious. Withstand—disobey. Nature—inward instinct. Prison—cage Had fluttered &c.—became quite exhausted with the flapping of its wings. Panting—breathing heavily. Pressed—lay with his breast against the floor Destined to—fated. Ruffled—disordered. Liked &c.—made even the feathers by my tongue. Refuse—decline to accept. Bow-Vow—dog ; the usual cry of a dog is so. Address to me—by composing verse relating to such an insignificant thing committed by me.

77.—I REMEMBER.

Hood, Thomas, (1799—1845)—the son of a book-seller was a modern English poet and humourist. In some of his serious poems, he displayed

an intensity of tragic and imaginative power of a rare order. In his minor works a rich current of genial humour runs ; and his pleasant wit, ripe observation, and sound sense have made him an ornament to English literature. Some of his chief works are 'The song of the shwt,' 'The Birdge of sighs,' 'Odes and Addresses to Great people,' 'Whims and Oddities,' 'Tytney Hall,' 'Up the Rhine,' and 'Whimsicalities.' In addition to the works, he edited several magazines, the most important of which was 'The Comic Annual'

He never &c.—I was not sorry for the coming morn , it never found me unprepared. Nor brought &c.—the days too did not prove to be monotonous. But now I wish—now I am quite tired of my life and wish that I never see the morning again. Made of light—grown by the sunshine Robin—widely-spread singing bird with a reddish-orange breast Built—i. e., its nest Laburnum—a small tree with beautiful yellow flowers Thought the air &c.—I felt the refreshing breeze, with the same relish as is enjoyed by flying swallows Flew in feathers—was as lively and cheerful as the singing birds. Heavy—dull, sad Fever on my brow—the anxious care of my disappointed life Slender—tapering. Close against the sky—almost in touch with the sky

## 78 —VIRTUE

Herbert George, (1594-1632)—was of noble birth, being brother of the celebrated Lord Herbert of Cherbury, but he is chiefly known as a pious country clergyman, who earned the name of "Holy George Herbert" His chief work is 'The Temples or Sacred Poems and Ejaculations.' Its beauties are marred by the ridiculous conceits and coarse similes of the metaphysical school

Bridal—the chosen spouse Fall—close Angry—the red colour is referred to. Compacted—in conglomeration Seasoned—tempered by heat and cold. Gives—breaks , gives way to. Turn to coal—are destroyed by fire Chiefly—in its highest form

## 79 —MY FATHER'S AT THE HELM,

Remark :—The author impresses the lesson that we should always have strong faith in God's graciousness, and must look up to Him for help when the world forsakes us.

Curling—rolling. Assailed—tossed. Pallid—pale , the fear that makes a man pale. Distracting—crazing. Prevailed—solved. Composure—calmness. Left—blighted. Anchor—refuge.

## LAHIRI'S SELECT ENGLISH READING

### 80.—THE BLIND BOY.

Cibber, Colley, (1671-1757)—an English poet and play-writer, the son of Gabriel Cibber, the sculptor. He first entered the stage without success, and then turned his attention to dramatic literature. His best dramas are, '*The Careless husband*,' and the '*Non-juror*'. His comedies are light, airy, and pleasant, but his royal odes possess many faults. He made "acting versions" of several of Shakespeare's plays, which even now retain a certain amount of popularity. He was the hero of pope's '*Dunciad*'. In 1730 he received the office of Poet Laureate.

Benefits—usefulnesses. How can he—it is inscrutable to me to understand. Sleep or play—to me the day is when I play, while the night comes only when I sleep. Helpless—because the blindless can never be cured, incurable. Destroy—disturb.

### 81 —THE FAIRIES' GROTTTO.

Shenstone, William, (1714-1763)—poet and essayist, was the son of a Shropshire farmer. His chief work was '*The School mistress*'.

Remarks —"These lines were an inscription on a root-house. Shenstone was fond of gardening, and delighted in the daisied lawns and marble fountains which are implied in his verse."

Grotto—is a cave or cool recess. Rural—as opposed to urban artificialities. Limes—lime-trees. Frisk it—frisk our frisking. Afford—supply. Brodered—embroidered. Wot—know. Parian floor—floor made of parian marble. Paros, an island in the Ægean Sea, was celebrated for its marble stones. Artful strain—music originating in human art; artificial music as opposed to the natural music of falling water. Would you—if you wish. Taste our tranquil scene—enjoy our quiet haunts. Serene—pure. Vails you—avails you, is profitable to you. In there place—i. e., of hate, strife, &c. To graft—plant. Harm betide—may harm befall. Wayward swain—obstinate, uncultured brute. Hallowed—sanctified. Profane—violate.

### 82.—THE ECHO.

Profound—very deep. For—in return for. Unsolicited—unasked for. Wanderer—cuckoo, who is a wandering bird. Mortal life—human beings, Natures—kinds. Recognized intelligence—God's voice; Supreme command. Rebounds—re-echoes. Giddy—thoughtless.

### 83.—LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER.

A silver pound—the pound Scots was equivalent to 1s 8d. O'er—across. Lochgyle—is a branch of Loch Long an inland arm into the sea.



**This dark &c.**—these inland arms of the sea are specially liable to sudden tempests. **Ulva**—is a small island to the south-west of Scotland. **Heather**—is a wild shrub common in the Highlands **Hard**—close. **Steps**—direction. **Bonny**—beautiful **Wight**—person **Silver bright**—money. **Winsome**—handsome. **Bird**—maiden, the word is gallantly used **By this**—by this time. **Apace**—quickly **Water Wraith**—a spirit dwelling in water, the shrieking of water-spirits is believed to anger death and disaster **Scowl of heaven**—tempestuous appearance of the sky **Grew dark**—was covered in darkness **Prevailing**—gaining the mastery. **Fatal**—disastrous **Shade**—darkness. **Return in &c.**—the waves prevented them either from returning, or getting any help from the shore.

#### 84 —THE LIGHT OF OTHER DAYS

**Slumber's chain has bound me**—I was asleep, the idea is that during sleep we become motionless as if fast bound by a chain **The light**—the brightness **Other days**—the days that are no more **Dummed and gone**—some are defective in eye-sight due to old age, while others are dead. **Fall**—die **Dead**—withered **Fled**—extinguished **But he**—according to strict grammar should be 'but him'

#### 85 —FAREWELL TO ENGLAND

**Remarks** :—The poem is Childe Harold's farewell song, as he leaves England.

**Fades o'er**—that gradually passes out of sight **Sea-mew**—the sea-gull **Yon sun &c.**—we are sailing sunwards or westwards. **Fleetest**—swiftest **Falcon**—a bird of prey formerly trained to the pursuit of game **My father &c.**—the two lines beautifully express the manly heart of a devoted father and the tender love of a doting mother. **My**—this is said by the page. **Become**—are fitting in your case. **Staunch**—devoted **French foe**—the French were at war with the English at this time **Blanch**—make pale. **Bordering**—that which borders. **Gainsay**—find fault with. **Lighter mood**—frivolous temperament **Laugh**—feel no concern. **Tear me**—as he will not recognise me. **Where he stands**—then and there; this line shows that Childe Harold is as cynical about the lower animals as about mankind **Athwart**—across. **Brine**—sea, literally it means saline water. **So not**—again to mine—so long as you do not bear me back again to my own land. **When you fail my sight**—when no longer shall I be in your presence.

86.—THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

Spreading—with outstretching branches, shady. Chestnut—from Castana in Asia Minor whence the tree was introduced into Europe. Smithy—the workshop of a smith. Stands—is situated. Mighty—powerful. Sinewy—strong and vigorous. Brawny—muscular. Iron band—strips of Iron. Crisp—curling. Tan—it is of brown colour. Honest—because he labours honestly. And look &c—he is not ashamed or embarrassed before any one, since he is under no obligation to anybody. Week in week out—from the beginning to the end of the week. Swing—hing down to the stroke. Sledge—a large heavy hammer. Measured—regular and deliberate. Beat—stroke. Sexton—an officer who has charge of a Church, attends the clergyman, rings the bell, digs the grave, &c. When the evening &c.—at sunset. Flaming forge—blazing furnace in which the iron is heated. And catch—the children try to catch the sparks that fly from the red-hot iron when it is struck by the hammer, which seems like the chaff that flies from the corn when it is beaten by the flail. Choir—a band of singers, especially belonging to a Church. Needs—necessarily. Attempted—started upon. Done—finished. Earned—won. Thanks to thee—thanks be to thee. Thus at the flaming forge of life &c.—as the blacksmith manufactures his goods by heating pieces of iron in his forge and beating them on the anvil over and over again with his hammer, so we must work out our destinies by subjecting our eager and impetuous thoughts and actions to the repeated trials and experiences of our lives and changing and regulating them according to the promptings of the will force on the one hand and conscience on the other.

87.—EVENING, ON THE BANKS OF THE GANGES.

Richardson, D. L.—was sometimes the Principal of Hindu College, Calcutta. He was held in high esteem for his vast learning and great Shakesperean scholarship. He wrote '*Literary Leaves of Prose and Verse*,' and compiled a Poetical Selection.

Broad—because it was setting. Slumbering—calm. Ruins hoar—mouldering building of old. Lave—bathe. Soar—rising high. Unheard—without breaking the silence. Enthralled—enslaved.

88.—THE BUILDERS.

Architects of fate—builders of their own destinies. Walls of time—edifice of life. With massive deeds—with heroic and weighty actions. With ornaments &c.—with literary production. Idle show—ephemeral. Structure—building. Filled—compounded. Truly—faultlessly. Gaps—mistakes, failings. Unseen and the seen—acts which we have done private.

ly as well as in public. Broken stair way—refers to the ill-spent days of our life. To climb—to advance. Turrets—small towers on building; the very top. See the world—can enjoy the two-fold bliss, of the world as well as of Heaven.

#### 89.—IVAN THE CZAR.

**Introductory.**—Ivan IV. (1529-1584)—surnamed the Cruel, ascended the throne at the age of four years, his mother acting as regent till he attained majority in 1544. He made war against the Poles, the Swedes, and the Tartars, all of whom were in turn vanquished. He was very cruel to his subjects and killed with his own hand his eldest son. But his reign is marked by a great advance in civilization. He definitely adopted the title of "Czar," and added to it that of "Autocrat." He concluded a commercial treaty with Elizabeth.

**Lonely**—because his sorrow disabled him to enjoy company. **Girt him round**—surrounded him on all sides. **Leader &c.**—generals. **Jewels**—wrought with jewels. **Ermme form of clay**—the dead body which will soon be reduced into dust. **Stormy sunset**—bright effulgence, the word 'stormy' is used to keep with the sense of feeling struggling in Ivan's heart. **Rich—gorgeous. Pallid—pale. Mutely—silently. Full—heavy. Well might I know—I know full well. Pride themselves joy—pride which were your joys. Lift brightly up—raise yourself with dignity. On earth—which I rule. Folded—reserved. Pressed—caressed. As an eagle—with all the bounties that were befitting your exalted position in life. Knew no more—his sword was never more wielded. Shrank—shuddered. Humbly—meekly.**

#### 90.—MAN'S LIFE

**Damask**—of a red colour, the damask rose is of red colour. **Dainty**—elegant. **Shade**—shadow of the night. **Jonas gourd**—refers to the story of prophet Jonah in the Old Testament. **Whose thread &c**—whose lives are limited to a certain period after which it will end. **Like a tale—as interesting as a tale. That is here**—perhaps it refers to the cuckoo, a wandering bird. **Swan**—swans are believed to die singing.

#### 91.—GREEN OLD AGE.

**Alexander Smith, (1830-1867)**—a designer of patterns in a Glasgow ware-house, issued in 1853 a volume of Poems, the principal piece being a series of thirteen dramatic scenes, entitled '*A Life Drama.*' He soon after received the appointment of Secretary to the University of Edinburgh. He afterwards issued '*City Poems,*' '*Edison of Desra,*' and

several prose works; '*Dream Throp*,' '*A Summer in Skye*,' and '*Alfred Hagart's Household*.'

Blood—spirit. Red—buoyancy of spirit. Stir—influence; roused. Cloistered—growing in cloisters. Hunting—wandering about. Cheers—finds enjoyment in. Tears—showers. But chief—but the most pleasant of my memories. Unrolled—unfolded. Many rich draught &c.—memory, which is the soul's cupbearer, has supplied me with many loving and pleasant subjects to enjoy.

## 92.—THE CAPTAIN.

He that &c.—the first three lines contain the moral of the ballad. Rules by terror—who governs tyrannically by striking terror into the hearts of his subjects. Doeth—commits. Grievous—fatal. Deep as Hell—as hateful as hell itself. Oppression—all treatment, chastisement. Light transgression—slightest violation of his order. Doom'd—subjected. Lash—whip. Canvas—sails. Rose—became visible. Colour-heightened—became red in the face with excitement. Cloudy—suppressed. Nor ward—northward. Had—they had now the opportunity of doing. Spars—it included masts, yard, booms, &c. For his noble name—for the upholding of his fame. Still—silent. Sold—betrayed. Confounded—bewildered. Pale he &c.—he alternately turned pale and red. Wandered by—passed by. Tosses—rolls in waves. Mouldering—going to decay. With one &c.—as it crosses the ocean with the help of a gush of wind.

## 93.—ON THE DEATH OF HIS FAVOURITE CAT.

Gray, Thomas, (1716-1771)—the son of a London scrivener, was educated at Eton, and afterwards at Cambridge. He spent the greater part of his life in studious retirement. His two great odes, '*The progress of Poesy*' and '*The Bard*,' are the most splendid compositions we possess in the Pindaric style and measure; his '*Elegy written in a Country Church-yard*,' is the most popular of his poems. and his smaller pieces, the odes '*On Spring*,' '*To Adversity*,' '*On Eton College*' are much admired.

Where China &c.—on which China Vase full blown blue flowers had been painted. Demurest—gravest. Tabby kind—tabby class of cat: a tabby-cat is a cat of grey or brownish colour with dark stripes. Gazed—looked fixedly. Conscious tail—the movements of her tail showed how happy she was. Coat—fur. Jet—polished black. Purred—uttered in a low murmuring sound. The Genii &c.—the living spirits of the stream, i.e., fishes. Scaly armour—the coat of a fish, made of scales. Tyrian hue—purple colour: Tyre was anciently famous for its purple dye. Through to the view—exposed to eye-sight. Betrayed—apparently showed. Nymph—

affectionately so called. Prize—the game. Beguiled—deceived. Tumbled—fell. Eight times &c.—she made repeated efforts; Cf. "A cat has nine lives." Dolphin—The allusion referred to, is the story of Arion, who, when thrown into the sea, was saved by a dolphin which was enchanted by his music. Nereids—they were sea-nymphs, according to Greek mythology. Tom and Susan—even the servants, whether male or female. Favourite—pet. The last stanza contains the moral of the poem. Beauties—women. Retrieved—retrograded. Wondering and headless—curious and thoughtless. Lawful prize—legitimate objects to be aspired for.

#### 94.—IN "MEMORIUM."

Introductory :—It was the midnight of the 31st December. Only a few minutes after the present year will be no more and a new year will come. The present thoughts came to the poet as he was sitting on the threshold of his doors and watching the church bells on that night bidding adieu and welcome to the years respectively.

Wild—the word denotes the grandeur of the moment, wrung wildly. The year is &c.—with the dawn of the morn the present year will pass into eternity. The false—the old year with all its shame and wickedness. The true—the new year with all its hopes and prospects. For those &c.—the persons who died and whose memory we cherish. Fued—the enmity; antagonisms. Ring in redress &c.—bring the word of hope for the reparation of the wrongs. Slowly dying cause—a policy or motto which deserves a natural death. Ancient—the early nature which was bad. Faithless coldness—dishonest indifference. Mournful—despondant. Fuller minstrel—a poet rich in nobler and higher thoughts. In place and blood—due to rank and lineage. Shapes—kinds. Narrowing—demeaning. That is to be—whom we wish to exercise more and more influence that we may be redeemed.

#### 95.—THE SANDS OF DEE.

Kingsley, Rev. Charles, (1819-1875)—novelist, poet, and essayist. In 1840 he went to Cambridge University, where he distinguished himself both in classics and mathematics. He was at first intended for the law, but the church was afterwards chosen. He was appointed professor of modern history in the University of Cambridge in 1859, but resigned the appointment ten years afterwards. In 1869 he was made cannon of Chester, and shortly before his death at Westminster. His chief works are, '*The Saints Tragedy*,' '*Alton Locke*,' '*Taylor and Poet*,' '*Yeast*,' '*Hypatia*,' '*Westward Ho*,' '*Heroes*,' '*Hereward*,' and some masterly treatises on religion.

This poem is taken from '*Alton Locke, Tailor and Poet*,' and is there supposed to have been composed by the hero of that novel. The novel narrates the tragic end of an innocent girl who was drowned in the estuary of the Dee. Sands of Dee—the broad level sands in the funnel-shaped estuary of the Dee (between Cheshire and Flintshire)

Call the cattle home—drive the cattle homewards. Dank with foam—saturated with sea-spray. Creeping—imperceptibly fast-approaching. Over and over &c.—from all directions. Blinding—so dense as to intercept human vision. Stakes—poles firmly driven into the bed of the river to which the nets are fastened. Salmon—they look very beautiful and bright when caught fresh. Rowed—carried her in a boat But still &c.—a similar fancy occurs in the closing lines of *Lucy Gray*.

#### 96.—ON THE RECEIPT OF MY MOTHER'S PICTURE.

Oh that—how I wish that. Had language—could speak Life has passed &c.—my life has been a troubled one since thy death, since I could hear thee speaking for the last time. Are thine—i.e. the picture is a faithful representation. Solaced—consoled Voice only fails—speech alone is wanting. Meek intelligence—gentle intelligent expression. Art—i.e. the art of painting That can immortalize—that can preserve human features from their inevitable decay Baffles—foils Times tyrannic claims—Time despotically claims the right of destroying everything. To quench it—to extinguish their intelligent look. Remembrancer—reminder Guest—addressed to the picture Unexpected—the mother died when Cowper was five; he got the picture when he was fifty. Who bidst &c.—who callest upon me to do honour to a mother 'lost so long,' with a simple poem expressing filial affection Artless—simple, natural. As the precept—most willingly and gladly as though the order came from her. Weave a charm &c.—produce a spell to assuage my grief Steep me—make me lose myself Elysian reverie—delightful contemplation, the 'Elysian fields' were the Greek 'heaven.' A momentary dream—a false belief entertained for a short time Conscious—aware. Wretch—wretched; unhappy. Hover'd thy spirit—did thy disembodied soul hang in the air above thy melancholy son. Life's journey &c.—when I had but just commenced the pilgrimage of life. Though unfelt—it being the kiss of a spirit, it could not be felt. Can weep in bliss—if souls enjoying the happiness of heaven can at all be supposed to weep. Hearse—the carriage on which the coffin is carried to the burial ground. Nursery window—window of the nursery room. Wept a last adieu—*last* may be taken either with 'wept,' or with 'adieu;' Cowper takes it in the latter sense. Peaceful shore—heaven where

everlasting peace reigns. The parting word &c.—in heaven there is no separation. Maidens—maid-servants. Concern—grief By expectation everyday beguiled &c.—always deceived by the unfulfilled hope, I have even from my childhood been imposed upon or cheated by the coming day Dupe of to-morrow—one befooled or deluded by the vain hope of a bright future Submission to my lot—resignation to my fate Deplored thee—grieved for thee. Where—the Rectory house at great Berkhamsted Robin—a corruption of Robert. Drew me—dragged my carriage. Bauble couch—toy or miniature cart. Velvet capped—wearing a velvet cap Pastoral house—Rectory Shortlived possession—we lived there only for a short time Record—impression Many a storm—the many turmoils of human life; refers to his fever-fits of hypochondria. Traced—impressed. Bounties—gifts Confectionary plum—Sugarcoated plum Fragrant waters—perfumaries Bestowed—sprinkled They—cheeks Constant flow—continuous, even flow Fall—diminution Never roughened &c.—her love was like a stream flowing over level ground. Capricious love is like a stream flowing over broken ground and disturbed by falls and cataracts Cataracts and brakes—interruptions. Humour—mental caprices. Interposed—aroused in a man's mind Legible &c.—distinctly remembered Adds joy to duty—makes the duty of composing a poem in thy honour a pleasure. Numbers—verses Sincere—genuine promptings of the heart. Not scorned—acceptable His flights reserved—flying backwards instead of forwards. Tissued—embroidered Vesture—gown. I picked them &c —the paper was placed under the dress and the picking was done round the pattern of the flower Storke—caress, pat. Might One wish &c.—if it were possible for 'one wish' on my part to recall those days, would I do that? I would not &c —he fears the temptation would be too strong to resist. Ill regule thee—pay thee a bad recompense for all the trouble you took for me Constran—force back Unbound—free Bonds—trammels of the flesh. Albion's—England's Gallant bark—splendid ship Weathered—safely passed through Shoots into port—sailing smoothly and drops anchor at some port. Well heavened—provided with good harbour. Quiescent—calmly. Aurs impregnated &c.—gentle breezes laden with perfumes Play—blow. Fanning light—Gently waving in the air. Steamers—flags. Swift—refers to the premature death of the mother. Where tempests &c.—inaccurately quoted from Garth's Dispensary: "Where billows never break, nor tempests roar" Loved consort—dear husband. Long since—the poem was written in 1790, his father died in 1756. Scarce hoping—who can scarcely hope. Withheld—

prevented from reaching. Distressed—afflicted. Howling wind—calamities of life. Drive devious—drive out of the proper course or way of life. Tempest-tossed—weather beaten. Ripped—torn asunder. Seams—joint. Thwarting—baffling. Sets me—drives me. Prosperous—desirable. Arrive—happen. Deduce my birth—trace my origin. Loins enthroned—royal progenitors. Mrs Cowpers descent was traced from King Henry III. Unrevoked—without having his 'flight reversed.' Violating thine—without committing the crime of recalling thee back. Mimic—well-imitated. Half—partially. Thy power &c.—thy moral influence to console me in my bereavement is still left.

97.—THE OCEAN

Introductory —The passage is taken from '*Byron's Child Harold's Pilgrimage*,' Canto IV

Ten thousand—innumerable, definite for the indefinite Sweep over—sail across. In vain—because they have failed to master the waves. Marks—disfigures. The wrecks &c—any ruin wrought on thy bosom is thy doing. Save his own—ironical, except his own destruction. Unkenelled—without the tolling of the funeral bell. Hie steps &c—he is unmanned before thee. Thy fields—watery expanse. To the skies—hurling him aloft, a hyperbolical expression. Playful—sportive. Howling to his gods—crying out distress to heaven for help. Haply—perhaps. The shores are empires—on thy shores empires grow. Save thee—except thy presence. Washed them power—brought them importance. Add many a tyrant—also many a tyrant was brought to them by thee from abroad. Realms to deserts—e.g. Assyria and Carthage. Save to thy &c.—the only change that affects you is the nature of thy waves, they—high or low according as the weather prevails. Time writes &c.—you are enjoying a perpetual youth. Glasses itself—reflects itself as in a mirror. Icing the pole—freezing the waters of the polar regions into ice. Torrid Clime—the tropics. Slime—so insignificant and worthless things as sea-weeds. I have loved thee—Byron was a great swimmer, and once swam across the Hellespont, in imitation of the Greek lover, Leander. Wantoned—sporting. Breakers—huge waves that break against the shores. Freshening sea—beginning to break into form with the rising wind. Mane—the sea-foam is compared to the flowing mane.

98.—DORA.

Abode—dwelling. I will make them &c—I will have them married. Felt her &c.—implicitly obeyed what her uncle wished. In all—in all matter. Yearned—began to have a liking for. I married late—I married



when I was well advanced in years but I wish to get you married earlier. Well to look to—handsome in her appearance. Thrifty—skilled in house-keeping, economical Hard words—angry words; dispute. Bred—brought up. For his sake—to make amends for the quarrel with my dead brother. By my life—a form of oath indicating protestation. Wrath—full of anger. Doubled up his hands—wrung his hands in anger. Father's word was law—was as inviolable as a moral law. Word—command. To my wish—in accordance with my wish. By the lord that made me—a deep oath. Pack—pack up your things and depart in haste. Darken my doors—enter my house Madly—furiously; in a fanatic manner. Bit his lips—it is a sign of impatience and suppressed anger. Broke away—went out of the room abruptly. Ways—behaviours, dealings. Harsh—unkind Meekly—Calmly. Was out—had expired. Half in love &c.—partly having fallen in love and partly in malice. Woo'd—married. Marry Morrison—in Miss Mitford's original story of "Dora Creswell, the name is Mary Hay, the daughter of a respectable school mistress" Change—exchange Her he calls his wife—Allan would not admit her to be his daughter-in-law, so speaks of her slightly. None of yours—you shall no longer find a home in my house. Heart broken—disheartened By stealth—stealthily so that her uncle may not know about it Harvest time—the season of reaping and gathering in corn. Thought hard things—cherished ungenerous feeling about Dora. Gone—dead. Went her way—proceeded. Across the wheat—over the wheat-field Unsown—which was free from the harvest Mound—elevation of earth Her heart failed her—she had not the courage to go direct to her uncle with the child Fell—went down. Morrow came—the next day Cast her eye's &c.—she could not look her uncle at the face, being afraid Trick—a plan to deceive me. Got up—devised; planned. Woman—used contemptuously. I must be &c.—you presume to teach me my duties Struggled hard—to get out of the old man's arm, as he was terrified She bowed &c.—she bent down her head weepingly and hid her face in her hands That had been—that had occurred before these troubles began Broke out in praise—gave an exclamation of thanksgiving. Take my &c.—suffer for my sake. Hardness—rude behaviour To slight—to disregard. Grows of age—attains majority and becomes able. Help—support Off the latch—ajar, unfastened with a bolt Set up—placed in a sitting posture. Who thrust &c.—playfully tickled the child by pressing his fingers in its armpits. Clapt—patted. Stretched out—spread abroad its little fingers. Babbed for the seal—expressed his desire for the seal in baby pratted. By the

fire—in the radiant glow of the fire. At peace &c.—bearing no ill-feelings toward any human being. Rue—regret. Patient—uncomplaining. Cross his father—act against the wishes of his father. Unhappy—unfortunate. Burst in sobs—suddenly began to weep. Clung about—nestled together. All the man—Allan's whole nature. Broken—overwhelmed. Remorse—compunction. Abode—live. Mary took &c.—while slighted Dora remained faithful to memory of William, Mary took another husband.

99.—SANTA FILOMENA.

Santa Filomena.—Florence Nightingale is represented as the heroine of the poem. She is the daughter of a Derbyshire gentleman, and received her education under her parent's direction. Early in life her serious and earnest mind turned towards missions of charity with a natural instinct. She visited most of the English hospitals when young, and served as a voluntary nurse in some of the hospitals in Germany. Having returned home she founded the Sanatorium for English invalid ladies in Upper Harley-street. During the Crimean War, she was requested to go thither as superintendent of a staff of voluntary nurses. She with forty-two other nurses, many of whom were ladies of rank and position, complied with the request, and with noble devotedness ministered to the wounded and the sick at Scutari, on the Bosphorus, and in the Crimea, for about two years. Upon her return to England, the whole English nation, from the queen to the peasant, acknowledged her devoted assiduity, and a sum of money was raised, to be appropriated under her direction to the training of nurses. She has written several works on nursing. She had been a confirmed invalid for a long time and died in 1912.

Wrought—done. Spoken—given expression to. Noble thought—dignified sentiment. Levels—stages. Deeper—nobler: lofty. Rolls—make their presence felt. Unawares—unknowingly. Overflow—overwhelming influence. Battle-plain—battle fields. Dreary—lonesome and tortuous. Cheerless—gloomy. Glumming gloom—shining darkness. Flit—pass. Spent—extinguished. Long hereafter—for a very long time to come. Speech and songs—in oration and poems. Rays shall cast—shall influence them. Portals—gates.

100.—A COMPARISON.

Lapse—passing. Same—of the same nature. Restless—continuous. Pace—course. Steal away—pass stealthily. No wealth &c.—time once spent and waters once flown can never be called back. Irrevocable

—uncallable. Wide ocean—vast eternity. Swallows—absorbs. Musing—contemplating. Laughs—smiles with luxuriance. But time—time may flow in vain. Neglected—if not utilised ; taken advantage of

### 101 —THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE

**Introductory**—During the Crimean War, the Russians captured some allied fortifications threatening the lines of communication. The Heavy Brigade under General Scarlett, however, relieved the situation. Lord Cardigan, through some misunderstanding, let the Light Brigade, 670 strong, to a charge against the well-fortified Russian position. The charge lasted for about 25 minutes and when the cavalry retired nearly half of its units were either killed or wounded.

**League**—three miles make a league. **Valley of death**—jaws of death, deadly battle-field. **He**—Lord Cardigan, the general in command. **Not tho' the soldier &c.**—the charge was so recklessly foolhardy that even the soldiers knew that it was commanded through mistake. **Volleyed and thundered**—the cannons roared and the shots fell simultaneously from all possible directions. **Flashed**—glittered. **Sabring**—cutting down. **Gunners**—cannoniers. **Battery smoke**—smoke of the artillery. **Right through the line**—directly through the file of the Russian soldiers. **They broke**—penetrated, forced their passage. **Cossack**—a war-like tribe in the east and south of Russia. they make splendid cavalry soldiers for the Russian Government. **Reeled**—staggered. **When can &c.**—their glorious deeds can never be forgotten. **Wild**—desperate. **Honour**—show proper respect to

### 102 —PATRIOTISM

**Breathes there the man**—does there exist such a man. **Who never**—that he never. **Whose heart &c.**—who had never felt a thrill of joy. **Foreign strand**—foreign land. **For him no minstrel &c.**—no poet would ever take him as the subject of his lay. **Self**—a contemptuous term for money. **Concentred all in self**—wholly self-centred. **Living**—while living. **Shall forfeit**—is sure to lose. **Doubly dying**—dying a two-fold death, both actual and the death of loss of fame. **Caledonea**—Scotland. **Meet**—fit. **Filial band**—the tie of relationship as between a father and a son. **Seems as &c.**—the passage is quoted from Scott's *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, and the last minstrel thus speaks of Scotland. **Sole**—only. **In extremity of ill**—in utter poverty and misfortune. **Ettrick, Teviot**—both of them are tributaries of the river Tweed. **Parting groan**—the last gasp.

## 103 —THE FALL OF POLAND.

**Leagued oppression**—refers to the three partitions of Poland by the Central powers **Pandoors**—Hungarian foot-soldiers in the Austrian service **Hussars**—a soldier of the national cavalry of Hungary. **Dread**—dreadful. **Breeze of morn**—morning breeze **Van**—the front of the army. **Warsaw's last champion**—Kosciusko. **No hand on high**—may God help us; no great power intervened in favour of Poland **Front—file**. **Tocsin**—an alarm-bell **Book of Time**—human history **Nerveless**—powerless. **Closed &c.**—lost her independence **Kosciusko**—In 1794 an attempt of the Russian representatives at Warsaw to diminish the Polish native army provoked a rising which soon became general. Kosciusko, who had served under Washington in the American War and had been a leading promoter of the constitutional reform of 1791, was appointed general. The Russian troops were expelled from Warsaw. But the Russians again entered Poland and defeated Kosciusko, who had been exhausted by this time, and took him prisoner. With him fell the last hope of the Polish independence. In 1795 Poland was partitioned for the third time, between Russia, Prussia and Austria, Russia getting the lion's share. **On Prague's**—Prague was burnt down. **Rampart yields**—forts were demolished **Earth shook &c**—bad omens are supposed to appear in times of great disasters **Omnipotent**—all-powerful **Zion**—the Christian Church **Ammon**—the son of Lor, and father of the Ammonites, who were generally at war with the Israelites **Pharaoh**—his enmity towards the Hebrew people led Moses to conduct them out of Egypt. The waters of the Red Sea receded as Moses touched it with his rod, but when Pharaoh wishing to destroy them led his hosts across it, the waters all on a sudden rushed from all directions and totally drowned the army. **Marathon**—the big army of Darius, the Persian Emperor, was totally defeated by the Spartans here. **Leuctra**—a village of Greece, in Boeotia, 6 miles from Thebes, famous for the victory of the Thebans under Epaminondas over the Spartan King Cleombotus. **Puisant**—powerful. **Tell**—a legendary hero of Switzerland, whose adventures, successfully shooting an arrow at an apple placed on the head of his own son, killing the Austrian governor Gessler, and effecting the liberation of the country in 1307, have formed the subject of many poems and dramas. **Bruce**—Robert Bruce, who liberated Scotland from the English yoke in his ninth attempt. **Proud lords**—the kings of Prussia, Russia, and Austria who partitioned the territory among themselves. **A little while**—lasting for only a short time. **Light**—independence. **Given**—conferred. **Prometheus**—in Greek mythology, was brother to Atlas and Epimetheus, and surpassed all mankind in knowledge.

## 104.—THE ISLES OF GREECE.

**Sappho**—A Greek poetess, who was the inventor of the "Sapphic verse." She was said to have fallen in love with a young man named Phaon, who slighted her, on which she threw herself into the sea from the Leucadian rock. **Delos**—one of the Cyclades, at the north of Naxos, sacred to Appollo and Diana. According to fable, Neptune caused it to rise out of the waters, to save Latona and her two children from the jealousy of Juno. **Phoebus**—or Appollo the Sun god, was the patron of poetry and music. **All**—their independence and everything dignifying. **Refuse-lack**. **Marathon**—a village on the east shore of Attica, 20 miles N. E. of Athens. It is famous for the victory of Miltiades over the Persians 490 B. C. under Darius. **Salamis**—an island of Greece in the gulf of Ægina. In nations—of different nations. **Dearth of fame**—when the days of glory are gone. **Fettered**—enslaved. **Thermopylae**—here Leonidas with 300 Spartans fought bravely in 480 B. C. But one—only a single person. **Samine**—an island on the Greek Archipelago, famous for its vine. The island, though nominally belonging to Turkey, was semi-independent, being governed by a Greek prince who paid tributs to Turkey. **Bacchanal**—a worshipper of Bacchus, the wine-god. **Pyrrhic phalanx**—Pyrrhus' indomitable army which defeated the Romans and the Carthaginians. **Cadmus**—son of Agenor, who founded the city of Thebes and is said to have been the first to introduce the use of letters into Greece. **Anc eon**—one of the most famous of the lyric poets, whose muse is supposed to have been greatly inspired by the juice of the grape. **Polycrates**—a powerful king of Samos, who is said to have killed his brothers. He was the most famous of the Greek sea-kings, and was a patron of art and literature. **Miltiades**—the governor of Chersonese and an Athenian general. He defeated the Persian invaders with his little army in 490 B. C. He being very unpopular was subsequently condemned to death, which sentence was altered to imprisonment. To bind—if we remain inactive like this. **Doric**—of the Dorians, one of the four principal nations of Greece. **Bore**—gave birth to. **Heracleidan**—the descendants of Hercules who joined the Dorians in the conquest of the Peloponessus. **Franks**—the French kings. In native swords &c.—don't rely on the foreigners' help. **Swan like**—swans are supposed to sing when they die.

## 105.—FROM THE ANCIENT MARINER.

**Coleridge, Samuel Taylor, (1772-1834)**—the most original of modern poets, was born in Devonshire. He began to publish verses in 1794, but, for some years afterwards, was engaged chiefly in political composi-

tions. His principal poems are '*Genevieve*,' '*The Ancient Mariner*,' '*Cristabel*,' and his odes.

It is—there was. Ancient—old. And he &c.—the mariner detains one of the three wedding guests as he was going to feast. By—I adjure thee by. By thy &c.—the wedding-guest questions. Next of Kin—nearest relation. Set—laid on the table. Din—confused noise Hath his will—enforces his determination. Chose—do otherwise Cheer'd—by those on shore, given a hearty send-off. Cleared—passed Drop—put out to sea with the ebbing tide Kirk—Church. The sun &c.—they were proceeding southwards. Shone bright—over head at noon. Went down—set in the evening. Tyrannous—furious. He—the storm-blast. Chased us—drove us. Ice mast high—icebergs. In a swoon—heard by a man falling into a swoon. Albatross—the largest kind of sea-fowl. Cross—come in view. As if it &c.—we hailed its opportune appearance with as much joy as we would have felt had we come across a living being of our creed Vespers—evenings Nine—a mystic number. God save thee—this is the exclamation of the puzzled wedding-guest. The sun &c.—the ship was now returning northward. Hallo—call. Work—cause. Averred—declared. Breeze—south wind. Down drop—suddenly stopped to blow. Stuck—remained still. Nor breath nor motion—there was neither a breath of air nor a movement in the sea. Cross—the symbol of faith and ultimate happiness Hung—in token of his sins. Parched—dry with thirst. Glazed—looked glassy due to intolerable pain. Speck—spot Wist—know. Unslaked—dry. Baked parched Gossamers—filmy threads which are seen floating in the air on summer evenings. Peer—peep. Woman—the nightmare, Life-in-Death. Death—a skeleton. Mate—companion. Nightmare—a suffocating pressure upon the breast felt at night, so called because it was once believed to be due to the Finland witch Mara. Life-in-Death—a state of suspended animation. Star-dogged—followed or closely pursued by the star. Thump—fall. A lifeless lump—a mere corpse. Bliss or woe—heaven or hell. Whizz—sharp whistling sound. Rotting—ghastly. Or ever—before ever. Whisper—suggestion They moved &c.—'the water snakes moved in the water cutting furrows glittering in the white moon-light.' Reared—raised their heads. The elfish light—super natural brightness. Hoary—white. Spring—fountain. Unaware—unconsciously. So free—being so free. Belov'd from &c.—loved all over the world. Mary Queen—Virgin Mary, the queen of heaven. Praise—thanksgiving. Slid—passed gently. Silly—useless. Dank—wet. A near—on near. Sere—dry. Stirr'd—moved. Keel—bottom of the ship.

**Moved onward &c.**—the ship moved propelled by the action of the spirits. **Tune**—soft music due to flapping. **The sun &c.**—the ship has again come to the Equator. **Fixed her**—as if transfixed her by its perpendicular rays. **Uneasy**—restless. **Pawing &c.**—like an impatient horse let loose **Pawing**—striking the ground with its paws being impatient. **Bound**—leaped forward. **Fhung**—violently shook. **Living life**—sense. **Discerned**—distinguished plainly. **Two voices**—Justice and Mercy. **By him &c.**—in the name of Christ **Bideth by himself**—lives alone. **That loved the man**—the bird had faith, as it were, in the humanity of the sailors. **Softer voice**—of Mercy. **Steepled**—drowned. **Holy rood**—the holy cross. **All light**—steeped in light; having a halo all round **Seraph-man**—an angel. **Pilot's Cheer**—the pilot's note of welcome **Perforce**—spontaneously. **The dead men**—i.e., their presence. **Blast**—injure **A third**—a third man. **Godly**—holy. **Makes**—composes. **Shrieve**—he will hear me confess my sins and absolve me of them **Rears**—raises in prayer. **Far**—distant. **Rumbled on**—produced dull heavy sound **Split**—cleft in twain. **Stunned**—made insensible **Smote**—filled **Shrieked**—because they thought a dead man was speaking **Crossed**—made a sign of the cross on the forehead as a protection against spirits **Wrenched**—writted. **Uncertain**—any time, unappointed. **Ghastly tale**—the story of my gruesome adventure. **Wide sea**—i.e., in a helpless condition. **He prayeth**—these two lines and the following stanza contain the moral of the poem. **Hoar**—white. **Turned**—because he was now invested with a serious mood. **Sadder**—more serious.

#### 106.—THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN.

**Pied**—picauld. **Washes &c.**—flows by the south of it **When**—relating to the time when. **So**—so much. **Vats**—large wooden tubs. **Kegs**—a small cask. **Sprate**—a small fish **Sharps and flats**—technical terms in music; high and low tunes. **Mayor**—Chief City Magistrate. **Noddy**—a simpleton, a fool. **Shocking**—ghastly. **Ermine**—a fur of a valuable kind used to adorn the robes and dresses of persons in exalted position. **Dolts**—block-heads. **Obese**—corpulent **Racking**—straining; i.e., think hard. **Send you packing**—deprive you of your offices **Mighty consternation**—a very great fear. **Guilder**—a small gold coin formerly current in Germany; a small sum. **Scratched**—seriously meditated though in vain. **Go pit-a-pat**—makes my heart palpitate feverishly. **Looking bigger**—raising himself a little. **Pin**—piercing like the end of a pin. **Swarthy**—dark. **But**—exception. **Kith and Kin**—his ancestry. **Trum of doom**—the last sounding of trumpet, calling the dead from the

grave, on the day of judgment. So as—in such a way. Cheque—different colour, piece of cloth. Old-fangled—old-fashioned. Cham—the Governor of Tartary was so termed. Nizam—the prince of Hyderabad. Musical adapt—an expert musician. For their lives—as if their lives depended on their following him. Julius Caesar—he once had to swim across the Bay of Alexandria for his life, carrying with him the records of his Gallic campaigns. Commentary—report of the proceedings. Scraping—making a sort of grating noise. Tripe—‘a food made from the prepared stomach of animals.’ Gripe—hold. Cider-press—a press to extract apple juice. Conserve-cupboards—cupboards where preserved fruits are kept. Train-oil—whale oil. Psaltery—a kind of musical instrument. Drysaltery—a place where salted meats, &c., are kept. So much on—come quick. Crounce—chew. Nuncheon—meal. Puncture—a large oak. Ready staved—freshly broken on. Perked—smartly held itself. Looked blue—with trouble. Made rare havoc—heavily told upon the finances. Butt—a wine cask. Rhenish—Rhine wine. Knowing wink—authoritative demeanour. A matter &c.—some pocket money. Trifling—shilly-shallying. Bagdat—a town in Persia; correctly spelt Bagdad. Prime—chief. All he is rich in—i.e., all his treasure. Stiver—an old Dutch coin, worth about a penny. Ribald—vagabond. Justling &c.—pushing and elbowing one another to go ahead. On the rack—an instrument for stretching wide the bodies of criminal; acutely tortured. Right in the way—just before. Addressed—directed. Portal—gate. Pate—head. A text—see Bible, Mark, 10, 25. Dated duly—properly dated. Lose his labour—go unpaid for his labour. Hostelry—Inn. Column—pillar. Transylvania—in Hungary, comprised in the Austrian Empire. Outlandish—queer. Lay such tress—criticise or talk about so much. Subterraneous—underground. Trepanned—decoyed; abducted. Wipers of scores—let us pay back our debts; scores or accounts are wiped out when paid.

#### 107.—WALTER VON DER VOGELWEID.

Introductory:—Walter Von Der Vogelweid—a native of Austria, was a lyrical poet of noble birth. He lived the life of a minnesinger and travelled over Germany. He became a great favourite with the nobility by his victory at the great poetical contest at Wartburg, known as the War at Warzburg. Frederick II. charmed with his poetic genius, conferred on him an estate at Warzburg.

Minnesinger—a wandering minstrel. Laid his body &c.—was buried. Minster—monastery Church. Cloister—a covered walk beside a monas-



tery. Place of rest—tomb. Bard of love—kind-hearted and grateful. War of Warzburg—about 1206, a poetic contest took place in the Wartburg Castle, in which Vogelweid triumphed over Heinrich Von Ofterdingen; chirping of a crowd of birds in face of one another seemed like a second poetic contest. Lauds—thanksgiving songs. Portly—fat. Mist—misprint for minister. Gothic spire—the summit of the monastery built after the Gothic fashion of architecture.

## 108 —ALLEN-A-DALE

Has no fagot &c.—he was poor in earthly possessions. No furrow for turning—no land to plough. Fleece—the coat of wool shorn from a sheep. Red gold—substantial charm. Craft—cunning. Prances—struts in a showy manner. And he—as he. For his net—for netting, i.e., for catching fish, &c. Free—accessible. Lord Dacre—the Baron of Ravensworth. Belted—in knighting a person, he is formally invested with a belt. Draw—fight with sword. Vail—take down. The mother—of the bride, mother-in-law. Spangles—luminaries. Steel—determined not to give his daughter in marriage. Stone—astounded with the answer. Bonny—beautiful. It was told by—it is said by some.

## 109 —THE LADY OF THE LAKE

Western waves—rays of light coming from the west. Ebbing day—the setting sun in the evening. Level—horizontal. Flinty spire—pointed rocky top. Living fire—bright red colour like that of blazing fire. Twined—ran in a zig-zag manner. Rocky-pyramid—pyramid-shaped rock. Shooting abruptly—rising straight up. Thunder-splintered pinnacle—peak split and rent by lightning. Insulated mass—mass of rock standing quite apart from the mountain-side. Native bulwarks—natural defences. The tower—the tower of Babel by which man intended, according to the Bible, to reach heaven. God made the speeches of the builders unintelligible to one another and thus stopped the building of the tower. Vain—in vain, sure to be disappointed. Presumptuous piled—too confidently built. Dome—rounded structure. Battlement—a wall on the top of a building with openings. Fantastically set—fancifully furnished. Cupola—a small rounded vault, like an inverted cup, on the top of a building. Minaret—a thin turret surrounded by one or more balconies on a Mahomedan mosque, from which the people are called to prayers. Wild—strange. Pagod—pagoda, idol-temple. Earth-born—natural. Shivered brows—split and rent tops. Unfathomable—lying very low. Sheen—shining, bright. Brier-rose—wild rose. Streamers—flags. West-winds summer sighs—gentle westerly breezes of the

summer season. Boon—bountiful. Free—plentifully. Eglantine—sweet brier. Embalmed—scented. Bower—dwelling-place. Fox-glove, Nightshade &c.—species of flowers; the former has showy glove-shaped flowers and is the emblem of pride, and the latter possessing poisonous properties grows in shady places and is the emblem of punishment; just as punishment follows pride, so these two flowers grow side by side. Wept—their leaves and branches drooped. Warrior-oak—strong oak-tree, with the timber of which battle-ships are built. Cast anchor—struck their roots. Flung—flung his branches. Frequent—many. Athwart the narrow sky—across the narrow opening between the tops of the cliffs. White—i.e., with snow. Glistening streamers—shining branches. Inlet—arm of the lake. Brim—surface. Lost for a space—invisible for a little distance. Veering—winding. Turfied knolls—round hillocks covered with bushes. Entangled wood—covered with intricate forest. Girdled with its moat—surrounded by the deep narrow watercourse. Retiring—separating from the mainland. Claims—proves itself. Ken—sight. Footing nice—very careful steps. Hazel saplings—young hazel-trees. Airy—high in air. Living gold—shining molten gold. Empurpled bright—of a bright purple colour. Livelier—brighter. The fragments &c.—pieces broken off before this world of ours came into existence. Wildering—growing wild. Heaved—raised. Princely pomp—for the erection of a palatial building for a magnificence loving prince. Churchmen's pride—grand monastery for a proud abbot. Chide the lingering morn—be blown in the morning, calling up men or dogs, as if scolding the morning for not departing. Chime—might send forth its melodious notes. Lave—wash. Matins—the service of the Roman Catholic Church from 3 to 6 A.M., Scott means the first service after midnight. Commanding—stirring. Bewildered—one who lost his way in the wilderness.

## 110.—SIMON LEE THE OLD HUNTSMAN.

Cardigan—a shire in the western Wales. Running—he used to run and not ride with the hounds in the chase. Banded—reverberated. Hallo—the cheering of the hounds by the huntsmen. Blither—merrier. He reeled—felt dizzy for his over-exertion. Stone-blind—totally blind; he could not open his eyes, they being too much strained. Chiming hounds—the barking of the chase-hounds seem musical to the ear of huntsmen. Liveried—well-marked; wearing the badge of. Awry—twisted. Prop—support. Enclosed—i.e., by a fence. Scrap—bit. With scanty cause—though she has some little strength to boast of.

**Wean**—stop. **Tale**—amusing or interesting story. **Stores**—i.e., of feelings. **Silent thought**—calm meditation. **Kindly**—charitably. **Mattock**—a kind of pick-axe. **He might &c.**—that it would take him a life-long period to successfully finish his task. **Had endeavoured**—had worked at. **Would have done**—the thanks and praises would never end. **Coldness**—indifference. **Returning**—requitted. **Mourning**—because when others express their gratitude to us we become emotional and find that how little good we can actually do for them.

#### FOURTH PART.

##### 111.—THOU' ART O GOD.

**Life**—the giver of life; the creator. **Light**—beauty or loveliness. **Wondrous**—wonderful. **Glow**—splendour. **Smile**—joyous appearance. **Reflections**—images; Cf “God made two great lights, the greater light to rule the day, and the lesser light to rule the night” **Caught**—received. **Thine**—created by Thee. **Farewell**—parting. **Delays**—lingers. **Opening clouds**—the breaks in the clouds. **Through golden vistas**—as we catch a glimpse of a beautiful palace through an avenue of trees, so we seem to gaze upon a golden paradise through the openings of the evening clouds lit up by the crimson flush of the dying day. **The sun's decline**—the sunset. **Mark**—impart to. **Wings**—night is generally compared to a black bird with dark wing which she spreads over the earth. **Starry gloom**—darkness lit up by stars. **Overshadows**—darkens. **Sacred**—solemn. **Fires divine**—heavenly fires, i.e., stars. **Youthful**—young. **Sing**—soft, gentle breeze of summer. **Wreathes**—forms into a garland. **Kindling eye**—eye that awakens things to life, creative power.

##### 112.—LIBERTY

**Profuse**—bounteous. **Train**—company. **Leads**—goes foremost; heads. **Exhausted &c**—spent everything to secure thyself. **How oft**—how many deadly battles were fought to achieve thyself. **Too dearly bought**—even such sacrifices are nothing in comparison with the achievement. **Indulgent skies**—countries with not severe weather. **Rapine**—repent, feel sorry. **Pleiads**—a group of seven or more stars in the shoulder of the constellation Taurus, one of the seven daughters of Atlas and Pleione, after death changed into stars.

##### 113.—BATTLE OF THE BALTIC.

**Introductory** :—In 1801 Nelson was appointed to dissolve confederacy of the northern powers which alarmed the Government. A fleet was

fitted out, the command of which was given to Admiral Sir Hyde Parker, Lord Nelson being appointed second in command. On their arrival off the Cattegat, and being refused passage, Lord Nelson offered to conduct an attack on the Danish force, which was stationed to oppose an entrance. On the 2nd of April the action commenced near Copenhagen, and, after a sharp conflict, seventeen sails of the Danes were sunk, burnt, or taken.—This victory was obtained by a daring refusal to obey the signal from Sir Hyde Parker to discontinue action.

Arms—standard. Leviathans—huge sea-monsters; battle-ships of huge size. Bulwarks—defence; ships. Ten of April—the engagement took place on the 2nd. Chime—when the morning prayer is held. Flushed—flourished. Adamantine—merciless. Slack—lessen, given a respite. Light—blazen. Meet—proper. Her—Denmark's. Wounds—losses. As death &c.—when the battle was over. Festal—merry-making; joyous. Elsinore—a seaport of Denmark, 24 miles from Copenhagen; it stands in the narrowest part of the Sound

#### 114 —BOADECIA

Introductory :—Boadecia was the queen of the Iceni (now Norfolk and Suffolk). During the Governorship of Suetonius Paulinus, a Roman Revenue-collector scourged her and insulted her daughters. This led to a revolution and seventy thousand Romans were massacred. Suetonius advanced with ten thousand troops and defeated Boadecia with a terrible slaughter. The queen finding no escape took poison and died, A.D. 61

British—belonging to the aboriginal Britons. Bleeding from—she was severely scourged. Sought counsel of—went to consult. Indignant men—look expressing great indignation. Druid—the name of the priestly class among the ancient Britons, who were also prophets and poets. Burning word—indignant word. Matchless wrongs—unparalleled oppressions. Ties—restrains. Terrors of our tongues—our horrible curses. Deep in ruin &c.—her destruction shall be as complete as the extent of her wickedness. Gaul—Alaric the Goth overrun the Roman Empire in A.D. 410. Is at her gates—is knocking at her gates, the prophetic vision of the Druid announces the dark future of the Roman Empire most graphically. Other Romans—Romans of a different type: more degenerated. Heedless &c.—quite unwarlike. Sounds, not arms—music i.e., vain pursuits and not valour. Shall win the prize—shall be the sole test of merit. Harmony &c.—competency in music, i.e., in fine arts shall be the only way of winning distinction. Progeny—future

descendants. Wings—ships. Wider—than that of Rome. Eagles—the Roman standards had eagles upon them. None—none shall be. Celestial fire—heavenly inspiration. Such—such were. Sweet but awful—melodious but solemn. Then—the words of inspiration. Glow—burn. Dying—while dying. Them—these words. Pitiless as proud—equally unmerciful as they are proud. Heaven awards &c.—God will not allow you go unpunished.

#### 115.—THE SOLITARY REAPER.

Highland lass—Highland girl. Gently pass—without disturbing her. Profound—deep. Welcome—agreeable. Shady—refers to an oasis. Sands—deserts. Hebrides—a group of islands in the Atlantic Ocean to the west of Scotland. Farthest—formerly they were supposed to be northern limit of the world. Plaintive numbers—melancholy song. Flow for—relate to. Matter of day—relating to the occurrences of everyday life. I had my fill—I had listened to my full satisfaction.

#### 116—ODE TO DUTY.

Voice of God—conscience is often called the 'voice of God', from conscience proceeds duty. Then, who art &c.—when groundless terrors frighten us, we follow thy commands implicitly and become victorious. Vain—foolish. Strife—the inward struggle between right and wrong. There are who &c.—there are some who instinctively follow duty. Love and truth—prompted by the love of what is right. Misgiving—i.e., any doubt about their conduct. Genial sense &c.—warm and innocent impulses natural to the young. Blot—spot. Know it not—because it is inherent with them. Confidence—faith in others' goodness. Dread Power—Duty. When love is an unnerving &c.—when love alone will prompt us to be dutiful and the pleasures derived from the undertakings will prove to be the greatest blessing. Not unwisely bold—bold yet discreet. A blissful course may hold—may continue to live a blessed life. Live in &c.—live a life of love and its consequent joy. Yet seek &c.—they are still in need of supplementing their creed by the support of duty. No sport &c.—not very easily carried away by the promptings of passions. Reposed my trust—been self-confident. Mandate—command. Deferred—put off. Smother walks to stray—to move in the primrose-path of self-indulgence. Compunction—packing of conscience. Quietness of thought—only after cool deliberation. Thought—not passion. Unchartered freedom—absolute or natural freedom. Chance—momentary; casual. Weight—burden; monotony. Desires—impulses; passions. Change their name—be variable; be fickle. Flowers &c.—not only

moral laws but even physical laws are under thy sway. **Humbler**—because of guiding me. **Command myself**—entrust myself to thy care. **Lowly wise**—humble and wise **Self-sacrifice**—the sacrifice of my own unchartered freedom. **Confidence of reason**—as opposed to **Misplaced confidence**; based on reasonable ground. In the light of truth—i.e., without being blind. **Bondman**—slave

### 117—UPON WESTMINSTER BRIDGE.

**Westminster Bridge**—The bridge crosses the Thames in the neighbourhood of Westminster Abbey, the Houses of Parliament, and White hall. **Dull**—insensible, wanting in feeling. **Pass by**—fail to notice **Soul**—feeling **Touching**—appealing **Majesty**—grandeur. **Thy city &c.**—the bright light of the morning seems to invest the city with a beautiful robe. **Temples—Churches** **Lie open &c.**—are distinctly visible both from the fields around and the sky above **Steep**—bathe. In his first splendour—in the golden rays of dawn **Deep**—profound. **Dear God**—an exclamation of motion **Thy mighty heart**—the energies and activities of the greatest city of the world **Very houses**—even the houses themselves

### 118—THE DESERTED VILLAGE

**Auburn**—is usually identified with Lissoy, about seven miles distant from Athlone **The plain**—the district **Health and plenty**—healthy climate and fertile soil **Swain**—a peasant **Parting**—departing. **Bowers**—a baby recess **Every sport**—any kind of amusement **Humble happiness**—pleasure derived from homely objects. **Endeared each scene**—made every view dear to me **Paused on**—lovingly gazed at **Charm**—beautiful aspect. **Cot**—a cottage. **Sheltered**—i.e., from the wind. **Decent**—becoming its object and its position **Top**—was on the summit of. **Talking age**—the talk of the old folks. **When the toil &c.**—when a remission of toil allowed play to have its turn. **Coming day**—approaching holiday. **All the village train**—all the villagers in a long line or procession **Led up**—marshalled and arranged in order of the players. **Many a pastime &c.**—the players in many a game formed circles under its shade. **Surveyed**—looked on. **Many a gambol &c.**—many joining in the sports played merry pranks over the ground. **Sleights of art**—feats of dexterity or cunning. **Still**—ever. **Mistrustless**—unsuspicious. **Smuttled**—blackened **Tittered**—the word formed from the sound made in laughter—onomatopœia. **Bashful**—modest. **With sweet &c.**—following one another merrily showed how even life of labour might be enjoyable.

Lawn—plain, district. Withdrawn—taken from thee. Tyrant—a large landowner, bent on uniting properties in one large estate. Half a tillage &c.—i.e. semicultivation renders less productive. Works its way—flows with difficulty. Unvaried—monotonous. Far, far away—to very distant countries. Where wealth &c.—where an increase of wealth is accompanied by a decrease of population. Ill fares &c.—ill goes it with the land. Abreath—i.e., the mere word of a king. Peasantry—inhabitants of the country. Rood—the fourth part of an acre. Wholesome—healthy. Trades &c.—‘the heartless votaries of money-making, having purchased the estate of the old families, seem usurpers, and use their power tyrannically, in evicting, or turning out, the peasant population’ Cumbersome pomp—vulgar display of excessive costliness And every want &c.—‘the enjoyment of wealth creates more wants than it satisfies.’ And every pang &c.—the troubles, discomforts, and disappointments into which the pride of the silly devotees of fashion leads them. Lived in each look—were seen reflected in every glance Forlorn—the glades by their forlornness prove the power of the tyrant Tangling—‘entangling the walker in the briars struggling over the path’ Ruined—i.e., the fences, buildings &c. Turns &c.—the pleasant reminiscences of the past are painful in sight of the desolation around Latest hours—the last hours of my life. Husband—to economise make the best of Taper—a small candle. By repose—just as a candle which is not moved will burn longer than one which is always being carried about Still—even in the evening of life. Age—old age. Tempt—to make trial of. Guilty—as violating the human laws of compassion Imploring famines—famished beggars Slopes—makes a gentle decline: makes comfortable. Responsive—answering That spoke &c.—which bespoke a mind relieved from care and toil Fluctuate in—float upon Forced &c.—‘obliged in her old age to get her daily bread by stripping,’ &c Mantling—covering like a cloak. Pensive—which made the beholder sad on account of its desolation. The place disclose—i.e. mark the spot Country—country side. Passing—exceedingly. Ran his godly race—lived his pious life. By doctrines &c.—by changing his doctrines according to the order of the time. To rise—i.e., himself Vagrant train—troops of wandering beggars Chid their &c.—reproved them for the vagabond course of their life. Long remembered—‘since he had tramped on the same beat for many years.’ Broken—disabled. Glow—to flush with ardour. Careless &c.—not caring to look closely into, &c. His pity gave &c.—‘the generous impulse of pity prompted him to give before charity, which is more deliberate in its action, could come into play.’ His failings leaved

&c.—his faults arose only from an excess of virtues. To the skies &c.—i.e., away from the nest to try its wings, and practise its powers of flight. Let the way—by setting an example in his own life, actions speaking louder than words. Parting—departing. Dismayed—terrified the dying man. Champion—the priest defying the power of the evil one over the soul. Came down—from heaven. Faltering—failing. Praise—i.e., to God. Truth from his lips &c.—the power of truth, when preached by him, was double. Wile—trick. Plucked—pulled at. Swells—rises in grandeur. Midway &c.—the storm prevails in its half way i.e., middle, while the sun shines above, those who have gone to the hills have observed this often recurring phenomenon that when at the top there is sunshine, a heavy rain is falling below. Struggling—no longer neatly trimmed. Unprofitably—because they are of no use. Tyrant—a boy who, from wilful idleness or any similar cause absents himself from school.

Boding—pretending evil. Morning face—the first appearance at the school. Counterfeited—assumed, pretended. Circling round—passed round the circle of boys. Cipher—do sums. Terms—the days of session and vacation observed in universities and law courts. Tide—the hours of high and low water. Gauge—calculate by means of measuring rod. For even though &c.—he would not acknowledge defeat. Sign-post—sign-board, in which some figure is painted before an inn. Nut-brown draughts—draughts of nut-brown ale. Grey-beard mirth &c.—abstract for concrete. News much older—the news were stale while the ale was new; but it is fresh news that are sought and old ale that is highly cherished. Double debt—two-fold services. Use—i.e., probably to hide the defects in the wall. Twelve good rules—drawn up by Charles I: such as, urge no healths, reveal no secrets, pick no quarrels, &c. Royal game of goose—a kind of play with dice. Reprieve—save. Oblivion—forgetfulness. Prevail—he often heard. Mantling bliss—frothing beer. Native—natural. Gloss—external polish. Nature has &c.—where nature has free play or action. Pomp—procession. Masquerade—a hall which people attend with their faces concealed by masks. Freaks of &c.—capricious tricks of luxurious and excessive wealth.

### 119.—THE GRAVES OF A HOUSEHOLD.

Severed—separated. Folded flower—sleeping child. West—America. Indians—Red Indians. Has one—swallowed one. None may weep—because he has met a watery grave. Dressed—cultivated. South—Spain. Noble slain—a memorable battle-field. Colours—the national standard, Union Jack. Round his breast—because he would not sur-



render it when living. Alas for love—it would have been a great pity for lovers. Naught—nothing.

#### 120.—HAMLET'S SOLILOQUY.

**Soliloquy**—"A soliloquy is a speech delivered by an actor when no one else is on the stage. By this expedient a dramatist enables his characters to explain those inner feelings which are necessarily concealed when conversing with others. Hamlet is discussing with himself whether suicide is right or wrong. This piece is from Shakespeare's Hamlet, Act III, Scence I"—Webb. Slings and arrows—attacks. Outrageous—cruel. Take arms &c.—to fight against a host of troubles which break in upon us like a sea. Opposing—refusing to submit to them. No more—nothing more. To say—'to be able to say to ourselves.' Natural shocks—sorrows that we suffer by our very nature and impulses. Consummation—fruition. Devoutly—fervently. Rub—hindrance a metaphor taken from the game of bowls. Shuffled of—got rid of. Coil—turmoils of the present existence. Give us pause—that is, for reflection, make us hesitate. Respect—consideration; motive. Of so long life—so long-lived. Of time—of the times, of the word. Contumely—contemptuous rudeness. Delay—in the administration of justice. Of office—of men in office. Patient merit—good patient men. Of—at the hands of. Takes—endures. When he himself—when he himself can settle the account of his life, e.g., by suicide; *Quietus* is the law term for the final settlement of an account. Bare—mere. Bodkin—a small dagger. Fardels—burdens. Grunt—groan. Bourn—limit, boundary. Returns—comes back. Native hue—natural colour; the ruddy face of a resolute man. Thought—anxiety. Regard—consideration in this light. Lose &c.—become inactive, become merely deliberative.

#### 121.—TO A FALSE FRIEND.

Our hands have &c.—we shook hands as friends but it seems that no real tie of friendship has ever sprang up between us. In vain—vainly. Then farewell &c.—It is now high time that he should sever all connections both real and formal. Would—wish. Even the outward &c.—love is so divine that the sacrifice of even a feigned love cannot but pain one's heart. Wrong—the ill done to me.

#### 122.—THE TRAVELLER.

Centres in the mind—can be attained only mentally. Each Government—every form of government. Endure—bear. That part—that

portion of human suffering. Curse—remedy ; alleviate. Our own felicity &c.—our happiness is in our own keeping. Secret course—private life as home. Loud storms—great administrative troubles. Annoy—disturb. Lifted axe—of the executioner. Agonizing wheel—a mediæval punishment ; having one's limbs grinded after being fastened to a wheel. Luke's iron crown—George Zeck not Luke Zeck was made to wear a red-hot iron crown for revolting against the Hungarian government in 1514. Damiens' bed of steel Damiens was horribly put to death for attempting to take the life of Louis XV in 1757 To men remote from power &c—"It is the absence of these brutal punishments (implied in 'but rarely know') which leaves us our reason and conscience free, provided we keep clear of courts, even though we may live under a despotism."

### 123.—ODE TO EVENING

Oaten stop—a shepherd's flute Brawling springs—murmuring fountains Brede—embroidery Wavy bed—bed in the ocean Leathern—as made of leather. Winds—blows with wind Composed—cool spirited. Numbers—melody Genial—happy Folding star—Evening star Hours—personified as goddess who presided over the changes of the seasons The day—during the day Sedgs—a grass-like plant that grows in marshes and shallow river. Awful nod—threatening to fall Breathing—scent-laden. Sallow—yellow Train—the natural phenomena of evening

### 124 —HAIL, HOLY LIGHT

Offspring of &c —Light was the first created thing ; " Let there be light , and there was light " Or of the Eternal &c.—" Or may I, without blame, call Thee the co-eternal beam of the Eternal Godhead.' Co-eternal—existing from eternity equally with the Eternal Deity. Unapproached—unapproachable. Dwelt then—dwelt therefore. Increate—uncreated Hearst thou rather—dost thou prefer to be called Invest—covers, envelop Thee I revisit—Milton here thinks himself doing that journey which he has seen Satan to undertake. Stygian—from styx, the chief river in Hell. Orphean lyre—the hymn " Hymn to night," which was attributed to the mythical poet Orpheus. Hard and rare—which is very difficult to accomplish and is scarcely undertaken. Sovran—sovereign. Vital lamp—never-failing light Roll in vain—refers to his total blindness. Drop serene—disease of the optic nerve impairing eye-sight Dim suffusion—when the lens inside the eyeball becomes horny and opaque.' Wander—to write poetry Sion—the

sacred hill of Sion. Brooks—i.e., of Siloa and Kidron, where sacred Hebrew poetry flourished. *Thamyris*—a Thracian poet, who invented the Doric mode. *Mæonides*—the great Homer. *Tiresias*—a Theban poet. *Pheneus*—a poet king of Arcadia. So were I equalled—if only I were their equal. *Darkling*—in the dark. *Wakeful bird*—nightingale. *Human face divine*—the divinity of god can more be found in human faces than in nature. Ever during dark—eternal darkness of blindness. *Irradiate*—make resplendent. Through all her powers—in all her capacities.

## 125 —LYCIDAS.

**Introductory** :—‘*Lycidas* is the fanciful name, borrowed from Virgil, which Milton gives to his young friend Edward King, whose premature death he laments in the poem. Both the writer and his dead friend are represented as shepherds.

Yet once more—though I cannot but write imperfect verse *Myrtles* and *ivy*—they are always associated with poetry. Never sere—always fresh and green. *Harsh* and *rudd*—unripe. *Mellowing year*—the part of the year when fruits ripen. *Sad occasion dear*—most painful circumstances. *Your*—before your. *Hath not left &c.*—has left no one his equal. *Welter*—be tossed on the waves. *Without the meed &c.*—‘without the recognition of his worth in the shape of some sweet elegy.’ *Sisters*—the Muses. *Sacred Well*—Pierian fountain under the lofty Mt. Olympus, the seat of the Greek Gods. *Sweet*—play on. *My destined urn*—my tomb where I shall ultimately lie. *He*—the Muse or poet. *Did fair peace &c.*—wish that I may rest in peace. *What time*—at the time when. *Battenung*—feeding. *Westering*—about to set. *Oaten flute*—shepherd’s lute. *Old Damortas*—a Greek pastoral name; some say it refers to one of Milton’s tutors in his undergraduate days. *Heavy*—sad. *Thou*—refers to Edward King. *Wild thyme*—a kind of aromatic shrub. *Goddung*—shagging. *Canker*—a kind of caterpillar. *Faint worm*—a kind of small spider. *Weanling*—young. *Bards*—the Druids were both poet and prophet. *Mona*—the principal sacred retreat of the Welsh Druids. *Deva*—the present Dee. *Wizard*—because it was the resort of magicians. *Rout*—refers to the attack of the Thracian women on Orpheus, whom they tore to pieces. *Lesbian*—the head was carried down the river to the sea, and then washed to the island of Lesbos. *What boots it*—of what avail is it. *Tend the homely &c.*—to pursue the humble and generally despised occupation of a shepherd. *Strictly mediate*—exclusively devote oneself to. *Thankless*—poorly rewarded.

Use—do. Amaryllis and Nea-era—are names of shepherdesses borrowed from Virgil. Raise—elevate. Fair guerdon—fitting or just reward. Stits—outs. Glistening—glittering. Set off—shown to the advantage. Broad—widespread. Lives and spreads—like the plant beaten by the rays of the sun. Pronounces lastly on—decides finally about the worth of. Arethuse and Mincius—Theocretus and Virgil; Arethuse is a fountain of Sicily where Theocretus was born, and Mincius is a tributary of the Po, near which Virgil was born. Neptune's plea—to plead for Neptune, the god of the sea that he was not to blame for the sad occurrence. Beaked—projecting. Sage Hyppotades—wise Æolus, the ruler of the winds so called because he was the son of Hyppotes. Panopi—the fifty daughters of Nereus, the sea-nymphs. Fatal—unlucky. Built in Eclipse—the time being inauspicious. Camus—the god of the river Cam, on which Cambridge is situated; here it means the university itself. Sedge—made of sedge. Pilot &c.—St. Peter, the chief of the disciples of Christ who was at first a fisherman. Metals twain—two different metals. Opes—open. Mitre—a cleft crown worn by bishops. Enow—enough. Such—worthless creatures. Bellies sake—for the gratification of their low appetites. Shove—elbow out. Sheep-hook—shepherd's crook; also means the staff of a bishop. Recks it—does it matter. Sped—succeed. List—choose. Lean and flashy—feeble and worthless. Grate—jar. Scannel—meagre. Swoln with wind—filled with empty and corrupt doctrines. Wolf—the Romish Church which the Puritans held in deep detestation. Rank—foul. Privy—secret. Said—in protest. Two-handed engine—refers to the true teaching of the Old and the New Testament, as a two-fold instrument for destroying false doctrines. Alpheus—a river god who pursued the nymph Arethusa having fallen in love with her. Dread voice—awful voice of St. Peter. Shrunk thy streams—caused your waters to run dry; to retire in awe and reverence. Sicilian muse—pastoral poetry. Use—frequent. Swart star—dog-star. Rathe—early. That sad &c.—that is dressed soberly, as though for mourning. Amaranthus—a plant with beautiful flowers that does not wither quickly. Laureate—adorned with laurels. False surmise—vain imagining. Ay me—alas for me. Moist vows—fearful prayers. Denied to—not yielded up in spite of. Bellerus—a name of some ancient giant, in Cornwall. Fable—mythical dwelling-place. Guarded mount—St. Michael's Mount. Namancos and Bayona—are names of places in Spain. Angel—the vision of Archangel is referred to. Dolphin—the allusion referred to is the saving of Arion from drowning by some dolphins. Your sorrow—the object of your sorrow. Anon—after a while. New

spangled ore—golden light glittering afresh. Him—Christ. Other—far more beautiful. Dozy locks—solid hair. Unexpressive—exceedingly sweet. Nuptial—refers to the marriage feast of the Lamb of God, to which the faithful Christians are invited. Meek—‘the poor in spirit,’ are called blessed, ‘for their is the Kingdom of God.’ Solemn troops—imposing array. Genius—guardian spirit In thy &c.—by way of amends for suffering in this world. Sandals grey—refers to twilight. Stops—the holes of a pipe Doric lay—pastoral song, so called because they were written in the Doric dialect. Stretched out—i.e., made their shadows longer. Twitched—pulled tightly about him. To-morrow—next to; this line perhaps suggests Milton’s projected Italian tour.

#### 126.—THE DEATHBED.

As—as if. The wave of life &c.—she hovered between life and death. Eke out—prolong Belied—falsified Another—quite a different one, in heaven.

#### 127.—AS SLOW OUR SHIP

Cleaving—piercing, forcing its way by splitting Penant—the flag flaps backward being driven by the wind beating in the face of the ship. Links—ties. Turn our hearts—fondly remembers Bowl—hearth, dinner where health is drunk. Twined—bound Circles—moves in a circle around. Eastward &c—when going towards the east where the darkness of setting sun first falls That light—i.e., in the flowing west. Near—almost

#### 128.—MORTE D’ARTHUR.

Introductory :—Arthur is a human Christ, rejected by the world which he belonged to save, and deceived as Christ was by one of the twelve chosen followers There were twelve chosen knights as there were twelve chosen apostles, but finally Arthur like Christ perceives in his death only the consummation of the world.

By—by the side of. Lyounesse—the mountains bordering on the western coast of Cornwall About—around Field—battle-field. Broken—the scenery typifies the mental condition of Arthur. The sequel of to-day &c.—the disastrous issue of the days’ fight brings about the complete dissolution of the united order of the knights of the Round Table—the most gallant order of knight-hood ever recorded in the pages of the world’s history. Camelot—King Arthur’s legendary capital. Merlin—the court magician of king Arthur; historically Merlin was the Welsh bard Meredim. Last—live. Brand—sword. Like a king—in

a manner befitting a king. After time—latter ages. Lightly—presently; quickly. Meet—proper. Hest—command. All full—completely. Flakes of foam—particles of water. Zig-zag—round about. Juts—projections. Levels—margin; border. Keen with frost—clear in the frosty air. Haft—handle. Topaz-lights—bright topaz stones. Jacinth—a precious stone of the colour of the hyacinth flower. Subtlest jewellery—the most artistic workmanship. Dividing—so as to hesitate. Water flags—aquatic reeds fluttering like flags. Marge—margin of the lake. Ripple—wavelets. Washing—splashing. Lapping—making a sharp sound. Be seemed—befilled. Fealty—loyalty; oath of allegiance. Charge—order. Life—beloved. Fixed in thought—absorbed in contemplation. Strangely—artistically. Curiously—ingeniously. Chased—embossed. Smote &c.—indicates vexation. Worthy note—a notable thing. Seeing obedience &c.—considering that all social order depends on obedience. Unprofitable—useless, harmful. Empty breath—unsubstantial report. Rumours &c.—vague rumours. Treasure house—armoury. Joust of arms—tournament. Maiden of Lake—Vivian mistress of the enchanter Merlin. Her palace was situated in the midst of an imaginary lake. Hidden—subterranean. Winning—drawing. Clouded &c.—his judgment bewildered by his false argument. Slow—for his disobedience. Heavily—with difficulty. Authority forgets &c.—no one obeys a dying king. Laid widowed &c.—deprived of that silent prestige which tamed the haughtiness of his subjects. Latest-left—the sole survivor. Offices—duties. Betray me—play the traitor to me. Prosper—succeed in performing his duty. Made lightnings—flashed like lightning. Streamer of the northern morn—the Aurora Borealis, a luminous appearance seen in the arctic skies. Moving isles—icebergs. Shock—strike against one another. Blind my purpose—make me forget my duty. As in a picture—i.e., with a vacant stare. Remorsefully—pitifully. Languid—feeble. Clothed—enveloped with the thick heavy breath. Larger—mists magnify substances. Lo—they just came to the scene. Hove—came in sight. Dusky Burge—black boat. Ware—aware. Black-stoled—wearing long, loose black garments. Like a dream—indistinctly seen. Three queen—typifying the three great Christian virtues, Faith, Hope, Charity. Shivered—vibrated, upwards. Shattered casque—broken helmet. Chafed rubbed, to impart warmth. Complaining—wailing. Greaves and Cuisses—defensive armours for the legs and thighs respectively. Drops of onset—perspiration. Knightly growth—i.e., the moustaches. In rest—levelled for action. Spur to plume—head to foot. Chance—noble adventure. Brought out

—brought into notice; raised to prominence. *The Holy Elders*—the Magi or the wise men of the East, who were forewarned of the advent of Christ. *Myrrah*—the name of a star shortly before Christ's birth, guided the Magi to come to him with gold and myrrah, &c. *Myrrah*—a fragrant drug. *Image*—a type; a model. *Other minds*—of a different disposition than I am acquainted with. *The old order &c.*—it is a universal law that old system of things will disappear and a new one should take its place. *Fulfils himself*—executes his high purposes in various ways. *Corrupt*—stagnate and lend to corruption. *More things are wrought &c.*—sincere and devout prayers can perform miracles. *The island-valley of Avilion*—the paradise of the Mediaeval romances corresponding to the Greek Elysium. *Fluting &c.*—there is a tradition that swans die in music. *Takes the flood*—enters the stream. *Verge of dawn*—extremity of the eastern horizon.

#### 129.—POOR ROBIN.

*Fiddled*—played in the fiddle. *Curfew*—the bell was rung to put out fires at 8 P.M. *Bow*—stick used in playing the fiddle. *Exotics*—plants of foreign origin. *Unrest*—restlessness, deep anxieties and cares. *Spread their wing*—fly from him, he is deprived of them. *Fate*—decision. *Out-fight*—fought out. *Unreckoned*—countless. *Recoil*—relaxation. *Strain*—hard striving for it. *Tremulous*—melodious. *Unreckoned*—unconsciously. *Twittering*—singing; the singing of a bird, known as Robin, is called twittering. *Cheap &c.*—if it can be had in exchange for a thousand pound, I think the bargain is cheap. *Wont*—was accustomed. *Oppressed*—burdened. *Litter*—humble bed, the bed of a cattle is called litter. *Extracted*—brought out. *Jocund strain*—merry music.

#### 130.—THE MAY QUEEN.

*May Queen*—in Mediaeval and Tudor England, May day was a public holiday, young and old alike taking part in it. A young beautiful lady crowned with flowers, known as the May Queen, occupies the centre of the procession when the revellers return to their villages. *Kate*—abbreviation for Catherine. *Knots*—bunches. *Low in the Mould*—below the grave; the girl is now fast dying. *Charles's wain*—the name given to a constellation of stars, seven in number, known as the Ursa-Major. *Snow-drops &c.*—till the early spring when snow-drops blossom. *Pane*—window-glass. *Windy*—blowing with the wind. *Tufted*—having a tuft of feathers on the head. *Lea*—meadow. *Fallow*—uncultivated. *Wold*—moor, open country. *Fret for*—trouble yourself. *Wild*—profound. *Effic*—her sister. *Green*—grown with green plants. *Set*—planted. *Train*—trim properly.

131.—THIS ROYAL THRONE OF KINGS.

Sceptered—dignified. Seat of Mars—the land of warriors; Mar is the God of War. Earth of Majesty—Majestic country. Other—second. Eden—the Garden of Eden where the first-born parents lived Infection—corruption. Hand of war—foreign aggression Set in—Fitted upon Moat—deep trenches or waterways. Serves it in &c.—serves the purpose of Happier—blessed. By their breed—On account of their good stock from which they having originated Christian service—e.g., the crusades; service for the cause of Christian religion As is—as far as is situated. Sepulchre—Christ's grave. Stubborn—obstinate in refusing to accept Jesus as their Lord. Jewry—India. The world's season—who saved the world I die—the passage is from Richard II and said by John of Gaunt. Leased out—refers to Richard's tyrannical rule and absolution. Pelting—paltry Bound—surrounded Neptune—The god of the sea. Juky blots &c.—wretched blotted documents.

132.—THE UNIVERSAL PRAYER.

Jehovah—the name of the Jewish God. Jove—the chief Roman God, Jupiter Lord—the Christian term for God. Great First Cause—the primal origin of creation Confined—restricted. But—only. Estate—condition See—distinguish. Binding nature &c.—making Nature subject to some mysterious lands i.e., through confining all creation under the law of destiny. Human will—human reason Paid—thinks Himself—repaid Contracted—limited. Thousand worlds—early astronomical observations advocated that all the other planets in our solar system are inhabited, and that all the stars are centres, like our sun, of different planetary systems. Thy bolts to throw—to presume to hold out punishment which it is your office to hurl. Deal damnation—like religious Fanatics. Still—always. To stay—to pursue in the right path Impious discontent—doubtings in your graciousness Quickened—made alive If best—if it is best to be. Incense—prayer and praise.

133.—A MOUNTAIN SCENT.

Unimaginable—indescribable. Gave—echoed. Fiery Hills—the top of the hills are still bathed with the golden rays of the setting sun. Naked and severe—natural and complete. Homeless—the streams are just forming themselves on the hill side and have no distinct course of their own. Upheld—twined. Bending Vault—i.e., the sky. Inviolable—untrodden, uncorrupted.



## 134.—THE SCHOLAR.

Dead—the works of dead authors. Around me—i.e., in my library. Casual—chance directed. Mighty minds—the giant literary geniuses. Of old—of the past ages. Never-failing—constant. Converse—talk; are in communion. Weal—in times of prosperity; happiness. Woe—in times of adversity. Bedewed—moistened. Thoughtful gratitude—conscious gratitude. Partake—share. Their lessons—the lessons which they teach. Anon—very soon. Name—a reputation. In the dust—i.e., with my body

## 135.—ELEGY.

The Curfew—It was a bell rung at 8 o'clock in the evening for putting out domestic lights and ordering men to retire from their work. Knell—death-knell indicating the departure of the day. Parting—departing. Lowing—bellowing. Wind—takes a zig-zag course. Lea—meadow. Plod....way—makes his way homewards with tiresome steps after the day's work. Leaves... to me—leaves the poet to indulge in sorrowful thoughts and reflections which are favoured by the darkness of evening. Glimmering—faintly shining. Save—except. Droning—dully humming like a drone. Drowsy tinklings—the sleep-inducing jingling of the bells attached to the neck of the sheep. Ivy-mantled—overgrown with ivy. Moping—solitary. Of such as—of such creatures (insects etc.) or people (moving about among the ruins) as. Molest....reign—Disturb her in her lonely dwelling. Rugged—rough-barked. Heaves—swells. Mouldering heap—heap marking the graves where the poor lie interred. Narrow-cell—small grave. Rude—uncultivated. Incense breathing—emitting fragrance. Strawbuilt shade—the straw roof of the cottage. Clarion—trumpet-note. Echoing horn—hunter's horn. Lowly-bed—bed in their humble cottages. It is meant to suggest the grave as well. Ply her evening care—be busied at her household duties. Lisp....return—greet with childish accents their father on his return home. Stubborn glebe—hard soil. Jocund—merrily. Sturdy stroke—the smart hits of the labourers with their axe. Ambition—ambitious men. Mock—slightingly talk of. Destiny obscure—the mode of life which is little known of. Disdainful—scornful. The boast of heraldry—the pride of ancient lineage. Power—power-loving men. The inevitable hour—the hour of death which none can escape. Impute—lay the blame of. Trophies—monuments. Long-drawn aisle—a long passage down the centre or sides of a church. Fretted Vault—the arched roof adorned inside the church. The pealing anthem—the voices of the choir and notes

of the organ echo round the sides and along the roof. Storied—inscribed with an account of the dead person. Animated—life-like. Mansion—the body. Fleeting-breath—short-lived life. Honour's voice—Words or speeches in honour of the dead. Provoke—rouse. The silent dust—the corpse. Soothe—please. Pregnant fire—full of sublime inspiration. Hands....lyre—they might have been mighty kings or great poets. Ample page—the fact that knowledge is vast or manifold. The spoils of time—the ravages of time, or the learnings of ages. Chill penury—cold poverty. Noble rage—high poetic inspiration or genius. Genial current—flow of joyous feelings which exhilarates the soul. Purest ray serene—most pure and bright radiance. Blush—blossom. Hampden—led the opposition to the illegal levy of ship-money by Charles I. Breast—courage. Withstood—stood up against. Some. .Milton—A rustic villager having the inspiration of Milton. Cromwell—was largely responsible for the bloodshed in the civil war. Command—i.e., parliamentary oratory. Senates—parliaments. The threats... .despise—to laugh at, scorn all hollow threats held out against one who defends a righteous cause. To scatter....land—to make a country flourishing by wise statesmanship and skilful administration. To read....eyes—to see in the contended looks of a whole nation the record of their doings. Circumscribed—bounded. The growing virtues—the growth of their virtues. Forbad.... mankind—to obtain power by bloodshed and to show no pity. The struggling. .hide—to hide the efforts of truth, the truth of which they are conscious, in its struggles to come forth. Quench—extinguish. Ingenuous—natural. Luxury and pride—luxurious and arrogant rich men. Muse's flame—poet's inspiration. Madding—maddening. Ignoble strife—struggle for gain. To stray—i.e. 'to ambition and avarice.' Sequestered—secluded. Tenure—continuous course. Frail memorial—rude monument. Nigh—near. Uncouth rhymes—rude inscriptions. Shapeless sculpture—ill-formed structure. Tribute—offering. The unlettered Muse—an uneducated writer. Teach—should be teachers. Dumb forgetfulness—total oblivion. Precincts—abodes. Pious drops—tears of affection and regard. Wonted—accustomed. Artless tale—the story of their simple life. Lonely contemplation—solitary musing. At the peep of dawn—in the very early morning. Upland lawn—higher land. Fantastic—curious. Listless length—he would stretch himself at full length on the ground in vacant thought. Bubbles—flows. Wayward—perverse. Woeful won—pale with melancholy. Forlorn—deserted. Crossed—disappointed. Rill—the brook. Dirges—funeral songs. Thorn—a hawthorn tree. Fair science....birth—Learning looked favourably on him

from birth. Marked him....own—singled him out as her possession. Large—because he gave all he had. Recompense—reward. A friend—God himself. Disclose—make known. Fraillies—weaknesses of character. Alike—the merits equally with the fraillies. The bosom....his God—'It is difficult to see by what figure a man's merits and his fraillies can be said to repose on the bosom of God.'

### 136.—TO THE CUCKOO.

New comer—the Cuckoo is a migratory bird and visits England in the spring. Have heard &c.—many time I heard your note; as a child and as a man. Voice—because the cuckoo though often heard, is rarely seen. Two fold—consisting of double notes, ku-ku. From hill to hull—from one hill to another To pass—to travel on At once—simultaneously. Far off—at a very great distance. Babbling—talking indistinctly, like the prattling of a child. Visionary hours—happy childhood, when the world seemed nothing but a dream Darling—'the best-loved of the spring birds' Even yet—even in my grown up years. Mystery—incomprehensible secret. A thousand ways—in various directions Still—ever. A hope—a thing which I hoped I could see. Beget—bring back. Golden—happy. Place—walk over Unsubstantial—imaginary Fairy place—an enchanted land. For thee—as you are a "mystery."

### 137.—DEATH THE LEVELLER.

Shirley James, (1596-1666) was a prolific writer. His most famous work was, '*Contention of Ajax and Ulysses*'

Fate—the stern hand a destiny And in the dust &c.—i.e. death levels the king with the poor peasant With swords—fight great battles. Laurels—monuments of their victory.

### 138 —SEVEN AGES OF MAN.

Exits and entrances—deaths and births, like the 'going out' and 'coming in' of players in theatres. In his time—during his life time. His acts &c.—he successively plays seven roles. Mewling and puking—whimpering and slobbering. Whining—grumbling. Satchel—a bag for carrying books. Woeful—piteous; despairing. Made to—to celebrate; to praise. Pard—a leopard. Bubble reputation—hollow fame, short lasting glory. Formal—fashionable. Capon—'It was the custom to present judges with this dainty to secure their good will.' Sewa—sayings. Modern instances—common place examples. Shifts into—changes into. Slippered—loose; hanging loosely like slippers. Youthful hose—stockings

which he used to wear in his youthful days. Shank—legs; sides of his body. A world—very much. Sound—voice; talk. Mere oblivion—when a man gets too old his memory fails him altogether. Sans—without.

139 —THE BETTER LAND.

Radiant shore—bright country. Blows—makes fragrant the air. Sunny skies—equatorial regions. Bear—are variegated with Strand—sea-shore. Dreams cannot picture—even dreams cannot furnish you with a more beautiful landscape. Time doth not—where eternal time has not its sway, i.e. it cannot destroy things. Far beyond &c.—i.e. in heaven.

140 —HOME.

Beloved—blessed. World beside—the rest of the world. Em Paradise—beautify. Time tutored age—old men are wise with experience. Love exalted youth—the youngmen elevated by the influence of love. Explores—discovers. Clime—country. Magnet of this south—as a magnetic-needle moves towards the pole star, the loving memory of his country binds him closer and closer with it. Trembling—the needle moves with a tremulous motion, the heart turns with a generous emotion. Peculiar—particular. Heritage—descending from a very ancient time. Creations tyrant—the oppressive ruler among the created beings. Sword and sceptre—the emblems of authority. Pageantry—pomp. Benignly blend—mix together most happily. The narrow way of life—private life. Heaven—heavenly. Angel guard—guardian angel. Domestic duties meet—she performs the office of a house-wife. Cheerful Pleasures—happy joyous children.

141.—THOUGHTS IN A GARDEN.

Amaze—pet. Palm—i.e. victory. Oak—i.e. the reward for bravery, Bays—i.e. laurels of success. Narrow-verged shade—refers to the palm oak, &c. Upbraid—reproach. Flowers and trees—as opposed to the palm, oak, &c. Close—unite. Here below—in this earth. Rude—barbarous. To—compared with. White or red—on a lovely woman's face. Amorous—loving, charming. Flame—finance. Cut—curve. Rumour &c.—exhausted or subdued the madness of love. Mortal beauty chase—in legendary tales it is often told that human beings were turned into trees to avoid being captured by amorous Gods. Daphne—she was turned into a laurel tree. Reed—Syrinx, an Arcadian nymph was turned into reed, and Pan made his flute out of it. Luscious—very sweet. Pleasureless—the mind feels happy engrossed with outward objects, and not for the more happy metaphysical musings. Each kind—every-

thing in nature. Annihilating &c.—blotting out of remembrance creation and redning shade. Sliding—slippery. Whets—sharpens. Happy garden-state &c.—the garden of Eden, where Adam lived before Eve was born. Two paradises—the pleasure of heaven is doubted when one can live there singly. This dial—the flowers open and close indicating the time of the day.

#### 142.—THE LOSS OF THE BIRKENHEAD.

Introductory :—The Birkenhead, an English steamship, ran aground near the Cape of Good Hope in 1852. Colonel Seton with four hundred men perished in the disaster.

Right on our flank—directly by our side. Repose—quiet. Captured—taken in war. Cry—scream. Stout—splendid. Caught—struck. Spirit—force. Before the rush of steel—when the enemy attacks. Fierce fish—the shark and other ferocious sea-animals. Shapes—i.e. of the sea animals. Gave the word—commanded. Formed us &c.—to stand in a row. Sleep—transparent. Thank God—because the advice was cowardly. Best true—was faithful to our old traditions. Colours—national ensigns mantled in glory. Unhonoured—dishonoured; hated. Steadfast—resolute and brave. Follows—happened next Recall—call back to mind Flinching—shrinking. Bloody surf—waves reddened with human blood, perhaps by the attack of the sharks. Wild—because the sea is always restless, unusual Stars—distinctions of honour. Joint-heirs with Christ—co-heirs with Christ, who also died to save the sinful and the weak. Shall rise again—in the Day of Judgment.

#### 143.—THE BROOK.

Coot and hern—water-fowls. Bicker—glide down with rapid strokes. Thorps—villages. Sharps and trebles—technical terms in music Bays—back-waters. Fret—eat away. Foreland—headland as on the sea-coast. Sailing—carrying or washing away. Lusty—big. Front and graying—kinds of fish. Water break—eddy. Draw them—carry them. Cover—thickets. Gloom—grow dark. Netted—i.e. caught in the net like a fish. Brambly—overgrown with thickets. Shingly Bar—gravels obstructing the course. Cresses—obstructing vegetable growths.

#### 144.—EPITAPH ON A HARE.

Never pursue—it was a tame hare. Follow—could catch Halloo—hare chase is a favourite pastime; men hunt it on horseback with a pack of hounds. Surliest—most irritable. Domestic bounds confined—shut up within the compounds of the house. Still a wild &c.—was as fierce

as a male hare always is Pittance—small allowance of food. Jealous—suspicious. Instead—occasionally To scour his maw—so as to avoid any disorder of the bowels. Peel—skin. Salads failed—when vegetable was not procurable. Sewing his &c.—so that it might put on increased flesh Five round &c.—five revolving month Steal away—pass silently. His humour's sake—for the pleasure he afforded me Last home—grave. Shall come—shall join him in the grave. Shocks—attacks of old age

#### 145.—A WARNING

Buckled their armour—put on their armour, prepared themselves for action. Storming some &c.—attaining some great deal Enemy—time that is passing stealthily. Stay not—tarry not with idle excuses.

#### 146.—ON A DEAF AND DUMB LITTLE GIRL.

Loose—lonely; isolated Herself her all—excluded from the world Trance—swoon; unconscious stare. Coy—shy Vague mute language—silent expressive look of the countenance.

#### 147 —FIDELE

Fidele—the daughter of Cymbeline in Shakespeare's drama of the same name The song is a dirge sung over the supposed dead body of Imogen (assuming the name of Fidele) when she was under a trance produced by the application of a drug. Home—heaven Thy wages—thy reward Golden—having golden curls, indicating aristocracy Tyrant's stroke—the punishment of a hard hearted master. Care no more—you shall have not to labour hard The reed &c.—the weak or the strong make no difference with you Thunder stone—thunder bolt Finished—passed the feeling of Consign to thee—follow you, submit their lot alike yours

#### 148 —SUMMER RAIN

Uncomfortable white—discomforting white dust. In glaring mimicry—in exact imitation of. Tawny tanned—appearing brownish with the heat Channels bare—dried up. Stared—looked conspicuous Toil to be—it was a veritable suffering to live Juno—wife of Jove was always jealous for his husband Jove's many amorous adventures.

#### 149 —THE BEATIFIC VISION.

Wesley, John, (1703-1791), an English divine, the founder of Methodism. He published hymns, sermons, political tracts, and controversial

pieces against the Calvinists and Moravians; and was the author of a large number of works in other departments of literature.

**Evil day**—day of trial and anxiety. **Tempted**—sinful. **Fiery trials**—great ordeals. **Cross**—suffering. **Give us &c.**—"grant that we may have sufficient faith to obtain the power of successfully pleading with Thee." **To wrestle**—like Jacob wrestling with an angel. **On the mountain top**—i.e., in heaven. **Where faith &c.**—where what we believed before see with our open eyes, and therefore the utility of faith disappears.

#### 150 —RESIGNATION

**Chatterton, Thomas, (1752-1770)**, the son of a schoolmaster in Bristol. At the age of seventeen he wrote a series of poems in the old English language, and which contained many passages of the highest poetical beauty. After some fruitless attempts to better his pecuniary condition he committed suicide. 'No English poet,' says Campbell, 'ever equalled him at the same age.'

**Atom**—Infinitesimal before his august presence. **Rock**—place of safety and rest. **Mercy &c.**—justice tempered with mercy. **Mystic &c.**—the inscrutable ways of Thyself. **Past the power &c.**—are beyond human understanding. **Own**—acknowledge. **Encroaching**—creeping in. **Omniscience**—the Almighty God. **Mercy**—His graciousness. **Look the cause away**—drive them with His frown. **Drooping**—being disheartened. **Human**—fraught with human weakness. **Sickness**—miseries. **Steals**—creeps stealthily.

